CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

CLARE BENEDICT

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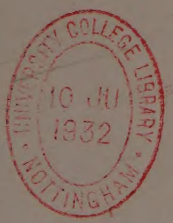
CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON AS A GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

[*Frontispiece*]

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

CLARE BENEDICT.



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CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

This volume forms a reprint of the Second Part of "FIVE GENERATIONS" together with additional matter in the appendix.

"FIVE GENERATIONS"
consisted of

PART FIRST - VOICES OUT OF THE PAST.
PART SECOND - CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.
PART THIRD - "THE BENEDICTS ABROAD."

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following memorials of my aunt, Constance Fenimore Woolson, do not pretend to be in any sense a biography, the materials for which are entirely lacking. An exception might be made in regard to the last fourteen years of her life—the years spent in Europe—of which a fairly consecutive and comprehensive account may be obtained from the letters that form the second section of this volume. These letters, here published for the first time, were almost all written to members of the Mather family, and I desire to express my sincere gratitude to my cousins, Samuel Mather and Miss Katharine Livingston Mather, for so generously placing in my hands not only the letters written to themselves, but also many which were addressed to the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather and to Mrs. Samuel Mather. Without these letters, this book would have been impossible.

The first section of this volume opens with an appreciation by Henry James, which originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly* (1887) and was after-

wards re-published in a volume entitled "Partial Portraits." I am greatly indebted to the Trustees of the Henry James Estate and to Messrs. Macmillan for their courtesy in allowing me to reprint here the greater part of this essay.

The Extracts from Letters to Friends and Relations cover a long period of time and treat of many subjects. They give "flash-light" glimpses of the author's mind. The articles from the Contributors' Club, having been published anonymously, will be new to all readers of Miss Woolson's work. They are here re-printed with the kind consent of *The Atlantic Monthly Company*, as is also the poem, "Two Ways." The other poems and the Book Notes speak for themselves, but I desire to say that the three succeeding pieces were put together by me from material scattered throughout my aunt's note books.

The second section of this volume is made up of the long series of letters describing Miss Woolson's life in Europe, to which I have added certain passages from her European stories, as well as longer excerpts from her Mentone, Cairo and Corfu articles, likewise two short fragments and two longer sketches, which will be quite unknown, I believe, to readers of "Anne" and "East Angels." Lastly there are the Notes on the Lagoons, written a short time before her death and deciphered by me with the utmost difficulty from the hastily-pencilled jottings. These notes, I feel sure, will give keen pleasure to all lovers of Venice.

My very special thanks are due to Messrs. Harper and Brothers for their kind permission to make use of any material which first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* and which was afterwards issued by them in book form, such as the Italian stories, the Mentone, Cairo and Corfu articles, the poem "March," etc.

I wish also to tender my warm thanks to Miss Mabel Washburn for allowing me to print extracts from the peculiarly interesting letters to Mrs. Washburn, and, as I cannot thank her in any other way, I should like to express here my gratitude to my late aunt, Mrs. Sherman, for the gift of several letters to herself and to Mrs. Crowell, parts of which have been most valuable in illustrating the Florentine life of my subject.

In the appendix will be found a few contemporary and more recent appreciations of Miss Woolson's literary work, likewise two tributes which have appeared within the last few months. I cannot refrain from thanking the writers of these—Miss May Harris and Mr. Hervey—for their eloquent and deeply-felt words.

What seems to me to be completely absent is an appreciation—however inadequate—of Constance Fenimore Woolson's remarkable and unforgettable personality. It was said of her that she had never failed to win a person if she desired to do so, for her charm was potent and well-nigh irresistible. There were many who came under the spell and the spell was lasting.

Endowed by nature with a passionate and even stormy temperament, together with a keenly analytical mind, she possessed at the same time such rare insight and tact, combined with a broad liberality of outlook, and had, moreover, such intense sympathy with and understanding of all forms of suffering, whether physical or mental, as well as all moral and intellectual aspirations, that she was able to draw out of people the best that was in them, while giving them in return the most inspiring and comforting comprehension. As her sister wrote of her: "She always helped people; knew, not only just what to say and do, *but just how they felt!*"

Having to combat many serious ills in the course of her comparatively short life, yet she invariably rose above them, and made a success—virtually—of everything that she undertook.

She was a delightful talker, but also an excellent listener, her humour was kindly, her observation almost phenomenal. She disliked mediocrity, weakness and inaction, just as she adored originality, courage and strength. She was the soul of generosity, and never deserted a friend.

Like all creative artists, she suffered from periodical fits of acute depression, but her powers of enjoyment were correspondingly high, and her interests were many and catholic.

She had an intense love of nature, of wild-flowers and ferns (having been at one time an expert botanist), of walking, of boating, of dogs, of fine acting, of

colour in nature and art. Her love of music was perhaps greater than all these; in her youth she had had a beautiful and well-trained contralto voice, but increasing deafness had obliged her to turn to pictures for some measure of that mental delight and stimulus which she had formerly derived from music. Her courageous determination in so doing was but another proof of her strong character.

Of her love of reading it is unnecessary to speak—it was with her a veritable passion. It used to be said of her in jest that she had read everything of importance before she was twelve years old!

She was fond of society under certain conditions, and she never tired of studying human nature in all its various manifestations. She was always sought after in every circle in which she moved, and among her devoted comrades were men and women whose names were eminent in literature, art, learning, diplomacy, science and the Great World.

Holding a curiously low opinion of her own personal appearance, she was nevertheless considered by others to be unusually attractive, physically. She had a fine carriage and poise of the head, beautiful hands, and a delicate, almost transparent complexion, moreover there was about her an air of distinction which no likeness has fully reproduced.

Her attachment to the South and above all to Florida, remained unbroken to the very end, in spite of her later enthusiasm for Italy and the Orient, nor did she ever forget that "Isle of the North"

where she had been so happy in her childhood and youth and which she subsequently described so vividly in the opening chapters of "Anne." As she says of herself in what was almost her last letter written by hand: "I often think that though I stay abroad, I *remember* better than anyone else."

Her last wish, written down as a "Reflection" on the Christmas Eve before her death, as she gazed from the Lido at the incomparable scene before her, seems to me to epitomize in a wonderful way her lofty mind and character.

"I should like to turn into a peak when I die, to be a beautiful purple mountain, which would please the tired, sad eyes of thousands of human beings for ages."

Clare Benedict.

Rome,
St. Benedict's Day, 1930.

I.

MISS WOOLSON.

THE work of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson is an excellent example of the way the door stands open between the personal life of American women and the immeasurable world of print, and what makes it so is the particular quality that this work happens to possess. It breathes a spirit singularly and essentially conservative—the sort of spirit which, but for a special indication pointing the other way, would in advance seem most to oppose itself to the introduction into the feminine lot of new and complicating elements. Miss Woolson evidently thinks that lot sufficiently complicated, with the sensibilities which even in primitive ages women were acknowledged to possess; fenced in by the old disabilities and prejudices, they seem to her to have been, by the very nature of their being, only too much exposed, and it would never occur to her to lend her voice to the plea for further exposure—for a revolution which should place her sex in the thick of the struggle for power. She sees it in preference surrounded certainly by plenty of doors and windows (she has not, I take it, a love of bolts and Oriental shutters), but distinctly on the private side of that somewhat evasive and

exceedingly shifting line which divides human affairs into the profane and the sacred. Such is the turn of mind of the author of "Rodman the Keeper," and "East Angels," and if it has not prevented her from writing books, from competing for the literary laurel, this is a proof of the strength of the current which to-day carries both sexes alike to that mode of expression.

It would not be hidden from a reader of "Anne" and "East Angels," that the author is a native of New England, who may have been transplanted to a part of country open in some degree to the imputation of being "out West," who may then have lived for a considerable time in the South, and who may meanwhile constantly have retained as a part of her essence certain mysterious and not unvalued affinities with the State of New York. Such, in fact, so far as my knowledge goes, has been the succession of events in Miss Woolson's history. She was born, like her father before her, at Claremont, New Hampshire, and taken as a child to live at Cleveland. She was educated partly in that city and partly at a French school in New York—an establishment which she has sketchily commemorated (if indeed, the term "sketchy" may ever be applied to her earnest, lingering manner) in certain chapters of "Anne." . . . the charming figure of Madame Moreau in that novel, may be assumed to be a reminiscence of the late celebrated Madame Chegary. On the death of her father, she entered with her mother upon an unbroken residence of several years

in the Southern States, principally in Florida, where, as is manifest in every page of "East Angels," she conceived a high appreciation of orange gardens and white beaches, pine-barrens and rivers smothered in jungles, and a peculiar affection for that city of the past, so rapidly becoming a city of the future, St. Augustine. Her early summers she was accustomed to spend, in the Cleveland phrase, "up the lakes," and particularly amid the beautiful scenery of Mackinaw, in the straits between Michigan and Huron. Mackinaw is obviously the rather tormentingly nameless island represented in the early chapters of "Anne," represented with a vividness which causes the reader of that story to rage not a little at the perversity which leads the author to desert the brilliant, frozen straits and the little snowbound United States military post for scenes less remunerative—the only case that I can recall, by the way, in which she has abandoned an opportunity without having conscientiously pressed it out. Miss Woolson must have known Mackinaw by winter as well as by summer, and none of her novels contains an episode better executed than those interrupted pages of "Anne," which give the sense of the snow glare beating into small, hot, bare interiors, the dog trains jogging over the white expanse, and the black forests staring for long months at the channel of ice. When it is added that Miss Woolson is by her mother a grandniece of Fenimore Cooper, and that she cherishes a devotion for the charming little town on Lake Otsego which bears, for good

reasons, the name of the great romancer, her stories will have been accounted for so far as the distribution of her years, superficially speaking, may account for them.

Miss Woolson's first productions were two collections of short tales, entitled respectively "Castle Nowhere," and "Rodman the Keeper." I may not profess an acquaintance with the former of these volumes, but the latter is full of interesting, artistic work. Miss Woolson has done nothing better than the best pages in this succession of careful, strenuous studies of certain aspects of life, after the war, in Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas. As the fruit of a remarkable minuteness of observation and tenderness of feeling on the part of one who evidently did not glance and pass, but lingered and analyzed, they have a high value, especially when regarded in the light of the *voicelessness* of the conquered and reconstructed South. Miss Woolson strikes the reader as having a compassionate sense of this pathetic dumbness—having perceived that no social revolution of equal magnitude had ever reflected itself so little in literature, remained so unrecorded, so unpainted and unsung. She has attempted to give an impression of this circumstance, among others, and a sympathy altogether feminine has guided her pen. She loves the whole region, and no daughter of the land could have handled its peculiarities more indulgently or communicated to us more of the sense of close observation and intimate knowledge. Nevertheless, it must

be confessed that the picture, on the whole, is a picture of dreariness—of impressions that may have been gathered in the course of lonely afternoon walks at the end of hot days, when the sunset was wan, on the edge of ricefields, dismal swamps, and other brackish inlets. The author is to be congratulated in so far as such expeditions may have been the source of her singularly exact familiarity with the "natural objects" of the region, including the negro of reality. She knows every plant and flower, every vague odour and sound, the song and flight of every bird, every tint of the sky and murmur of the forest, and she has noted scientifically the dialect of the freedmen. It is not too much to say that the negroes in "Rodman the Keeper" and in "East Angels," are a careful philological study, and that if Miss Woolson preceded Uncle Remus by a considerable interval, she may have the credit of the initiative—of having been the first to take their words straight from their lips.

No doubt that if in "East Angels," as well as in the volume of tales, the sadness of Miss Woolson's South is more striking than its high spirits, this is owing somewhat to the author's taste in the way of subject and situation, and especially to her predilection for cases of heroic sacrifice—sacrifice sometimes unsuspected, and always unappreciated. She is fond of irretrievable personal failures, of people who have had to give up even the memory of happiness, who love and suffer in silence, and minister in secret to the happiness of those who look over their

heads. She is interested in general in secret histories, in the "inner life" of the weak, the superfluous, the disappointed, the bereaved, the unmarried. She believes in personal renunciation, in its frequency as well as its beauty. It plays a prominent part in each of her novels, especially in the last two, and the interest of "East Angels," at least, is largely owing to her success in having made an extreme case of the virtue in question credible to the reader. Is it because this element is weaker in "Anne," that "Anne" strikes me as the least happily composed of the author's works? The early chapters are charming and full of promise, but the story wanders away from them, and the pledge is not taken up. The reader has built great hopes upon Tita, but Tita vanishes into the vague, after putting him out of countenance by an infant marriage—an accident in regard to which, on the whole, throughout her stories, Miss Woolson shows perhaps an excessive indulgence. She likes the unmarried, as I have mentioned, but she likes marriages even better, and also sometimes hurries them forward in advance of the reader's forecast. The only complaint it would occur to me to make of "East Angels" is that Garda Thorne, whom we cannot think of as anything but a little girl, discounts the projects we have formed for her by marrying twice; and somehow the case is not bettered by the fact that nothing is more natural than that she *should* marry twice, unless it be that she should marry three times. We have perceived her, after all, from the first, to be

peculiarly adapted to a succession of pretty widowhoods.

"For the Major" has an idea, a little fantastic perhaps, but eminently definite. This idea is the secret effort of an elderly woman to appear really as young to her husband as (owing to peculiar circumstances) he believed her to be when he married her. Nature helps her (she happens to preserve, late in life, the look of comparative youth), and art helps nature, and her husband's illusions, fostered by failing health and a weakened brain, help them both, so that she is able to keep on the mask till his death, when she pulls it off with a passionate cry of relief—ventures at last, gives herself the luxury to be old. The sacrifice in this case has been the sacrifice of the maternal instinct, she having had a son, now a man grown, by a former marriage, who reappears after unsuccessful wanderings in far lands, and whom she may not permit herself openly to recognize. The sacrificial attitude is indeed repeated on the part of her step-daughter, who being at last taken into Madam Carroll's confidence, suffers the young man—a shabby, compromising, inglorious acquaintance—to pass for her lover, thereby discrediting herself almost fatally (till the situation is straightened out) with the Rev. Frederick Owen, who has really been marked out by Providence for the character, and who cannot explain on any comfortable hypothesis her relations with the mysterious Bohemian. Miss Woolson's women in general are capable of these refinements of devotion and exaltations of conscience, and

she has a singular talent for making our sympathies go with them. The conception of Madam Carroll is highly ingenious and original, and the small stippled portrait has a real fascination. It is the first time that a woman has been represented as painting her face, dyeing her hair, and "dressing young," out of tenderness for another; the effort usually has its source in tenderness for herself. But Miss Woolson has done nothing of a neater execution than this fanciful figure of the little ringleted, white-frocked, falsely juvenile lady, who has the toilet table of an actress and the conscience of a Puritan.

The author likes a glamour, and by minute touches and gentle, conciliatory arts she usually succeeds in producing a valid one. If I had more space I should like to count over these cumulative strokes, in which a delicate manipulation of the real is mingled with an occasionally frank appeal to the romantic muse. But I can only mention two of the most obvious: one the frequency of her reference to the Episcopal Church as an institution giving a tone to American life (the sort of tone which it is usually assumed that we must seek in civilizations more permeated with ecclesiasticism):—the other her fondness for family histories—for the idea of perpetuation of race, especially in the backward direction. I hasten to add that there is nothing of the crudity of sectarianism in the former of these manifestations, or of the dreariness of the purely genealogical passion in the latter; but it is none the less clear that Miss Woolson likes little country churches that are dedi-

cated to saints not vulgarized by too much notoriety, that are dressed with greenery (and would be with holly, if there were any)—at Christmas and Easter; that have "rectors," well connected, who are properly garmented, and organists, slightly deformed if possible, and addicted to playing Gregorian chants in the twilight, who are adequately artistic; likes also generations that have a pleasant consciousness of a few warm generations behind them, screening them from too bleak a past, from vulgar draughts in the rear. I know not whether for the most part we are either so Episcopal or so long descended as in Miss Woolson's pages we strike ourselves as being, but it is certain that as we read we protest but little against the soft impeachment. She represents us at least as we would like to be, and she does so with such discretion and taste that we have no fear of incurring ridicule by assent. She has a high sense of the picturesque, and cannot get on without a social atmosphere. She stays at home, and yet gives us a sense of being "abroad"; she has a remarkable faculty of making the New World seem old. She succeeds in representing Far Edgerly, the mountain village, in "For the Major," as bathed in the precious medium I speak of. Where was it meant to be, and where was the place that gave her the pattern of it? . . . It is somewhere in the midst of forests, and yet it has as many idiosyncrasies as Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," with added possibilities of the pathetic and the tragic. What new town is so composite? what composite town is so new? Miss Woolson anticipates these

questions, that is, she prevents us from asking them; we swallow Far Edgerly whole, or say at most, with a sigh, that if it couldn't have been like that, it certainly ought to have been.

It is however, in "East Angels" that she has been most successful in this feat of evoking a local tone. . . In "East Angels" the attempt to create an atmosphere has had, to a considerable degree, the benefit of the actual quality of things in the warm, rank peninsula which she has studied so exhaustively and loves so well. Miss Woolson found an atmosphere in Florida, but it is not too much to say that she has left it still more agreeably dense—converted it into a fine golden haze. Wonderful is the tact with which she has pressed it into the service of her story, draped the bare spots of the scene with it, and hung it there half as a curtain and half as a background. "East Angels" is a performance which does Miss Woolson the highest honour. . . Long, comprehensive, copious, still more elaborate than her other elaborations, "East Angels" presents the interest of a large and well-founded scheme. The result is not flawless at every point, but the undertaking is of a fine, high kind, and for the most part the effect produced is thoroughly worthy of it. The author has, in other words, proposed to give us the complete natural history, as it were, of a group of persons collected in a complicated relationship, in a little winter city on a Southern shore, and she has expended on her subject stores of just observation and an infinite deal of the true historical spirit. How much of this

spirit and of artistic feeling there is in the book, only an attentive perusal will reveal. The central situation is a very interesting one, and is triumphantly treated, but I must confess that what is most substantial to me in the book is the writer's general conception of her task, her general attitude of watching life, waiting upon it, and trying to catch it in the fact. I know not what theories she may hold in relation to all this business, to what camp or league she may belong; my impression, indeed, would be that she is perfectly free—that she considers that though camps and leagues may be useful organizations for looking for the truth, it is not in their own bosom that it is usually to be found. However this may be, it is striking that, artistically, she has had a fruitful instinct in seeing the novel as a picture of the actual, of the characteristic—a study of human types and passions, of the evolution of personal relations.

In "East Angels" the sacrifice, as all Miss Woolson's readers know, is the great sacrifice of Margaret Harold, who immolates herself—there is no other word—deliberately, completely, and repeatedly, to a husband whose behaviour may as distinctly be held to have absolved her. The problem was a very interesting one, and worthy to challenge a superior talent—that of making real and natural a transcendent, exceptional act representing a case in which the sense of duty is raised to exaltation. What makes Margaret Harold's behaviour exceptional and transcendent is that, in order to render the barrier between

herself and the man who loves her, and whom she loves, absolutely insurmountable, she does her best to bring about his marriage, and endeavours to put another woman into the frame of mind to respond to him in the event of his attempting to console himself for a bitter failure. The care, the ingenuity, the precautions, the author has exhibited to make us accept Mrs. Harold in her integrity are perceptible on every page, and they leave us finally with no alternative but to accept her. She remains exalted, but she remains at the same time thoroughly sound; for it is not a simple question of cleverness of detail, but a question of the larger sort of imagination, and Margaret Harold would have halted considerably if her creator had not taken the supreme precaution of all, and conceived her from the germ as capable of a certain heroism—of clinging at the cost of a grave personal loss to an idea which she believes to be a high one and taking such a fancy to it that she endeavours to paint it, by a refinement of magnanimity, with still richer hues. She is a picture, not of a woman indulging in a great spasmodic flight or moral *tour de force*, but of a nature bent upon looking at life from a high point of view, an attitude in which there is nothing abnormal, and which the author illustrates, as it were, by a test case. She has drawn Margaret with so close and firm and living a line that she seems to put us in the quandary, if we repudiate her, of denying that a woman *may* look at life from a high point of view. She seems to say to us: "Are there distinguished natures, or are there

not? Very well; if there are, that's what they can do—they can try and provide for the happiness of others (when they adore them) even to their own injury." And we feel that we wish to be the first to agree that there *are* distinguished natures.

Garda Thorne is the next best thing in the book to Margaret, and she is indeed equally good in this, that she is conceived with an equal clearness. But Margaret produces her impression upon us by moving before us and doing certain things, whereas Garda is more explained, or rather she explains herself more, tells us more about herself. She says somewhere, or some one says of her, that she doesn't narrate, but in fact she does narrate a good deal, for the purpose of making the reader understand her. This the reader does, very constantly, and Garda is a brilliant success. I must not, however, touch upon the different parts of "East Angels," because in a work of so much patience and conscience a single example carries us too far. I will only add that in three places in especial the author has been so well inspired as to give a definite pledge of high accomplishment in the future. One of these salient passages is the description of the closing days of Mrs. Thorne, the little starved yet ardent daughter of the Puritans, who has been condemned to spend her life in the land of the relaxed, and who, before she dies, pours out her accumulations of bitterness—relieves herself in a passionate confession of everything she suffered and missed, of how she has hated the very skies and fragrances of Florida, even when, as a consistent Christian, thankful for

every mercy, she has pretended most to appreciate them. Mrs. Thorne is the pathetic, tragic form of the type of which Mrs. Stowe's Miss Ophelia was the comic. In almost all of Miss Woolson's stories the New England woman is represented as regretting the wholesome austerities of the region of her birth. She reverts to them, in solemn hours, even when, like Mrs. Thorne, she may appear for a time to have been converted to mild winters. Remarkably fine is the account of the expedition undertaken by Margaret Harold and Evert Winthrop to look for Lanse in the forest, when they believe him, or his wife thinks there may be reason to believe him, to have been lost and overtaken by a storm. The picture of their paddling the boat by torchlight into the reaches of the river, more or less smothered in the pestilential jungle, with the personal drama, in the unnatural place, reaching an acute stage between them—this whole episode is in a high degree vivid, strange and powerful. Lastly, Miss Woolson has risen altogether to the occasion in the scene in which Margaret "has it out," as it were, with Evert Winthrop, parts from him and leaving him baffled and unsurpassably sore, gives him the measure of her determination to accept the necessity of her fate. These three episodes are not alike, yet they have, in the high finish of Miss Woolson's treatment of them, a family resemblance. Moreover, they all have the stamp which I spoke of at first—the stamp of the author's conservative feeling, the implication that for her the life of a woman is essentially an affair of private relations.

(*Partial Portraits*). *Henry James.*

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON AND CLARA WOOLSON AS CHILDREN.

[*To face p. 15*]

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO FRIENDS AND RELATIONS.

Letter written by Constance Fenimore Woolson when a child to a young friend:

My dear Louisa;

Sister Emma* told me when she first came home that you wished me to write to you, and although it is a good while since *then*, yet I thought "better late than never," and have determined to write you a good long letter. How do you like being at boarding school? Sister Emma has been on a journey in the country for her health. She has been quite sick ever since she came from New York. She took a bad cold and has had some trouble with her lungs. We hope the journey has done her some good. Sister Emma is very kind to us children; she gives me music lessons. Clara,† Charley‡ and I, still go to Miss Hayden's school; I should like to go to boarding school very much. I always liked the idea of going away from home for a time. I expect to go to Wisconsin next summer on a visit which I think will be delightful.

Has there been any cold weather in New York this winter, and have you had a *fire* in your room, or

* Emma Woolson (Mrs. Jarvis Carter).
† Clara Woolson.
‡ Charley Woolson.

like most boarding-school girls frozen to death? Do you sleep in a large room with a great many girls, or in a small one with one girl? Don't I puzzle you with such a host of questions?* . . . Do all your school go out to walk *together*. . . . Was there any great show in New York on Washington's Birthday? In the morning I thought there was going to be grand doings, so I took Clara and Charley out with me. We found a good place and pretty soon the soldiers came by. Then we went across the street and waited for them *half an hour* at least and as they did not come, I went home, for I was half frozen, Did you have any Valentines? I did not have *one*. Did you go away from school Christmas day, and did you enjoy yourself? . . . I only hope now, my dear Louisa, that you will write to me, if you have any time, even if it should be but a short note.

Yours ever,

Constance Woolson.

To Miss Flora Payne, afterwards, Mrs. William C. Whitney.

"Seems to me if *I* had a friend in exile across the ocean"—In *exile!* I wish I could be in "exile" too, if I could visit the most beautiful and famous places the world can show! You are the most

* Constance Fenimore Woolson was called, as a child, "And Why?" because she asked such innumerable questions.

fortunate young lady I know, and ought to be the *happiest.* I envy you to that extent that the tenth commandment makes me shudder, for although I am willing to settle down after thirty years are told, I do not care to be forced into quiescence yet awhile. But whether we will or no, we *are* quiet to the depths of stagnation. . . But as you express a desire to hear the "news," I will scrape up whatever is afloat, although it must sound very flat if read in Florence la Bella or on the beautiful Rhine. And, by the way, for my sake, please note every inch of the enchanted river, for I am Rhine-mad, and shall be waiting with several thousand questions on the subject or ever you take off your bonnet. . . Shall you bring home any books? If so, *do* bring some French works. I have forgotten everything I ever knew about the language, but of course *you* can speak it fluently? Well, Flo, this is a stupid letter, but what can one say of this stupid place to a person visiting the fairest corners of the earth? Of one thing rest assured—that is, that I was truly glad to hear from you, and I shall be still more glad to see you home again. . . Come home prepared to find a string of questions and a heartfelt welcome from

Your friend,

Constance.

To Miss Arabella Carter, afterwards Mrs. Washburn.

. . . There is no danger of my thinking of, and liking you less now that you are going to be married. But I have felt such a conviction that you would

some day lose your interest in me, and also all outside things, that I thought best to prepare for the worst. . . I don't mean to say that you will ever come actually to dislike me, but you will probably take a middle course. You have been the best friend I ever had and have done and said countless kind things for me. *I* shall never change. . . and if, after all, things should not turn out as I fear, and "Mrs. Washburn" continues the same friend that "Belle" has been for so many years, don't you suppose I shall be glad and grateful? Of course I shall. Time will show. . . . You don't know how I rejoice in your happiness, Belle. I am *so, so* glad for you. A man's true, earnest love is a great gift. If you do not accept it and enjoy it, I shall—shake you! Why can't you fling all your misgivings to the winds and be simply happy? The glory of your life has come to you. Everything else is trivial compared to it. You and he are really alone in the world together. Two souls that love always are. Do give up your past life and duties and BE HAPPY!

New York.

To the Same.

. . . After your long silence you could not have chosen a better moment for your letter. It came two minutes after I had said "Good-Bye" to Clara and George* and it was so welcome that unconsciously my wrath at your procrastination faded away. There was a little danger of my feeling the void of lone-

* George Stone Benedict.

liness after ten days of Clara and constant excitement in the way of music and glittering shows, and your letter dropped down at the very moment it was wanted. I think you have been very bad not to write for so long. You may say, perhaps, that I did not write to you when you were abroad, but that is a very different case, for then you had the constant companionship of your husband, whereas I am a desolate spinster. . . Since you were so —— as to marry, I have drawn myself into my shell and although I have, here and everywhere, plenty of nice acquaintances, I have no longer a friend such as you were in those days. I suppose I shall never have such a friend again. For that dash you may substitute "mean," "sensible," "selfish" or "wise," whichever you please. For my part I highly approve of you in the character of Wife and Mother, but for all that I am none the less lonely.

The *October Idyll was* wordy, but I am only feeling my way, now. I shall do better in time, but I never cease to wonder at my success. If you think it is easy to advance, even so short a distance as I have, just try it.

To Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather (Elizabeth Gwinn).

It is entirely a *new* experience for me to go among entire strangers in a strange city for so long a time. Fortunately, I don't know what it is to be lonely.

To Mrs. Washburn.

Now just hold your peace about my "want of morality." At least twenty awful letters have I received because I made "Old Fog*" say he did not believe in eternal punishment. Is it possible that I am to be held personally responsible for the theology and morality of all my characters? I want you to think of me not as your old friend, when you read my writings, but as a "writer," like anyone else. For instance, take "Adam Bede" . . . Would you like to have a friend of yours the author of such a story? Dealing with such subjects? And yet it was a great book . . . The truth is, Belle, whatever one does must be done with one's might and I would rather be strong than beautiful, or even good, provided the "good" must be dull. All this applies more to what I hope to do in the future, of course, than to the slight sketches I have already brought out. But there must always be prentice work—"stepping stones." I have had to get used to my pen, and to "speaking in public" as it were. You are mistaken, I have but little ability of the kind you mention; all I have is immense perseverance and determination. "It's dogged that does it." Do you remember how Pete† used to set his teeth and hold on to a mat when the boys pulled it away from him, or tried to? The mat might be torn in two, or Pete himself, but let go he would not. I wish you were here, I think you would be amused by some of the

* A character in Miss Woolson's "Castle Nowhere."

† Pete Trone, the Woolsons' pet dog.

letters on the table. They vary as widely as this: "How *can* you ever write poetry? It is an utter mistake. You are only fitted for prose. Excuse plain speaking, but, etc." "How *can* you ever touch prose? Why, your few poems are so far above your poor little stories that I wonder, etc." Then comes this: "I wish you would not write those sketchy, descriptive articles in *Harper's*; they only do you harm." Then, right alongside, this: "Do you know, I really think 'Up the Ashley and Cooper' the very best thing you have ever done!" I must confess that last opinion, just received, has a depressing effect. If your "compilations" are better than your original work, you had better hang up your harp and tie it with crape. One grand reply I would like to make to all my unliterary critics; Try it Yourself! This is not meant for you. I like to know what you think. And you are honest and tell the truth.

To the Same.

Why did not the Dr.* send on that criticism on "Solomon"? I was really curious to see it. It is not too late, now. Don't keep it back for fear of my feelings. I never supposed *he* would like it, for he likes not that style. I have taken (within the last year) a new departure in my writing. I have gone back to nature and exact reality. I have such a horror of "pretty," "sweet" writing that I should almost prefer a style that was ugly and bitter, pro-

* Dr. Washburn.

vided it was also *strong*. Please say to your husband that he could not please me more than by sending me a review of "Solomon" or anything else of mine he is pleased to select. There is no one I know whose opinion is worth more, or whose opinion I should value more. I do not say I should always agree with it—but at least it would be a real help to me to see it. There is a sketch called "Wilhelmine"* coming out this year some time in the *Atlantic* and another called "Jeannette"* in *Scribner's*, which I should be glad to have you both read and criticize.

To Samuel Mather.

So you went to Zoar? Didn't you hear any "mad" remarks about my "Wilhelmine"? Some one sent me a New Philadelphia paper containing a savage article on "Wilhelmine" based upon the idea that my characters were all from life, and consequently "the leathery woman" was the good Mrs. Beiter, the gardener's wife, etc. etc. Of course the article in the country paper was of no consequence, but I was distressed to think that perhaps the Beiters, always good friends of mine, thought so, too. I therefore wrote to Mr. Beiter telling him it was but a fancy sketch.

To the Same.

It is said, Sam, that if you do the best you can, and then *wait*, things will come right at last. I have all along cherished a special regard for "St.

Vide p. 23.

Clair Flats,"* and have felt troubled because no one else seemed to care for the poor thing. Now here comes along a young man, for whose literary taste I have a sincere respect, and this delightful young man picks out my poor neglected sketch for especial commendation! And, under the abuse which has been showered upon me for my "brutal killing of Peter the Parson,"* I have steadily maintained to myself that both in an artistic and truthful-to-life point of view, my ending of the story was better than the conversion of the miners, "the plenty to eat and the happy marriage" proposed by my critics. Now here comes along this same delightful young man and plants, as it were, his strong young flag beside mine, which has been flying forlornly on a deserted field all this time with never a helping hand.

To the Same.

I received your letter from Ishpeming. The cold mentioned made me shudder. It made me "creep" a great deal more than ever the moccasins did in Florida. I won't say I am fond of snakes, but I like to look at them from a safe distance. I used to row up the creeks especially to find them.

To the Same.

As I think you are interested in the subject, I will mention how much gratification I have had over the reception of "Rodman the Keeper" in the last

* "Wilhelmine," "Jeannette," St. Clair Flats" and "Peter the Parson," stories by Miss Woolson which were published in book form under the title of "Lake Country Sketches."

Atlantic. *The Tribune* (semi-weekly) copied it entire, the *Times* gave it a flattering notice, and from many quarters I have received letters full of pleasure. Last but not least, it called out a letter from a well-known firm asking whether it would not be possible for me to send *all* I wrote to their house? That they would gladly take every line and pay as much as any other house had ever paid, and, in fact, I could set my own price.

To Mrs. Lawson Carter (Jane Averell).

When we arrived in Lucerne last week, we found a letter awaiting us, with the sad tidings of Marcia's* death. . . It seems so short a time since I saw you all together in Cooperstown, looking so well and so happy. . . . Marcia was a child full of promise. I thought, last summer that she would be remarkably beautiful; I saw that she was very bright. She was unusual in many ways. Her short life here is ended, and she is safe; but your heart must be aching over another broken tie. How strange it is that she should have died in Cleveland and be buried there. . . I like to think of them all there so near the graves that are dear to me. I wonder if *I* shall go back and die in Cleveland too!

I write, not because I can say anything of worth to you, but because I want you to know I am thinking of you, and sympathizing with you in your trouble. But you *did* say something of worth to me when I was suffering. . . I have never forgotten it; you

* The young daughter of Mrs. Lawson Carter.

wrote that you believed that, by my care, I had prolonged Mother's life for years. No one else had said this to me; I had not thought of it in that way myself. But it comforted me more than once, when I was tormented by the thought that if I had only done this, or that,—perhaps I might have saved her. . . .

To the Same.

I am deep in "The Complete Works of Walter Savage Landor," two large, closely printed volumes. Having been severely told that not to appreciate Landor was to sign oneself a dolt, I am now at work trying to "appreciate" him! "Imaginary Conversations"!—And *I*, who find it as much as I can do to take care of real ones! . . .

I am, of course, tremendously busy. But I can be busy with more comfort in a pretty drawing-room! There's where *my* small money will go. Not in sapphire rings. . . .

I must tell you that both "Anne" and "For the Major" have been brought out in England, and the English papers have had ever so many advertisements of them. I secured two to send the Coopers—I thought they would be amused—the *London Times* and *Daily News*. The latest style is—

The New American Novel

By a Niece of Fenimore Cooper.

"Anne."

Isn't that "Yankee" enterprise for an English firm?

But that isn't all. In the advertisement of the second edition of "Anne" they have added a sentence from a contributed article in the *Century* for July, on "American Fiction," and signed it in large letters "The Century," as though it had been an editorial opinion. When you consider that both the books were in *Harper's*—the *Century's* great rival, I think you will see the cleverness of that stroke! . . .

To Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather.

I could tell you some remarkable and amusing stories of Florentine Society. For one thing, it is no place for *young* young ladies; they have no liberty, and can hardly speak unless spoken to, can go nowhere alone, and flirtation is—for them—unknown; if they indulge in it, they lose their reputation; the only thing they can do is to marry and they generally do that at once. The question of "dot" is a very important one, and if it is not known exactly how much a young girl is to have, she has no offers. They do not call this "mercenary"—they say it is only the proper prudence to provide for the future. But if the young unmarried girls have a much better time in America than they can possibly have here—I mean, if they go into "society" here—the married women, and in fact all older women, whether married or not have a much better time. They are not "shelved," as they are at home, they are important, considered. I have not become used to it yet—to hear the chances of this or that woman of more than middle age, gravely discussed—as to

whether she is likely to accept this, or that man; whom she *really* likes, etc. Even poor, quiet old ladies over sixty, with white hair, are not secure from this kind of remark. If they have a little money, especially, they are never secure, but are considered proper subjects of discussion as long as they live! These, of course, are the widows and old maids; as to the married ladies, there is a great deal of flirtation going on. What our young ladies amuse themselves with at home, the married ladies amuse themselves with here. It is all very curious and, to a looker-on like me, amusing. . . . There is no doubt, Libbie, that one keeps young longer over here.

To Miss Emily Vernon Clark.

. . . How can you say George Eliot was unhappy? I think that she had one of the easiest, most indulged and "petted" lives that I have ever known or heard of—considering that she was a woman without a fortune (which always make the personal life easy), and without the least beauty, in fact, very plain. From first to last, she did exactly as she pleased—law or no law, custom or no custom! Lewes adored her; I heard all the details in London. She was surrounded by the most devoted, personal, worshipping affection to his last hour. True, she earned the money for two, and she worked very hard. But how many, many women would be glad to do the same through all their lives if their reward was such a devoted love as that! Then, with a very short interregnum, this plain woman of sixty inspires with

the same worshipping adoration another man, one who is spoken well of by all the world; a man of excellent mind and character, with a fortune of his own, handsome, strong, only forty years old. And up to the last moment of *her* life, his love continued unchanged, all the stories to the contrary notwithstanding. I heard the undoubted facts, testimony of eye-witnesses of their life together, etc. I think you are right in saying that she "needed a staff to lean upon." My own idea is that she could not live without the adoration her nature craved. But my point is that she always had it! She got it, whether or no! And the one thing I have against her is that after getting and having to the full all she craved, *then* she began to pose as a teacher for others! She began to preach the virtues she had not for one moment practised in her own life. Like Rousseau's writing "Emile," after sending all his own children one by one to the "Enfants Trouvés"! As to what you allude to—the tone of her letters and journals—to me all that seems but the bodily weariness of such constant literary toil; and (alas!) the melancholy which seems to me to belong to all creative work in literature, or almost all. Her success as a literary artist was enormous. . . and she had the exquisite pleasure of lifting the man she loved and all his children into ease and prosperity by her own efforts. I don't think she ever felt, or was haunted by the slightest touch of remorse for what she had done; it alienated all her own family—the brother she had loved so fondly while a girl—but all this was as

nothing to her compared with her love. She had that sort of nature. . . . She *did* work very hard; . . . All I reiterate is that throughout her toil, she had the atmosphere she craved constantly round her. Thousands of women work as hard (in other ways) and finally die (as she did) of their toil, without it.

To Mrs. Sherman (Harriet Benedict).

Anthony Trollope's Autobiography, yes, I have read it. It gave me such a feeling! Naturally I noticed more especially his way of working. What could he have been made of! What would I not give for the hundredth part of his robust vitality. I never can do anything by lamplight, nothing when I am tired, nothing—it almost seems sometimes—at any time! . . . And here was this great English Trollope hauled out of bed long before daylight every morning for years, writing by lamplight three hours before he began the "regular" work (post office and hunting!) of the day. Well, he was English and therefore had no nerves, fortunate man!

To the Same.

I value so much the picture of your father* which came to me at Christmas. It took me back so pleasantly—even if sadly too—to the days when he used to come down to St. Clair Street. I was beginning to write a little and his encouragement and interest were everything to me. I don't believe I

* George A. Benedict, for many years editor of the Cleveland "*Herald.*"

should have gone on if I had not had them behind me just at that time. He was always very kind to me, and in just the way I needed. I was so despondent, and the future looked so dark, yet I wouldn't betray how I felt. They were hard years for me, and your father was my mainstay.

To G. Pomeroy Keese.

I am glad you called upon Mr. Stedman. . . . He knows all the literary people, ladies as well as men, and takes an interest in them that is so real and generous and above anything like small jealousy, that they all like him. I only know him in a "literary" way. But in that way we are great friends. I met him first in Florida, when I was scarcely known at all as a beginner at writing even; and he immediately took the kindest interest in all I was doing, or rather, attempting to do. He is the most loyal of friends, as well as a very out-spoken one, at least so he seemed to me. I never forget the people who were interested and helpful in those days of beginning; and never shall. I have now a good many literary friends, but agreeable as they are, they will never oust those who came forward first. . .

Mr. R. H. Dana ("Two Years Before the Mast," you know) died this month in Rome. I was much attached to him. He was the finest conversationist for his age, I have ever met. I see he was not an old man—not seventy—but he seemed old. I don't mean feeble; but majestically old; old of the "old school." . . .

To the Same.

I have several theories about "foreign travelling," and one is that only excitable young people, or persons absorbed in some *one* subject like painting, architecture, or sculpture, can really enjoy a hurried, busy tour. They may pretend to! For my part, I have seen so many tired-out American parties, worn with fatigue, pale with "sight-seeing" (which is the most killingly hard work I know) that I turn my head when I see them coming and look in another direction. Half the time they don't know they are so tired! Have no suspicion of it. The English take things more slowly; are never excited, and always see to it that their "dinner" is good, and plenty of time given to it! The result is that with their fine, robust physiques they never have that used-up air. For my own part, nothing shall ever make me join, even for one week, an American party of "sight-seers." They might be my dearest friends, and I should still refuse. But O! the delight of seeing Venice, Florence and Rome slowly, at your leisure and unimpeded! . . .

To J. L. and J. B. Gilder.

I agree with Horace with all my heart. Thackeray's grief after he had killed Colonel Newcome; the account of the way George Eliot's books "ploughed into her," she herself noting in her journal: "Killed Tito in great excitement"; the description of Tourguenieff (in my estimation the greatest of modern novelists), as pale, feverish, so changed that he looked like a dying man, because

the personages of one of his tales had taken such possession of him that he was unable to sleep, these, surely, are illustrious examples.

To Mrs. Lawson Carter.

. . . . I think the best way really to enjoy a great gallery like the one in Dresden, is to go often, but never stay more than a half-hour at a time. I think "gallery fatigue" the worst I know, for it is of both body and mind. The Dresden gallery seemed to me extremely rich and beautiful. . . .

To Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

"For the Major," of which you speak, is quite short, not a long novel like "Anne." I consider it the most (to me) satisfactory piece of work I have done, viewed from the literary point of view.

To Samuel Mather.

Mr. James has just sent me from London a recent number of the *Spectator* which contains a cordial notice of "Rodman." It is the first time I have received attention in a paper of that stamp. . . I am much interested in the career of the "English edition" of the American magazines. . . . I think *Harper's* and *Scribner's* together, will "sweep the board"—as the good old Mackinac chaplain used to say, when he played whist by sitting behind me, and directing me in a whisper—"Play your *Queen*, Miss Connie, and ye'll sweep the board! . . ."

C. can speak French quite nicely now, not that I consider, or have ever considered, that it was such

a heavenly acquisition as some people think. Still, it is well to be able to do it. German is a finer language. I suppose your father will immediately break into Spanish!

To Mrs. Crowell (Mary Benedict).

I cannot help liking the English—some of them, I mean. I am quite fascinated by their sincerity. They really do tell the truth plainly, and this is a great novelty. If it lies between evading a little, or hurting your feelings, they calmly hurt your feelings. Yet I think at heart they are real friends, if friends at all.

To Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Boston people—I mean those that belong to the old families there—are like nobody but themselves. I have had to learn their ways slowly, inch by inch, just as I have the ways of the English. They are quite as unlike other Americans as the English are unlike all Americans. I have been surrounded by Boston people ever since I came to Italy, and after burning my fingers a good many times, I have at last succeeded, I think, in comprehending them. They are cold, cold, cold, but only in manner, and on the outside. They are stiff. They never gush, and hate gush. They have an inborn belief that Boston "ways" are by far the best in the world, and *secretly* they think all other ways vulgar. Having accustomed myself to their immense serenity about themselves and their views, I now know how to take them. And I can see, too, their really good points which are many. . . .

To the Same.

Then I came on to Florence. And here there met me a cable dispatch: a large portion of my revise for the book-form of "East Angels" had gone down in the "Oregon"! It was a most disheartening moment. I had so longed for complete rest from literary work for a while. . . . Then I hardly knew where my materials were—the duplicate proof sheets, and all the necessary things. In addition I was not sure what parts were lost, and in order to cover every possibility, I thought I should have to do over nearly half the book! I sat down, without even unpacking my bag, and for two whole weeks I worked fourteen hours a day. Two nights I worked *all* night. I kept sending off what I had finished, to the Harper's agent in London; and during all this time neither he nor I could find out exactly what parts were missing in New York, because the head of the book department there kept telegraphing by *pages* and *chapters*, and I had changed the arrangement of the chapters for the book-form, and had forgotten the new numbering! And the same with the paging. Well, I had sent off the last part which I *supposed* to be what they needed, when, an hour later, came another cable: all the *original* revise had reached them, and no second copy was required! I was so glad to be free that it was not until the next day that I began to get strength (and temper) enough to make remarks upon my two weeks of terrible toil—all quite unnecessary! The only way I could possibly

account for the delay was that the necessary sheets did go down on the "Oregon" and, later, were fished up. I am sure you can imagine my first two weeks here were melancholy enough. . .

We are all reading Russian over here; the Russian novels in French translations. They are magnificent. I have long thought Tourguenieff the greatest of novelists; now I am admiring several other Russians as well.

To the Same.

Did I tell you what an extraordinary letter B sent me? It was from his wife to him and all about "Jupiter Lights." It was the most remarkable literary letter I have ever read. . . . I find that for years he has written all the reviews of French books for the *Nation*. . . .

To Mrs. Samuel Mather (Flora Stone).

I took the winter, the odd moments of it—for letter-writing, and wrote to almost all my old friends, whom in some cases, for years, I had neglected. . . . The answers are beginning to come, and, as a general thing, they make me sad. It is so evident that they were more or less of an effort. Of course, I can expect nothing else, as I have been away over ten years. To most people that seems half a lifetime! But, as I never change myself, it does not seem so to me.

To Mrs. Lawson Carter.

I sometimes think that if Clara *would* give up and go to bed once in a while, it would be better for her, but she always keeps up, and always tries to be bright and cheerful, and so people have got into the habit of expecting her to be always so.

To Samuel Mather.

Clara, I know, is extremely tired. There is no use of my finding fault with the way she lives; no doubt she does the very best she can. But if she could only have a first-rate, competent woman to do all the packing, etc. I should be relieved from a good deal of anxiety. . . . All I mean by this is simply that she (Clara) is not really strong, and she always keeps up; she never goes to bed and stays there as I do when I feel ill.

* * * * *

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

I have the firmest belief in simple and complete rest. It is better than medicine; better than anything. I am convinced of it.

* * * * *

To Samuel Mather.

What you write shows me that underneath all lies the one thing that I have known and preached for years . . . that thing is that *we* as a family *cannot* do what many other people can, without breaking down. We cannot go without sleep, we cannot overtax ourselves; we cannot " overdo " in any way.

If we persist either from ignorance or obstinacy, we break down. But on the other hand, if we will only take good care of ourselves, we are able to do as much as most people each day, and have, too, better health than most people; that is, fewer illnesses in the course of the years. But we cannot, must not, transgress.

To Mrs. Lawson Carter.

Nothing could have exceeded the kindness of the Mathers. It has actually made me think better of everybody—of the whole world—to find such real and generous goodness a fact. Proved by actions; not by words merely. And it touches me much to think that in helping C. they are all (Clara and the Mathers) helping me as well; wishing to save me from anxiety as much as they can. It is a good world, after all, isn't it?

To Miss Guilford.*

Who are the "college boys," to whom you so kindly read my story, "Peter the Parson?" What college? Did you enjoy the California trip? I am so sorry I did not see that country before coming abroad. I did see the South very thoroughly, as I lived there for years with my mother. The Middle States I know, and the seaboard. But not California. I must go thither before I settle down in Florida, which is to be my home when I come back. . .

* Miss Woolson's teacher at the Cleveland Seminary.

To G. Pomeroy Keese.

I have often thought that I should like to come back and make a little home in Cooperstown. The climate is the great objection. Perhaps, if I am ever obliged to stop walking, I can come there. If I am to be shut up in the house, I could be there as well as anywhere. The great point of these southern climates to me is not the warmth indoors. No house I have ever seen in Italy or Florida, can approach the comfort of one of our northern houses in winter. But I can walk out for long hours every day, without the least irritation in my throat, when at the south, that is all there is to it.

To Samuel Livingston Mather.

I have, for nine months, read nothing but English books; the mass of "Memoirs," "Letters," "Biographies" and "Autobiographies" with which the circulating libraries are filled. I have been amused and interested to see the wide difference there is between the way an English Bishop looks at life and its duties, and the way an American Bishop looks at his. I have read half a dozen "Lives" (in three great volumes) of eminent Bishops and Deans, among the mass of other "English" literature I have been through. I hope it is not un-American, but it does seem to me that the fact that their living is secured, gives them (the English clergymen) a better chance to study and make the best of their talents. However, the whole system seems to me sure to be swept away soon; so I must admire it while I can. . . .

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

You got to the Berkshire hills. . . did you see Fanny Kemble's grave! I am told people ask for it every summer, but the majestic old lady is as well as ever, and able to entertain all the clever men in London, night after night.

To Samuel Mather.

. . . I am reading the "Life and Letters of Moncton Milnes (Lord Houghton)" . . . . In one of his letters he says—"How different the development of Goethe would have been under adverse circumstances! And how much Carl August had to do with his genius, in giving it the peaceful, prosperous air in which it delighted to grow." Don't imagine that in quoting this, I am comparing myself to that stupendous creature, Goethe! But "a peaceful air to grow in" is sweet indeed to any kind of a writer; as I suppose it is also to a painter or sculptor, even if not of great powers. I except musicians (*i.e.* composers) because they appear very often to enjoy every kind of irregularity in life; their's is the genius nearest to madness. . . .

To Miss Guilford.

. . . I am so very glad, dear Miss Guilford, that you liked "East Angels." I have long wished for a word from you, since it was from you that I first learned how to write. Do you remember the wonderful and ceaseless pains you used to take with our compositions? As I look back upon it now, I

wonder how you could have been so extraordinarily patient! But it was your conscience, I know; no slighter influence could have held you so firm through such an amount of what must have been to you intense boredom. . . . As I think of all this, a vision rises before me of the "Cleveland Seminary"—with its furnace-heated air; its crowds of girls, the woods behind with their early spring flowers, and you, and Prof. St. John, and Miss Barstow taking charge of us all. I see the snow as it used to drive slantingly across the wide, empty fields outside my window on the north side of the house; I see the white road going towards town—a road whose principal interest for us lay in the fact that it led by "the Severance's," where dwelt "John" and his flute. We cherished a romantic interest in John and were much offended that he did not marry Miss B.— I know very little of the Seminary girls, and should like to hear more. . . . The simple history of some of my schoolmates, truthfully told, would make, if printed, a tale of such sensational nature that everyone would say—"How absurdly improbable!" But writers of "fiction" (so called!) have to be very careful not to be as sensational as the truth.

Dear Miss Guilford, do you remember the time we stole the cherry pies? . . . . The pies were just from the oven—hot and fresh and tempting—and they had been incautiously placed on a window ledge (to cool), just within our reach! Nellie C.—(the boldest because the oldest of us), proposed it, and instantly we carried out her idea. When sum-

moned before the Professor, how we trembled! But when he had us before him—with the door closed—he did nothing but laugh. . . . I am afraid I have forgotten most of my Latin—learned from you and from him; but it comes in play with Italian, which I now have to speak. . . . All that you said of my stories was gratefully received by your attached pupil. . . .

The long delay—which I regret so much—has been caused by a troublesome weakness of the muscles that move the right arm; these muscles have been overworked, and every now and then they tangle themselves with the nerves of the same locality and the two hold a witches' dance together that sends me to bed and keeps me there. At last I am hoping that a cure has been found in electricity. Twice, now, it has stopped the dance completely. But of course the best prescription is to abstain from using the pen! I should like to talk over with you—who first opened my mind to many of the deeper mysteries of life—the melancholy chance (if it is a chance) which causes a person, who never could hold a pen with ease and whose eyes were always excessively delicate, to set up precisely as a *writer!*

To the Same.

. . . Your book gave me great pleasure. The first time I read it, I sat fascinated over its pages for half the night; how it revived the past! I had not until then, realized that the Seminary—the place where I had the benefit of your teaching, was, for

you, but one of a chain of schools, or rather, an episode in the one school whose scene was occasionally changed, though not its spirit. . . .

For myself, I feel that I owe you much. The pains you took with my crude compositions; the clearness with which you made my careless eyes notice the essential differences between a good style and a bad one; your praise, when I (not very often) deserved it; your discriminating, careful censure, which did me more good than all—these were, and still are, invaluable to me. I must have tried your patience, and I might, no doubt, have profited much more than I did, from your teachings. But it was the start you gave to the faint taste which enabled it later to grow in the right direction. (At least I hope it is right).

So many thoughts rose when reading your book. One was my (still fixed) impression of the immense size of the Water Cure Woods. I have travelled far and wide over the world since then; but I really think I have never found any forest so wild and so vast as the Water Cure Woods! Another will amuse you. It came later—this impression—but still it is of the past. You remember the reverence we all had for Prof. St. John; when I was beginning to write a little, I was much put out and annoyed by a fashion of that day in the U.S.—namely, the exalting of stories for children to a place which it did not seem to me belonged to them. I thought that they had their own sphere, and that it was a very high one. But Shakespeare still existed, and Milton; the great historians,

the great essayists, the great writers of fiction. But in the U.S. at that time, one would almost suppose to hear the talk (it is true that much of it was done by mothers) that the writers for children were greater than all these. I was spending the winter in New York, and Prof. St. John came to see me; (it was almost the last time I saw him)—the conversation turned toward literature, and I had to hear fully an hour's eulogy of Miss Alcott's "Little Women"—which I, too, liked, but could not place above all else in the world. I smile now to think how sore I felt about it—that my demi-god, the Professor, should have followed the crowd in this respect. This reminds me to ask if you have read "The Life and Letters of Miss Alcott"? I was greatly impressed by the book. What heroic, brave struggles. And what a splendid success. . .

Do not fancy that I admire Tolstoi. I do not in the least, save as a novelist. As a man, I dislike him, and I think him half mad. I know much of his life from a lady who lived for years in his family. He wears a coloured shirt, and makes shoes in his drawing-room; he digs in his fields. But the drawing-room and the house are very handsome; (Mme. Tolstoi has a large fortune); he makes the shoes so badly that no one can wear them—he only spoils so much leather; and the farm-labourers are obliged to do over, secretly, all the work he does in the fields. What good does it do any one on earth for him to go barefoot? He was notoriously immoral for years; after that, when he had married,

he had so many children that I dare not, from memory, say just how many ; but it was something like twenty-two. Mme. Tolstoi, being strong and very rich, has lived through it. She has had nothing to do with her children, for nurses and tutors and governesses were provided and took entire charge ; the large house was like a colony. This is a nice record for an apostle who has lately preached to the world *in his old age,* that men should live like monks. "The Kreutzer Sonata," which contains this doctrine of his, is (in its unexpurgated edition) the most indecent book I have ever read. I write all this because I have the idea that there is a very incorrect idea of him abroad in the world. That is, the English-speaking world.

What shall I tell you of myself ? Last year, I saw Egypt, Greece and the Holy Land. Now I am bent upon going to Constantinople and to India. My next *housekeeping* will probably be Venice—the place I love best over here.

I am no handsomer than of old. . . . I walk five miles a day ; I am very well ; and immensely interested in the great movement of life everywhere. I must add that I no longer know how to spell ! (I fear you have noticed that already !) The many small differences between English and American spelling now confuse me—reading constantly, as I do, English papers and magazines. Then, too, the similar words in French and Italian ; neither "agreeable" nor "amiable," can I spell without a dictionary (I have just looked into one!) One becomes

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON IN HER YOUTH.

[*To face p. 44*]

polyglottish in spite of all one's efforts. The funniest thing is the English "Society" slang. We used to be so carefully taught not to say "ain't"; here, duchesses say it. . . My regards to Mrs. T., if she remembers me. At the Seminary, I remember, I was much impressed by the name of a sister of hers as she pronounced it—*Italia Beatrice*. There were romantic horizons to me in the name! Since then, I have lived much in Italy itself. But it still remains fully as beautiful and romantic as it seemed in imagination, then.

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

Frank Crawford,* you know, has selected Sorrento as his home; lately I have heard that his health has given way from over-work. I don't know whether this is true, but I should not be surprised if it were, as his literary production has been enormous.

To the Same.

Robert Louis Stevenson plays with tin soldiers, and makes great forts of sand and clay to this day! The funniest part of it is that he has no children; he plays these soldier games with his wife!

To Samuel Mather.

I had a delightful letter from John Hay in the summer. He speaks so kindly of "Dorothy"†—it gave me much pleasure. Mr. Boott‡ (who is now over 80)

* F. Marion Crawford.

† A story by Miss Woolson.

‡ Francis Boott, author of "Here's a Health to King Charles" and other songs.

came to Oxford in July to see me. He was greatly pleased (and so was I, for his sake) that there had been so much demand for "Through the Long Days." He told me that the clerks at Ditson's,—the Boston music publisher—were astonished by the call for "that old song" as they phrased it, which had been reposing undisturbed on their shelves for years. Both the words and music are to me very beautiful, but the song needs the interpretation of a true artist.

To the Same.

Yes, I suppose I shall remain with the *Harper's*, yet it is a temptation to be offered large sums down. The same syndicate that pays Mrs. Burnett $5000 a year, and takes all that she writes, is now sending the most urgent letters to me. . . . Two other syndicates have also written, and the agent of another intends to come to Cheltenham to see me personally, I hear. I shall keep my contract with the *Harper's*, as they have always treated me extremely well; most generously, in fact. If the time ever comes when I have produced more than they care to take, then I shall be honourably free to look elsewhere. This has been always my difficulty, *i.e.* the slow rate at which I write.

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

The Thetis and Bear—do I remember them? I should think I did. I was in London during the fitting out of whichever one it was that was sent by the English Government for that Arctic search. The

whole responsibility of properly preparing the vessel for Arctic seas rested with Commander Caspar Goodrich, U.S.N. . . . He used to come in (at my lodgings) in the evening, perfectly worn out with his toil . . .

To Samuel Mather.

"Hiawatha" was the poem I knew by heart (portions of it) when I was a school-girl. It is associated with those romantic days when we had a summer cottage at Mackinac, and the first original writing I ever did was a "poem" (Heaven save the mark!) an imitation in the same style.

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

I have always wanted to stay at Fortress Monroe myself. Mother and I had a fine plan for seeing all that country—land and water—one October, on our way South. We began with Norfolk and it was so cold we had to leave and rush down to Charleston. The James, Yorktown, the Dismal Swamp, were all on our programme. I have an old schoolmate, Mrs. Harrison (Gulie Gordon of Savannah) living in the old house at Harrison's Landing. Alas, *le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma belle,* and I fear I shall never get there now. The quotation is from that new—old story* of mine in the October *Harper,* which was written seven or eight years ago. I had forgotten all about it, and re-read it to see what was in it. I came upon "*Le temps s'en va,*" and it has sung itself in my memory ever since.

* "*At the Château of Corinne.*"

To Samuel Mather.

Poor Zoar !—does it still exist ? As I look back now, I see it was the romantic side of my father's nature that was pleased with the little Tuscarawas community—father had so much romance. It had but little to feed upon in Ohio. How often I have thought of him as I have wandered about the Old World ; how he would have enjoyed it.

To the Same.

I am never more than half alive when it is very cold. Dampness does not trouble me ; nor what is called relaxing, or malarious air ; heat never makes me ill. But let the air grow really cold, and down I go towards the gates of death, no matter how bright the sun may be nor how clear the air. . . .

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

I am thinking a little of taking lessons in drawing or painting. Since music and so many other enjoyments have been taken from me, it would perhaps be wise to extend the horizon a little on a side still open. I shall never be able at this late day to paint any sort of a picture ; but by taking lessons (as I have a great love for colour), perhaps I can, in time, derive a larger enjoyment from galleries, from pictures of all kinds. It is a serious thing to have no great pleasures, nothing that one greatly enjoys. And, as I grow older, I am inclining towards the opinion that it is a duty to be happy, provided one is not selfish about it ; for melancholy, unhappy

persons make everybody about them very uncomfortable. These are fine ideas. It isn't always easy to live up to them! However, I'll get a little doggie, and take lessons in water-colour. And I can always read Matthew Arnold's verses—even if he *does* write, occasionally, such terribly unmusical bits as: "As the punt's rope chops round." It was in a punt, I suppose, that I used to row on the Avon last year—nearly up to Christmas.

To Samuel Mather.

The mention of her (Mrs. Woods*), reminds me of Tennyson's funeral yesterday at Westminster Abbey (for Mrs. W–'s father is Dean of Westminster†). Perhaps you will be interested in seeing the order of the service? I did not get it from her, however, but from Henry James, who was one of the procession. He writes me that the effect of "Crossing the Bar," as sung in absolute perfection by the Abbey choir, was something extremely beautiful. The "One clear call for me" was like an angel's voice from on high. I have always thought the poem itself one of the most beautiful things Tennyson ever wrote.

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

Girls do so need a more thorough education! I never hear, or, rather, I seldom hear, one of my own sex talk long without noticing the lack of broad, reasonable, solid views. . . . But I am sure that education is all that is required. I do not think the feminine mind inferior. . . .

* Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, author of "A Village Tragedy," etc.
† Dean Bradley.

To Samuel Mather.

I should be interested to know upon what grounds Gail Hamilton believes Mrs. Maybrick to be innocent. If you read the whole testimony at the trial (as I did), I am sure you must be convinced of the woman's guilt. I could have pardoned a sudden, impulsive murder, perhaps ; but never the slow, cold, calm, torturing poison, day after day.

To the Same.

I like an army officer's life, you know. I have always liked it. It has its hardships, I suppose. But all the officers I have known have seemed to me free from care. It is true that there is a temptation towards drink, but that is not confined to the army. . . .

To the Same.

Sometime, when you are writing, please give me the pronunciation of Bryn Mawr. I have never dared attempt it. It is almost as bad as an English family name ; I have had so many mishaps in that line that I no longer attempt to pronounce any English name save Smith, until I have heard it done by an Englishman. . . .

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr's " Life of Browning " is thought rather disappointing here. Mrs. Orr was one of his intimate friends (I mean women-friends). . . . Browning's life was largely dependent upon many of

such friendships. I mean that it was so after his wife's death. Very masculine himself, he yet enjoyed the society of ladies more than that of men. He said that women were more appreciative than men, and less vain! . . . I heard much about the Brownings when I lived in Florence; many items, anecdotes, and stories are still to be picked up there from the mouths of people who saw them daily. Browning died famous; but there were long years of his life when he was utterly neglected by the public, and even regarded with contempt. Fortunately for him, his own belief in himself was robust and never faltered. In addition, he had the advantage of an inherited income large enough to live upon, so that he had no care. I think all Lives written while contemporaries are living, must necessarily be disappointing; there must always be more or less reticence, or timidity on account of the feelings of others. . . .

There is much talk in London about "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "Soldiers Three," by a young fellow named Rudyard Kipling. . . . They are original and strong. . . . They do not, in my opinion, equal Bret Harte's early tales. My love to the Hays. I wish much to write to the Colonel to tell him how magnificent I think his Lincoln. . . . I have both enjoyed and greatly admired every word of it.

To Samuel Mather.

I had an amusing letter from Mr. Warner (Dudley) not long ago; he wrote from Florence, and said

he was colder than he had ever been in Hartford in his life. . . Since my own stay in Egypt (the most fascinating country I have ever seen), I have made up my mind that we have in Florida the best winter resort in the world for those who wish to escape all cold air. But the upper Nile is warm, also, and of course it has a charm which Florida cannot have. . .

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

Oh, yes, I always like books. I have given up trying not to accumulate them! I have a book-case here nearly full. The truth is that they are my companions. Where other people are talking, I must read. Fortunately, I have always been intensely fond of reading, and the older I grow, the more curious I am about the modes of thought and the literature of other countries. The Russians and the Spanish fascinate me, and now that I have had a glimpse of the East, I am curious about Persian and East Indian writers. My interest will outlast me; when I am 80 (if alive) I shall probably be trying to get hold of the sacred books of the Chinese or of Thibet!

To Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

I was particularly pleased with what you wrote of "Horace Chase." I don't suppose any of you realize the amount of time and thought I give to each page of my novels; every character, every word of speech and of description is thought of, literally, for years before it is written out for the final time. It takes such entire possession of me that when, at last, a book is done, I am pretty nearly done myself.

To ———

There is a new theory, "working hypothesis" they call it, which seems to explain many mysteries. It is that we have two minds, one which we feel, another which only makes itself known at moments. I am shy about talking on such subjects to people who are not interested or who are not intelligent, for they confound the purely scientific with the "spiritualistic" beliefs. My only interest in these researches is a scientific one, and I think we are on the eve of great discoveries.

To ———

I sometimes throw up my arms with a weary movement, and wish I had a lighter load of care! But I suspect that is what our life is intended to be—a discipline.

To ———

I have been thinking so much of you—since I heard the sad tidings. . . . What should we do if this life were all we had—so almost constantly full, as it is, of pain and sorrow. . . . I loved my own father so dearly that I know how you will feel—are feeling now. . . . Do not grieve. All is in some way for the best, ordered by One wiser than we can ever be. . . .

To Mrs. Samuel Mather.

If you had lived alone as I have done for so many years, you would appreciate better, no doubt,

the exquisite pleasure it is to feel that one *is* welcome. One gets to doubt it a little, as one grows older, when there are not the defences and bulwarks of one's own family to fall back upon.

To ———

How any one can doubt our immortality, I am at a loss to conceive. A future existence seems to me the only solution to the riddle of the present one—this present one with its bitter disappointments, its heavy cares, its *apparent* injustice to so many. . . . Yes, we shall live again—and go on living, and *then*, if we have been faithful here, we shall be happier. . .

From THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

OF

The Atlantic Monthly, (1878 & 1879.)

(Constance Fenimore Woolson.)

THERE is great satisfaction in seeing a thing well done, and both in the substance and in the style of his books, Mr. James always offers an intellectual treat to appreciative readers; of course it is obvious that he writes only for the cultivated minority. But among his admirers are many who complain of him as a disappointing author—one who charms their interest from the first, and keeps it alive to the end, but who, at the end, is apt to leave them somewhat dissatisfied. The conclusions of his novels and tales, they say, seem to them a breaking off rather than a true finishing of the lives and fortunes of the personages he has made them acquainted with. He gives reality and vitality to his characters only to make the reader close the book, asking, "Is that all about them?" It is not enough, or not the end they should come to. This is a reproach, it seems to me, applicable to many weaker authors, less skilled in their art, but not to Mr. James. In his case the apparent failure to come to anything particular is foreseen by the author himself, because it is inherent in the nature of the

theme chosen. It is certainly evident that the author of "Roderick Hudson" and "The American," has not the genuine story-telling gift, the power of inventing a story interesting for its own sake. His talent lies in another field, that of keen observation and fine discrimination of character, which he portrays with a subtle and delicate touch. It is unreasonable, I think, to complain of a writer for not being something else than he is, as it would be to find fault with a figure painter that he was not a landscape artist. When we have once recognized the quality of a man's talent, why not take what he can give, and not ask for something different? Let us do without a story in Mr. James's novels, and enjoy instead something certainly as admirable in its way. Observing the refined skill with which the contrast of typical characters is presented in the "Europeans," I, for one, was not disposed to demand a more exciting dénouement, the interest of each page, as I read it, being pleasure sufficient.

* * * * *

Mr. Henry James's "Europeans," is, to me, his best work, so far; always excepting two or three of his short stories. For his peculiar style of mere hints as to such commonplace things as reasons, motives, and causes seems to me better adapted to a short story, which is necessarily a sketch or condensation, than to the broader limits of a novel, where we are accustomed to more explanation and detail. It is true that Charles Reade, also, seldom

tells us what his characters mean, intend, or think, but only what they say or do; leaving us, as James does, to study them as we study our living neighbours who carry no windows in their breasts. But the difference here is that Reade's characters always do such tremendous things, and so incessantly, that their mere bodily activity sufficiently defines their mental processes, whereas Mr. James, as far as possible, has *his* people do nothing at all.

What atmosphere could possibly have been contrived more quiet than the wide, cool Wentworth homestead, and its little cottage opposite, from which, as scene, the story scarcely wavers, save for that one glimpse of the Acton mansion, emphasized and slightly coloured by its "delightful chinoiseries." The two Europeans arrive, and after one sharply drawn picture of their dislike for the Boston horse-cars, they depart to this Wentworth home and stay there to the end of the tale. No one does anything; a drive for Madame Münster, and a drifting about in a skiff for Gertrude are about all the action allowed. So quiet is the story in this respect that when, in the eleventh chapter, the baroness goes to see Mrs. Acton, and goes on foot, the description of her "charming undulating step," as she walked along the road, is a kind of relief to us, and mentally we all go with her, glad of the exercise, and movement and fresh air. Mr. James has advanced in his art; in *this* story of his there is absolutely no action at all! What is there, then? There is contrast of character and conversation.

I suppose it will be allowed without question that we are all far more interested in the baroness than in the other characters. Felix is, to me, a failure, in spite of his felicitous name; or rather, he is a shadow, making no definite impression of any kind. His "intense smiling" does not save him, does not give him body, any more than the brilliant rainbow gives body to the spray at Niagara Falls. Gertrude is not a failure, but she is not sufficiently explained. Minute details concerning her are given, such as, for instance, that "her stiff silk dress made a sound upon the carpet," as she walked about the room; yet she remains from first to last like a tune which the composer has as yet but briefly jotted down. *He* knows it, but *we* do not. There is no mystery about it, however; it is only that he has not written it fully out. Mr. Wentworth is excellent throughout; we see him, we are acquainted with him, sitting there "with his legs crossed, lifting his dry, pure countenance from the *Boston Advertiser*." There is no indistinctness in the outline; he is a figure clearly and carefully finished; some of James's finest art has been given to him. Clifford and Lizzie are good, the latter an amusingly accurate picture of a certain type of very young American girl,—pretty, coolly self-possessed, endowed with a ready, unappalled, and slightly-stinging native wit; a small personage whose prominence and even presence amaze and secretly annoy the baroness who is not accustomed to consider and defer to the opinions of "little girls" in her graceful and victorious progress through

society. Mr. Brandis the good, slow, serious clean young man, with large feet and a liking for substantial slices of the excellent home-made cake of well-regulated households, whom many of us know. There is an unregenerate way (which Mr. James shares) of looking at these young men, which sees only their ludicrous points. Light-natured fellows like Felix (or what we suppose Felix is intended to be) are always laughing at them. Even when poor Brand gives up the girl he loves, and stiffens his resolution of offering, in his official capacity, to unite her to his rival, a ludicrous hue is thrown over the action, and we all unite in an amused smile over the young minister and his efforts, which, judged soberly, is unfair. The " Brands " always seem relics of plainer and more earnest times, and out of place in this American nineteenth century, where everything is taken lightly, and where ridicule is by far the most potent influence. During the war, the " Brands " had a chance ; they marched to the war with tremendous earnestness ; nobody minded their big feet on the plain of battle ; their slowness was mighty like a sledge-hammer. Their strong convictions fired the assault ; they headed the coloured regiments ; they made, by their motives and beliefs, even small actions grand. The whole nation was in earnest then ; the Brands found their place. But now they are left to themselves again, and are a good deal like mastodons, living by mistake in a later age, objects of amusement to the lighter-footed modern animals, and unable to help it.

The baroness, is, however, *the* character. She is the "European," the contrast; she is the story. In the first description of her personal appearance, I do not think Mr. James was quite fair; he followed Tourguenieff, and pictured the irregularities of her features and personal deficiencies so minutely that I, for one, have never been able to forget it, or to think of her as in the least handsome. Now the baroness *was* handsome; she was an extremely charming woman. We have all met women of that sort; I mean women who had irregular features, but who yet, by their colouring, their grace, or some one single and wonderfully great beauty, kept us from noticing when with them whether their noses were classical, or their mouths large or small. If in real life this is a truth, it should be a truth doubly remembered and guarded in books, where necessarily the warmth of the personal presence is lost. Mr. James might have stated that her face was irregular, judged by rule, but he should have dwelt upon what beauties she *did* have, so that they would make a vivid impression; just as, in real life, they would have domineered vividly over her lacks, if she had entered the room where we were sitting. She is *his* creation; *we* don't know her. He should have answered for her in this respect, and started us fairly,

What was the baroness's fault? The moral of the story?—if there is any? Acton was deeply in love with her; yet he would not quite marry her. According to my solution, the fault was (and the moral) that she lied; and, in our raw American

atmosphere, delicate and congenial lying has not yet been comprehended as one of the fine arts. This is my idea of what Mr. James means. . .

George Eliot says, in speaking of Gwendolen's mood early one morning: "It was not that she was out of temper; but that the world was not equal to the demands of her fine organism." So likewise it was not that the baroness spoke untruths; but the American world was not equal to the accomplishments of her fine organism, or the habits bred in older and more finished society on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. James's delightful style is even more delightful than usual in this story. Mr. Wentworth's "thin, unresponsive glance"; Mr. Brand "stiffly and softly" following; the "well-ordered consciousness" of the Wentworth household; Clifford Wentworth's "softly growling tone,"—indicative, however, merely of "a vaguely humorous intention." (how good that is!); and best of all, the last visit of the baroness to Mrs. Acton, and the conversation between the two women, Madame Münster at last giving up in despair, as she perceives that all her delicate little points of language and tone are thrown away, and feeling "that she would *never* know what such a woman as that meant,"—these are perfect, and make us, for a while, impatient with less artistic stories.

One peculiarity of style I have noticed, namely, the large number of what seem to me "stage directions." Thus, fourteen times in three consecutive pages, taken at random from those containing

conversation, it is particularly noted down that they "looked at" each other—as "Gertrude looked at her a moment, and then, 'Yes, Charlotte,' she said simply." "Gertrude looked at Lizzie Acton, and then looked away." "She looked down at him a moment, and then shook her head." They "look at each other a moment, and then speak," unaccountable numbers of times. Generally, in print, *cela va sans dire.* I don't mean that this is a fault at all; but certainly it is a characteristic peculiarity.

* * * * *

There is nothing so majestic and slow-moving to-day in all our quick America, as an old South Carolina gentleman, for instance, making a few remarks to you in your parlour, or on the Charleston Battery. His words, his periods, his very thoughts, are all old English. There is no use in trying to hurry him, and much loss. For, if you will only lay aside your modern impatience, and listen, your ears will soon be charmed by the very language of Johnson and Addison. . .

The Southerners have finer and costlier old-fashioned books than we have. The library at Charleston is piled to the ceiling with venerable mahogany-coloured English bindings. . . The handsome young librarian says—but not apologetically, the Charlestonians never apologize—"We have but few new books." He does not know how delightful and new it is to see nothing but old ones! But the quaintest little places are the "neighbourhood

libraries" in the country; not by any means established for the "people," as with us, for there were no "people," but for the pleasure of the planters' families in that neighbourhood. Twice I have had the key of such little buildings, now almost always lonely and forsaken, and have spent hours taking down and looking through the dusty books. Almost all were fine old English editions of fine old English authors, together with some of the most famous Frenchmen. . . I call to mind now a courteous, white-haired gentleman of the old school, who had retired to a remote little village with the poor remains of his fortune and his library. On a box covered with chintz reposed the few superb old volumes which he had saved; the remainder, he said, were "burned at Columbia, when Major-General Sherman did us the honour to pass through. The soldiers, I am informed, heated their coffee with them."

* * * * *

The French must be changing; that is, the Parisians. A little while ago, we had their "Dosia," as mild a book as ever was written, and yet it had been "crowned" by the French Academy. Now we have "L'Idée de Jean Têterol," and are told that it has attained in Paris "*un succès énorme*." Yet there is in it nothing "sensational," nothing "epigrammatic," nothing "wickedly witty," nothing "out of the way," although those terms have been considered the proper adjectives to apply to French novels from the earliest days of their yellow covers

down to now ; those covers, which, by the way, have done so much to jaundice the minds and eyes of good people against them, good people who cannot read French ! . . .

In " Jean Têterol " there is no plot ; there is only the " idea " ! . . . It is the type of the " man of one idea," carried out to its fullest extent, painted in the strongest colours. And it is this that holds us. For it touches a fact of which we have a vague consciousness, although we are not always willing to admit it, namely, that many of the remarkable men of the world have been men of one idea. Columbus had but one ; Martin Luther had but one ; John Brown had but one. Now in real life we are apt to call men of this sort "narrow-minded," " enthusiasts," " fanatics." But it is probable that in the beginning Luther wore out his friends, too ; and without doubt, many men thought Columbus a terrible bore. Although the power of one fixed idea is enormous, it is fortunately a gift granted to but few ; otherwise, what a world we should have ! . . .

* * * * *

There is one difficulty in novels (coming from the fact in real life) which is generally evaded, ignored, jumped over, or denied by writers according to their manners, but which yet stubbornly exists. This difficulty is inconstancy.

* * * * *

The story (Cherbuliez's "Samuel Brohl et Cie,") is a new presentment of a truth which is so obnoxious to many good people, namely, no man is wholly bad. It is, of course, much more effective and dramatic to conduct one half of the world down into the lower regions and put the cover on tight, and then take the other half up through the golden gates. But the trouble is that in real life people cannot be divided like school classes; degrees of good and bad shade into each other imperceptibly; finite eyes cannot see *all*. Instead of being bewildered by these facts, it seems to me that we ought to take courage from them. To be sure, they do away with an aristocracy of virtue but they also enfranchise millions of serfs. Here, as everywhere, "the mid-world is best."

* * * * *

There are some books so very bad that they are good. To be very bad, a book must have originality in badness; when it has that, we can stand reading it, as we look with some interest at the woman who has dressed herself in man's clothes and climbed down a skylight at midnight in order to rob us, but with none at all at the common thief who, in ordinary daylight, has stolen articles from the garden clothes-line.

"Esther Pennefather" strikes me as the most utterly ridiculous book of the season. And yet, it has originality, a few very fine passages, and with all its absurdity a promise, to my mind at least, of better

things in the future. Its originality is in its subject, which is that of the singular power one woman sometimes has over another. All the men may as well retire and read their newspapers, since *they* do not believe this. They are perforce retired from this book by the writer herself, since there is not in the whole volume a single man worthy of the name! nothing but a chorus of women, chasing each other madly along, doing the most extraordinary things for the most senseless reasons, from the first page to the last. Practical people may say at once (and end the matter) that there is no such power. But the fact remains that there *is*. Let questions be asked, and it will be discovered that there is scarcely a woman of strong, self-reliant nature who has not at some time or other been followed and besieged with almost dog-like humility by some other woman, whose affection she never asked for, whose adoration she did not want. Mothers, surrounded and fenced off by their children, do not excite this worship; wives, not often. It is almost always the women who are not tangled in domestic ties who receive it; it is thrown at them whether they wish it or not, and generally they do not wish it; in fact, it almost seems a necessary part of the performance that the worshipped one should remain indifferent, and care nothing for the worshipper.

"Esther Pennefather" must inevitably excite inextinguishable laughter; I have observed that the critics who have noticed it at all have politely advanced the supposition that the author was very

young; and then, hiding their smiles behind their tall hats, have hastily retired. But I want to bring forward one passage on the power of love, one of the few passages that redeem the book.

"There is no one who has a right to take back love. There is nothing one's friends can do, no meanness, no cruelty, no forsaking, that gives us a right to forsake them. Ah, what would become of us if God loved us as we love our friends! I believe, without doubt, that *love is redemption.* We can love to the very end even those not worthy of love in this world, and we can carry that faithful love at last to the feet of God himself, and lay it down there, and he will give us back our own. No one can sin *forever*, whom *one* heart loves faithfully and purely; in some time that we cannot tell, love will gain its own." Now it seems to me that there is a height of beauty and nobleness in that passage to which many a popular book in all its sparkling pages, never attains.

* * * * *

I once heard an old novel-reader say impatiently, "Whenever I open a book and see 'Hoot, mon,' I always close it immediately." Something of the same feeling comes over one on reading "That Lass o' Lowrie's . . . The localisms of rural England are hard reading for us Americans; we understand something of Scotch pronunciation, thanks to long familiarity with Walter Scott and Burns, but we labour heavily among the English dialects, and are

inclined to be as impatient over them as we are over the slow Lancashire man himself, when he comes to dig in our gardens or carry our messages to a neighbour.

When, however, we have at length translated this story of Mrs. Burnett's into our own tongue, what do we find? Simply the old, long-mooted question: Can an educated man marry an inferior, lift to the position of wife a woman destitute of cultivation and without knowledge of the smaller refinements of life? Can he do this with any chance of happiness? All the educated and refined women will instantly arise and answer, "NO!"—for a woman knows so well that, leaving mere education apart, no after training can ever eradicate entirely the habits of the common working girl, or supply the requisite little personal refinements which cannot be bought, or taught, or even made tangible enough to be fixed in words, but which are yet the most powerful adjuncts of the lady. But on the other hand educated *men* are sometimes found who arise and answer "Yes," and prove their belief by their marriages. . . . Extraordinary loveliness, like Joan's, can do a great deal; still, in the long course of married life, can it make up for other deficiencies? Will not Derrick sometimes feel like fleeing away from his wife into the old atmosphere, where ease and refinement are known already without the learning? And then, will not he call himself a brute, and return to her with a determined effort which she will see and feel, like a knife in her loving heart? . . .

Women of refinement are always at heart intensely severe upon men who fall in love—seriously, I mean—with pretty chambermaids, lovely laundresses or astonishing collier-girls. They ask themselves how it would be if they should set about discovering ideal qualities in handsome coachmen, cooks, and restaurant waiters. May *they* not have "good hearts," and all sorts of capacities? Might *they* not be "grand" creatures," too, if brought out and educated and given a chance? Certainly they might, being human. But here is the difference; in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a lady could not endure the personal manners of the son of the soil for a moment, no matter if he was as handsome as an Apollo, and had saved her life a hundred times.

Mrs. Burnett's book as a whole seems to me very well done; we do not come from it empty-handed, but bear away with us a clear image of Joan, grandly shaped, majestic creature, with her deep, inarticulate love for the engineer. . . . How few modern novels add distinct personages to the galleries of our memory! They add paintings of society and manners, of events, or odd corners of unfamiliar scenery—but personages—how few! . . . I am almost inclined to think that this Joan is going to win a place, however; she keeps standing at the door in a haunting kind of way and looking in.

* * * * *

The continual arguing of the Contributors' Club over Tourguenieff and Henry James, proves that they have strength of some kind, does it not? Just as the fact that there are many opinions about a man proves that at least the man is not a nonentity. . . .

* * * * *

In the March number of the *Atlantic*, Mr. Stedman . . . is censured by Mr. Piatt . . . for saying of Hawthorne that

"Prose like his was poesy's high tone."

It seems to me that to any songster a measurable use of analogy and metaphor should be allowed. The poet evidently means that Hawthorne's prose was so exquisite that, as a species of imaginative art, it was no less admirable than noble poetry. I suppose it is a poet's office to convey his idea in the most compact or striking language consistent with good sense—with "the sanity of true genius." Pray, what has Mr. Piatt to say concerning Keats's imaginative line in Isabella?

"So the two brothers and their murdered man"—

Possibly that, as the man was in fact not yet murdered, Keats should have restricted himself to an exact and legal exposition of the *status quo*.

* * * * *

Why is it that we do not hear more about Thomas Hardy? We discuss Tourguenieff, in translations too, until he is threadbare; we dabble in

Cherbuliez, likewise in translations for the most part, but the original Englishman we leave alone. Yet it seems to me that he is well worth attention. . . .

To my mind, "Far from the Madding Crowd," is as fine a piece of work as anything in fiction we have had from England in ten or fifteen years—I make no exceptions. "A Pair of Blue Eyes," is an especially sweet little love story; "Under the Greenwood Tree," a lesser sketch, is a rural picture so realistic that we know all the characters as neighbours when we have finished it. . . . The best one, "Far from the Madding Crowd," is a sheep story. The few characters, Bathsheba and her lovers and the little knot of farming people move in a circle of meek sheep-faces from beginning to end. It opens with a vigil among lambs, followed by the tragedy of the ewes, when the young dog, who in his mistaken zeal has chased two hundred of the gentle creatures over the precipice to their death, is discovered standing alone, surveying his work on the brow of the cliff, "against the sky, dark and motionless as Napoleon at St. Helena." Of the three lovers, one is a shepherd by profession, and comes on and off the scene either with lambs dangling from his shoulders, or grinding shearing tools, or shearing sheep, or washing them, or something of the kind, from first to last. The second, although not a shepherd is even more sheep-surrounded, poor fellow! The first time he tries to speak to the dark-eyed Bathsheba (a sheep-like name, that too, and not unconnected with the ancient story of "one little ewe lamb" as told by Nathan,

the prophet) she is busy with the flock. He offers himself to her at a "sheep-washing," continues his suit at a "sheep-shearing," makes his second offer at a "shearing-supper," and after she is left a widow, renews his addresses at a "sheep-fair." Times and seasons in this book are stated as follows: "It was now early spring, the time of going to grass with the sheep"; or, "It was the first of June, when the sheep-shearing season culminates." All through the story the mild, woolly creatures accompany us. But what a strong tale it is that is set in these pastoral surroundings! The moment Troy, the soldier, steps on the scene, his scarlet coat contrasting with the green fields, we know how it is to be. Here is a man at last who has nothing to do with sheep, but rather "sword-exercise," as when he spits the wandering caterpillar, that has crawled by chance across the front of Bathsheba's bodice, on the point of his flying, circling sword, or severs a lock of her hair, unfelt, with its swift and radiant edge. He tells her openly how beautiful she is! The others have not dared to say it, but Troy dares everything. This handsome soldier to whom "the past was a yesterday; the future, to-morrow; never, the day after," one who "perfectly truthful toward men," "lies like a Cretan toward women," wins Bathsheba, of course, from her slow, sheep-entangled suitors. He marries her, and—tires of her. Such men are always tired of their wives up to the age of forty or forty-five, when, if the wife has been patient meanwhile, they come back to her like schoolboys and are good for-

ever after. But Bathsheba is not patient. Tragedy now appears in the episode of Fanny. It seems to me that the chapter called "On Casterbridge Highway," describing the inch-by-inch progress on foot of the dying girl, trying to drag herself over the three long miles to the poorhouse, her attempt with the crutches, her encounter with the homeless dog, and especially her woman's invention of pretending that the end of her journey was but five fence-posts distant, and then, having dragged herself past the five by means of this self-beguilement, pretending it was but five posts more, and so on, is powerfully pathetic. And powerfully dramatic too, the chapter where, all her sufferings over, and in her poorhouse coffin, she comes back to conquer her splendid rival at last, and win again her recreant lover, by achieving "the one feat alone—that of dying"—which could make her powerful.

Hardy's descriptions of scenery are like no others with which I am acquainted, unless Thoreau's; I do not maintain that they are better than others, but they are certainly his own. They are not in the least poetic; nothing could be farther from what is known as "beautiful writing." Here are no "pearly," "opaline," "amethyst" tints at all. He selects generally rather sober times and scenes, and then describes them so that we actually see them. His landscapes have no moral meanings, for one thing. His sunsets and his thunder have no suggestions to offer respecting oblivion, remorse, or the infinite; his storm is simply an atmospheric dis-

turbance, his fog, a wet cloud. . . . The fog described in the " Madding Crowd " makes your own trees drip outside the window. And when this severely plain style rises at all, it is to such fine sentences as these : " To persons standing alone on a hill-top during a clear midnight, the roll of the earth eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars, or by the wind or by the solitude ; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding."

But if the descriptions of scenery are good, those of the English farm-labourers are better ; they seem to me the best we have had yet. For the dialect here is not simply an uncouth tongue, relying for its effect upon barbarous mispronunciations, but a quaint use of familiar, old-fashioned words and idioms, which seem to be taken bodily from actual life. Note the following : " There, 'tis a happy providence that I be no worse so to speak it, and I feel my few poor gratitudes." And this : " Chapel folk be more hand-and-glove with them above them than we be," said Joseph thoughtfully. " Yes," said Coggan " if anybody goes to heaven, they will ; they've worked for it. I'm not such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the church have the same chance ; but I hate a feller who'll change his ancient doctrine for the sake of getting to heaven ! No, I'll stick to my side, and fall with the fallen." . . .

SEVEN POEMS

BY

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

THE HERALD'S CRY.*

I.

Through the frost, through the ice, through the
snow-flakes,
Through the blackness of darkness on high,
Borne along on the wings of the north wind,
In the midnight there cometh a cry:
"Waken, world! Waken world! from thy
dreaming—
Mount and ride, mount and ride toward the
gleaming
Where the first tints of morning are beaming,
On the cold, hopeless gloom of the sky."

* . . . And now I must tell you the beautiful Charlotte Cushman "Herald's Cry" story.

In those far-away days when Mother and Connie went to Florida every winter, I never travelled down with them. . . . Thus I usually got a week or two of New York City before going South. One day the papers announced a farewell reading by Charlotte Cushman at the Academy of Music. . . . She was failing, but occasionally gave readings, and I had never heard her read. I hurried out and secured a good seat. Imagine my astonishment to see on her programme of selections—"The Herald's Cry," by Constance Fenimore Woolson!

The house was packed—New York's best class of people—but I could not concentrate my attention upon anything until I heard her beautiful voice roll out

"In the midnight there cometh a cry—
'Waken World! Waken World! from thy dreaming"—

With each word, with each sentence, she reached greater emotion, greater feeling . . . I . . . wept and *glowed!* and the rapt audience seemed to me to be composed of Connie's brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers—lovers. . . . All seemed to feel it as I did. . . . I went back to my little room at the Westminster Hotel, and as I had seen in the paper where Miss Cushman was staying, I wrote her a note telling her what I felt. Back came an answer asking me to go to see her—naming

II.

Out beyond the dim realms of the midnight,
On the border where shadows lie curled,
Comes the King with his shining attendants—
Comes the King with his banners unfurled;
Above him new perfumes are shedding,
Before him new glory is spreading,
Around him new millions are treading,
Thronging in, thronging in to the world.

III.

Bid them hail, bid them hail as they enter,
Wide open your heart-portals fling;
The new souls, the new hopes, the new trials,
New strength and new blessings will bring;
Give thy cares to the past, dim and hoary,
Turn the page on the Old Year's sad story;
He is dead, he is dead, and the glory
Shines now on the incoming King.

the only hour the doctor allowed her to see people. . . . I was on the doorstep as the hour struck, and was shown into a lovely room, where sat Miss Cushman with both hands outstretched, and I had that whole beautiful hour alone with her . . . and she told me the wonderful story. . . . She said she was travelling in an "ordinary" American car one day—only a very short distance—but not being strong or well, it was a struggle. . . . Her head ached, her back ached—and when the people who had been seated in front of her left the car, she leaned forward, to rest and change her position. This couple had been eating a luncheon, and on the empty seat was a fragment of paper—she read a few words of a verse—the words arrested her attention. . . . "He is dead, he is dead, and the glory shines now on the incoming King." She reached over and took up the crushed paper and saw it was a slip from *Lippincott's Magazine*, and the next day she copied the few words and wrote *Lippincott* to trace it and send her the whole. This she instantly had copied into her "reading book"—She said: "Oh, I read it so often, always *before* the New Year—and people always love it, and *I love it better myself every time I read it!*" It was a lovely story to tell Connie. . . . You can imagine her joy. But very soon after Miss Cushman died and so I never saw her again. . . .

Mrs. Benedict to Miss May Harris.

IV.

Ride away, ride away toward the eastward,
O'er the hilltop the banners appear;
Linger not, linger not in the shadow
Where the past seeks its sepulchre drear;
Leave behind thee, O sinner, thy madness,
Leave behind thee, O mourner thy sadness,
Look beyond, look above, and with gladness,
Welcome in, welcome in the New Year!

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Lippincott's Magazine.*)

MARCH.

"March: its tree, Juniper, Its stone, Bloodstone. Its motto, 'Courage and strength in times of danger.'" *Old Saying.*

In the grey dawning across the white lake,
Where the ice-hummocks in frozen waves break,
'Mid the glittering spears of the far Northern Lights,
Like a cavalry escort of steel-coated knights,
Spanning the winter's cold gulf with an arch
Over it, rampant, rides in the wild March.
Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
Into the world with a stir and a din,
The north wind, the east wind, and west wind together,
Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild weather.

Hear his rough chant as he dashes along;
"Ho, ye March children, come list to my song!
Bold outlaw am I both to do and to dare,
And I fear not old Earth nor the Powers of the Air;
Winter's a dotard, and Summer's a prude,

But Spring loves me well, although I am rude.
Faltering, lingering, listening Spring—
Blushing she waits for the clang and the ring
Of my swift horse's hoofs; then forward she presses,
Repelling, returning, my boist'rous caresses."

" The winds are unbound and loose in the sky,
Rioting, frolicking madly on high;
Are ye able to cope with the North Wind's strong
arm?
Welcome boldly his fierce grasp; 'twill do ye
no harm.
He knows the children of March are my own,
Sealed with my signet of magic blood-stone.
Blood-stone, red blood-stone, green, dark and
red light . . .
Blood is for ardour, and stone is for might;
And the watchword borne on by West Wind,
the ranger,
Is 'Courage and strength in the moment of danger.'"

" Children of March, are ye strong, are ye strong?
Shame not the flag the West Wind bears along;
O, ye men of the March! be ye firm as the steel;
O, ye women of March! be ye loyal and leal—
Strong in your loving, and strong in your hate,
Constant, like juniper, early and late,
Juniper, juniper, juniper green,
Berries of blue set in glittering sheen,
In the winter's cold snow, in summer's hot splendour,
Unchanging, unchanging, thou heart true and
tender!"

Singing of juniper, forward he whirled,
Galloping, galloping on through the world;
And when shivering, waking, the dull Day gazed out
From her tower in the grey clouds, she heard but the shout
Of the riotous winds as they followed in glee,
On, on to the wooing, in mad revelry,
Wooing, the wooing, the wooing of Spring—
Here's a bold wooing that makes the woods ring,
And thrills the leaf-buds though with snow overladen,
As March, the wild outlaw, bears off the Spring maiden.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Harper's Monthly.*)

TOM.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Anyone's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again

They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall,
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
" Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could, he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw-hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But *I* heard it. It came
Again and again—O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster, I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash—
Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought
" All's up with poor little Robin," and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when, swift, at my side
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying—but—saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh, how the men raved,

Shouted and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back-wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.
Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time;
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes, Tom was our dog.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Appleton's Journal.*)

MARTINS ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

Martins up on the telegraph wire
What do ye hear to-day?
Little brown gossips, all perched in a row
On the long fairy thread, chattering, chattering,
Is there a secret that no one must know?
Safe from your merry notes, scattering, scattering,
All its intent to the skies and the trees,
The dragon-flies know it, and so may the bees,
And little he thinks who with lightning flies after
His love with love's message, that—brimming with laughter—
The martins are listening—hearing it all,
A twittering choir,
Are telling it, telling it, brave gossips small,
On the telegraph wire.

Shake their bright heads, and swell their soft throats
Hither, thither, they turn;
Tidings are thrilling their velvety breasts.
Little clawed footsteps are pattering, pattering,
On the wire-causeway. O, where are your nests?
Bad little housekeepers, shattering, shattering
All my old faith in the bird moral laws. . . .
Home! home! every one of you. But the small claws
Cling, cling all the closer, for tidings are speeding
A wedding! And gaily the martins are heeding,
Singing bird-madrigals numberless times
With spirit and fire
And doing their utmost towards ringing the chimes
On the telegraph wire.

Martins, O martins, is there no news
Other than love and joy?
Those dumb brown posts must be steeped with words
Harder than lover's soft flattering, flattering,
Hard as sledge-hammers, my bright little birds.
The door of our inner life, battering, battering—
Spite our fierce strivings, the barrier gives way,
We hear and must hear, that he died such a day,
Our dearest and best! But the little bird-voices
Chant on in their blitheness—they take what
rejoices,
That only; the rest to poor man doth belong,
He hath it entire,
While the martins find nothing but joy for their song,
On the telegraph wire.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

MIZPAH.

Genesis xxxi., 49.

The Lord watch between me and thee,
When we are absent one from another;
Though long miles away thou mayst be,
And a hard fate each from the other
Forever divide, yet still must my prayer
E'er be the same—in hope or despair,
In days of soft peace, in suffering's breath,
In storm or in calm, in life or in death,
In right or in wrong, in good or in ill,
Ever the same, the same prayer still—
The Lord watch between me and thee—
Thee, love, no other—
Through might of the land, through power of the sea,
Where'er thou mayst be,
While we are absent one from another.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Appleton's Journal.*)

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.*

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust;

* My sister wrote some lovely verses . . . they were published in magazines and papers, but she refused to have them published in book form, as she did not feel herself to be a poet. My sister's "Love Unexpressed" so many people know and quote, and yet do not remember who wrote it.

Mrs. Benedict to Mrs. Weber.

We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the self-same strains,
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share.
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them and they know it; if we falter
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence, on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfils,
Hoping the music waiteth where are shining
The Distant Hills;
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below
Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,
And *there* we all shall know!

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Appleton's Journal.*)

TWO WAYS.

I.

"The spring returneth ever."
So sang the bluebird as he fluttered by,
So hummed the soft rain falling from the sky;
Up from the budding earth broke forth a cry,
"Welcome, O Spring!"
But moving to and fro with steady pace,
She said, "It comes not back into my face.
Where is the tender bloom and youthful grace
That it should bring?
The spring returneth never."

"The spring returneth ever."
So sang the brooks as down the mountain-side
They ran to join the rivers brimming wide;
Full of new life the mighty ocean cried,
"Welcome, O Spring!"

"But no; it is not true, O waves," she said,
"Where are the hopes of youth, so long since fled,
Where are the loved ones gone unto the dead,
That it should bring?
The spring returneth never."

Thus she lamented ever;
And in her garden, sloping towards the sea,
So full of birds, and blossoms' revelry,
She never turned from her own misery
To watch the spring;
She never even saw an opening flower,
She never even felt the balmy shower,
But all alone she wandered, hour by hour,
And held the sting
Close to her heart forever.

II.

"The spring returneth ever."
So breathed arbutus peeping from the snow,
So thought the crocus in the garden row;
Convinced at last, the lilacs whispered low,
"It *is* the spring!"
"Yes—yes, it is the spring, O buds of bloom!
It is the spring," she cried, "away with gloom!
Come forth, come forth, bride-rose to meet the groom
Whom it will bring.
The spring returneth ever."

"The spring returneth ever."
I know it, know it well, O land and sea!
All my dead life wakes up to ecstasy;
It is a full delight merely to be,
To breathe, in spring,
Though old my face, my heart again is young,
Though old the roots, bright flowers again have sprung,
To meet the King
Who still returneth ever.

Yes, hope returneth ever,
It is the coward's part to loiter sad
Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;
Even my dead are living and are glad
In some far spring!
Immortal am I—mind, is there a choice?
Immortal am I—heart, O heart, rejoice!
Immortal am I—soul, lift up thy voice
With faith and sing
"The spring returneth ever."

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Atlantic Monthly.*)

NOTES ON BOOKS.

DURING the later years of her life, Miss Woolson lived alone; and, always an omnivorous reader, she used occasionally to amuse herself by holding imaginary conversations (as it were) on paper with certain authors whose books she happened to be reading. Some of these remarks of hers, written in pencil on the margins of the pages, are here given. It should be said, however, that the very volumes from which the following—for the most part—dissentient notes have been taken, contain innumerable underscored sentences and paragraphs, indicative of her strong admiration for the same authors with whom, at times, she delights to disagree. For Matthew Arnold, in particular, both as a poet and as a critic, she entertained the liveliest admiration; likewise, for Ruskin as a writer of splendid prose.

RUSKIN. STONES OF VENICE. THE QUARRY.

"To this culminating point, therefore, covered with dust and cobwebs, I attained, as I did to every tomb of importance in Venice, by the ministry of such ancient ladders as were to be found in the sacristan's keeping."

Ruskin, being very near-sighted, can see nothing without a ladder, or a magnifying glass. He is a man devoted to the little details of architecture,

sculpture and painting. This is not surprising when we remember that the little details are all he can see. The general effect of the whole, from a distance—this escapes him entirely.

STONES OF VENICE-TORCELLO—Final paragraph.

Very lovely—but unreal.

STONES OF VENICE—ST. MARK'S.

"And it was in this artless utterance, and simple acceptance, on the part of both the workman and the beholder, that all noble schools of art have been cradled."

Yes, "cradled." But Ruskin wants them to remain always "cradled"; that is, ignorant and childish.

THE SPITE OF THE PROUD—XXVIII.

"The reader may not believe the analogy I have been pressing so far—"

No, he will never believe it—poor little Ruskin! You should have been a priest in the days when the priest's word was law. How you would have knocked us about!

THE SPITE OF THE PROUD—XV.

"This is the kind of domestic architecture on which we pride ourselves, even to this day, as an infinite and honourable advance from the rough habits of our ancestors, from the time when the king's floor was strewn with rushes, and the tapestries swayed before the searching wind in the baron's hall."

Poor little ailing Ruskin—would you like "searching wind" blowing through your own bedroom?

STONES OF VENICE. THE STREET OF THE TOMBS.—LIII.

When Longfellow was in Verona, he heard that Ruskin was there, and as they were acquaintances of old, he went to see him at his hotel. No Ruskin, nor could he be found. At last when Longfellow had given up the search, he heard some people in the street talking about "a queer little man on a ladder." At the Scaliger tombs he came across the ladder with two men holding it steady and perched at the top like a venerable owl, was little Ruskin with his spectacles on, sketching some minute, remote detail.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

"*There are the works of Dr. Channing, the last word of religious philosophy in a land where every one has some culture.*" . . .

Arnold does not want "every one" to have "some culture." He wants most people to have.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

"*Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than the reality.*"

Here Matthew Arnold, the poet, the delicate critic, shows one of his (few) limitations. Evidently he knows nothing about the art of fiction—cares

nothing about it, because unable to appreciate it; like a man without an ear for music brought face to face with a symphony and trying to judge it.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

" Books which absorb our attention to such a degree that they rob us of all fancy for other books, are absolutely pernicious. . . . And what is it which makes the Bible so admirable a book, to be the one book of those who can only have one, but the miscellaneous character of the contents of the Bible ?"

Does he mean by these sentences that the Bible is admirable because it does *not* absorb our attention ?— Is *not* interesting ?

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. OBITER DICTA. MILTON.

" Englishwomen have been found searching about Florence for the street where George Eliot represents Romola as having lived, who have admitted never having been to Jermyn Street where the author of ' Lycidas ' and ' Paradise Lost ' did, in fact, live."

One American woman, however, (1885) paid a visit to his grave in St. Giles, Cripplegate.

OBITER DICTA. LAMB.

" Whose life was made up of the sternest stuff, of self-sacrifice, devotion, honesty, and good sense. . . . But he used to get drunk."

Is it " stern self-sacrifice " or " good sense " to get drunk ?

OBITER DICTA. LAMB.

" Be untruthful, unfaithful, unkind ; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow ; rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned—and remaining sober you will escape the curse of man's pity."

But these are just the things that drunkards do !

OBITER DICTA. EMERSON.

" Patience should indeed be the motto for any Emerson reader who is not by nature ' Author's kin.' "—

Do you mean, Obiter, that only *New Englanders* can understand Emerson ? I suspect you are right !

OBITER DICTA. EMERSON.

" He has seemed to some of us a little thin and vague."

O, Obiter Dicta what a man you are ! To find *Lamb* " serious, self-contained and self-restrained," and *Emerson* " thin and vague " !

STEDMAN. VICTORIAN POETS. LANDOR.

" Last of all to captivate the judgment of the laity; Landor is first of all, a poet for poets."

Then I am of the laity. I cannot agree with you, Mr. Stedman, in your admiration for Landor.

VICTORIAN POETS. LANDOR.

" How modern, how intense, how human ! What delicacy, what fire ! We penetrate the love of high-bred men and women—"

Yes, high-bred Greeks. But what, after all, did Landor know about the Greeks? No more than any scholar knows. False art, *I* say.

VICTORIAN POETS. LANDOR.

"I would test the fabric of a person's temper by his appreciation of such a work." (*Pericles and Aspasia*).

Alas, for me then!

VICTORIAN POETS. MRS. BROWNING.

Mr. Stedman does not really believe in woman's genius. His disbelief peeps through every line of the criticism below, whose essence is—"She did wonderfully well for a woman."

E. C. STEDMAN. SHELLEY.

"There are singers who spurn the earth, yet scarcely rise to the heavens; they utter a melodious, errant strain that loses itself in a murmur."

Good and true.

VICTORIAN POETS. TENNYSON.

". . . it has justly been remarked that there is more true English landscape in many an isolated stanza of 'In Memoriam' than in the whole of 'The Seasons.'"

True.

VICTORIAN POETS.

"The great novelists of our day who correspond to the dramatists of a past age, have plunged into the roar of cities and the thick of the crowd, touching people closely and on every side."

Shakespeare would have written novels if he had lived in our day.

VICTORIAN POETS. WILLIAM MORRIS.

"We have seen that the poetry of William Morris is thoroughly sweet and wholesome."

In spite of all his sweetness, Morris is (to me) tiresome.

REFLECTIONS UPON ART, MUSIC AND LITERATURE.

From

Constance Fenimore Woolson's Note Books.

A MAN by no means good who produces beautiful and even grand works of art. Do not the thoughts produced in hundreds of people by this grand statue (or picture) overbalance a thousand times—if carried down the ages—the one-lifetime, personal sins of one man—that is, the artist himself? Again—does—(or does not) the very beauty of the statue show that somewhere down within him lies a beauty of soul, amidst all that is vile?

* * * * *

Mrs. S. reading books on Art in the same town with the pictures; but never, or seldom going to see the pictures themselves. She excuses herself by saying that at home among these clear books, it is "so much more the real Art atmosphere. These writers know so perfectly what the painters meant." "Better than the painters themselves knew it!" suggests some one, ironically. "Oh, far better," she answers.

The class of minds that prefer commentaries to the original.

* * * * *

The danger, as one grows older, of clinging to the author of one's youth too much. Of feeling no interest in the newer or younger ones. It is true that most persons—as regards books, music, art—stop when they reach a certain age; you can tell when they left off reading the new, keeping up with the march of the times, by the books, music, etc., they speak of. For instance, I know many who have never gone beyond Dickens and Thackeray.

* * * * *

"Oh, her idea of literature is 'pretty and pleasant' stories—not too long. Not having deep feelings herself, she cannot in the least appreciate the tragedy of deep feelings in others. Being very comfortable herself as to her position and surroundings, she likes to keep so. Being absolutely without sympathy (though amiable enough, and good-natured)—she has no interest in others' sufferings—though she always says—when *forced* to listen to some tale of woe—that she is "*so* sorry for so and so," she is, in reality, perfectly selfish—though it will never be found out unless some great change should occur in her own position—so that she can no longer appear good-looking, and easy and well-dressed and well-mannered and amiable. One would like to plough up such persons and *make* them suffer! "Pretty and pleasant stories," indeed!

* * * * *

Does he write real books, original ones? Or only books about books?

* * * * *

The people who never sing but sigh their songs. Who always play pianissimo. They fancy it is *intensely* expressive.

* * * * *

Story writers who have eyes and ears (occasionally noses—for scents); but no imagination, or soul; or else, while possessing these last, they rigidly keep them down, not allowing them to enter at all into their literary work. Such writers produce a photographic and phonographic copy of real life as it is on the surface. But is this correct? Is such a copy accurate? Do we interpret our mother, our child, our husband, our wife, by simply what each actually does or says? Have we not, under each act, a thousand intuitions that modify it, or even falsify it? Don't we know that they do not mean this or that because of our under-knowledge of their character?

* * * * *

I don't care at all for the people who write about art, unless they are themselves artists; I mean that the only writing about a painting which could interest me would be the writing of a *painter;* ditto with sculpture and music. When we come to literary art it is somewhat different because the writer is then discussing or criticizing his own art; about which he can be supposed to have some actual knowledge. Then even a painter who *writes* about painting does not very possibly do himself justice

because writing is not his own art. Ditto the others. To me the man who paints the picture is worth all the writers about pictures a million times over. Give me the man who creates the statue, or composes the symphony, and not the ten thousand makers of phrases about the statue or the symphony. Why—to hear—(or read) some of these people, one would suppose that they believed their comments and theories were more important than the work itself! The criticisms upon a picture of persons who cannot paint one (and ditto the other cases), are like the criticisms of old maids upon other people's children! There is nothing so abnormally conceited as these writers upon art. And all this is more true of music than of anything else. Fancy a creature who has never composed a bar of music, or even a chord, and *has never been tempted to do so*—who cannot sing or play, daring to write *ex cathedra* about this heaven-born art, which is always a natural gift (not one which can be acquired), an inspiration. But we have our revenge; in ten lines of this stuff, the real music-lover recognizes the asses' ears under the lion's skin. Of all the subjects approached in "a literary way," music is the most impossible. Music *literarily* considered—great heaven!

* * * * *

To be *Shakespearian;* some scenes (of men) in Scott, and of peasants in Hardy.

* * * * *

Character (*i.e.* the principal one) should (to be interesting), grow and develop on the scene; in the book. Not to be introduced completely formed in the beginning.

* * * * *

Birrell must be both a drinking man and an opium-eater. One remembers how he defended Lamb. And now here he is again defending Coleridge. I read along, and said to myself: "Surely this must be Birrell?" Turned the page and it was!

* * * * *

Many women, good women, think scenes in certain novels and plays, "So untrue to nature!" These are the women who live always in illusion! They believe in all sorts of romances which have never had the least actual existence. They think in their secret hearts that all men are more or less in love with them; they go swimming through life in a mist of romantic illusion. Ibsen, for instance, is to them horrible. Though they may have Noras in their own family and Heddas too. . . .

* * * * *

If you have really studied music, if it is much to you, if you take it seriously, then you hate and loathe silly little tunes; opera bouffe; popular ballads. In the same way, if it is literature, poetry, sculpture, painting. But almost no one comprehends that it is the same in all; people are angry if some cultivated person scorns their liking for a "pretty little

tune," for a "pretty little story," for a third-rate popular picture, etc. How disgusted is a Wagnerite over people who like "pretty little tunes." Yet the Wagnerite may like "Helen's Babies."

* * * * *

Prof. P—'s great hobby was that there was no such thing as genius. He used to reiterate this in his lectures. He only respected careful, solid, and, above all, *slow* work. "Oh, if he did it in an hour (or a year) it won't be good—can't be." He only respected the poems that were ten years writing.

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In how many English novels are the characters represented as "gazing at the soaked lawn"—!

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"He is interested in *indexes*," said H. with profound stupefaction.

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I am growing old—I like Lamb's Letters! Formerly, I could not understand how any one could take the time to read volumes of *letters*, when there was real life to live; life with its drama and excitements; its hopes and pleasures. I suppose many people who are growing old, or *who have never been young*, like letters; those *who expect no longer!*

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A painter who constantly tries to paint things which only words can describe; scenes that tell a

story, etc. And a writer who constantly tries to put into words what only the brush can describe; landscapes, colours of the sunsets or of mountains, etc. A literary painter, and a painting writer. . . . What is the use of writers trying to make words paint a landscape? What is the use of painters trying to make paints act a scene or a drama? Let the writer write the drama, and the painter paint the landscape. You can't make men women, or women men!

* * * * *

The way an Englishman in a reading room settles down over the *Times*. He is capable of reading it one solid hour, advertisements and all. The people in trains who read every word of 20 papers, one after the other, until one has fears of congestion of the—but it is not the brain, surely, that takes in all that confused mass of small items. There must be some sort of a mental gizzard developed in inordinate newspaper readers!

* * * * *

English books of travel are generally bald, clear statements of facts large and small (the small predominate) and not a single impression—save expressions of dislike!

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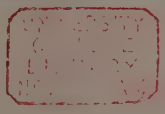
Mr. S. was by temperament and habit a *decrier*. This was his occupation—his career. He was a critic (and always against them) of books, of plays,



of paintings, of sculpture, of music, of architecture, of archæology, and other things. He was a learned man—an accomplished man in his way; keen, educated, discriminating. He spent his time in finding out the faults of anything (in the above arts) that had attained distinction, popularity or eminence, as *he* thought undeservedly. It was all he cared for. The excellences he was indifferent to, and as to genius, he had no belief in it whatever. He himself wrote booklets, which had not a fault as regards language or the information (if any) which they contained. But they possessed not the least interest for anyone on earth, and no one ever bought them or read them. He did not actually compose music—he really stopped there; but he knew much of the rules for its mechanism (nothing whatever of its soul) and criticized all music by his rules. He painted perfectly accurate, very small pictures of flowers—which nobody ever cared for. In modelling and architecture, he "knew the rules." He had written plays which were supposed to be perfect in execution, but which were not intended for the stage. Thus equipped, he spent his time writing against every author, poet, musician, playwright, sculptor, architect, and archæologist who was popular. Also historians—for he was a learned man. He gloated in a mistaken date! No doubt he was in his way useful. He was not lovable!

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If a man is a critic like Lang, or Birrell, he will never appreciate or care for a love story. Also

another type of man like J. R. Lowell cares nothing for a love story, but unlike Lang and Birrell not from over-dilettanteism or lack of blood and vigour, but the contrary. Lowell admires "Tom Jones." Those are his ideas of a "love story." But in spite of these gentlemen the great fact remains that nine-tenths of the great mass of readers care *only* for the love story.

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A man painting for long years a certain arched gateway, adorned with carved garlands of flowers and fruit, with some small figures interspersed, and above, a large faded fresco—or several of them. He has studied the gate so long that he sees all sorts of hidden or allegorical meanings in its details. And he asks people—the few who come there—to note these meanings—asks with mild but persistent obstinacy. At last, he dies; and though he has worked incessantly for years, his picture remains unfinished—in fact, it would take ten life-times to finish such an immense miniature. For a while the picture hangs in the room of a man who was fond of the old painter. Then it passes by chance into the studio of a man who never looks twice at it, perhaps the studio of an Impressionist. So it becomes dust-covered and faded. Was this work, this life, useless?

* * * * *

One of the curious facts concerning description is that those who with their own eyes have seen the statue, for instance, which is the subject of a writer's

pen (and it is the same with regard to a landscape, or a country, or whatever you please)—such persons sometimes like to read an account of it, though the words are not needed to bring up the true image of the thing delineated, whereas those who have never seen the statue—that is, the vast majority—are, as a general rule, not in the least interested in any description of it, long or short, and, indeed, consider all such descriptions a bore. . . .

* * * * *

Some one says of a painter who has left only sketches: "What force! What power! What originality! And these are only his studies—his sketches! Think what his completed pictures would have been!" But one who knew the man answers: "No. This is all he could do; a powerful sketch—a first conception. His genius was essentially imperfect in that way. He could do no more with his idea beyond the first quick thought. He would never have finished a picture, and if he had (unwisely) tried to do it, the whole would have been a failure. Obscure, meaningless.

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M. Bashkirtseff. Any journal written with absolute truth would be equally interesting. It is in *real* minds that extraordinary things exist, not in fiction.

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H., having married a limited, unreasonable, conceited and tiresome woman thinks all women are like that.

* * * * *

She thought all books very immoral where there was a bald narration of evil or crime and nothing more. But ten times deeper crimes she could read about unshocked (in reality she deeply enjoyed the reading) provided the narrator constantly interspersed remarks of his own horror, and added edifying morals.

* * * * *

There are a good many writers on philosophical and kindred subjects who have a mania for divisions and sub-divisions, as some people have for indexes and catalogues; liking them for themselves alone, and not because they are helps to the real subject. These writers begin by indicating at great length their principal divisions of the subject they intend to elucidate. Then they divide each off into subdivisions, also at length, explaining carefully and minutely the whys and wherefores, and the boundaries of their divisions. As to the subject matter of the divisions, that is alluded to, but postponed or referred to a future elucidation. So they go on and on. And at last when the exhausted reader gets through all these wrappings to the real subject, he finds there is nothing new or of interest to be found, the writer's interest was in his arrangement of the work, not the work itself. These people are always alluding to some elucidation which is coming later. But it never comes. . . .

* * * * *

He was writing a book about "the position of women in *China!*"

* * * * *

Mrs. Fanny Kemble to me: "I am sorry Mr. James introduced you to me, for I shall not speak one word to you during the performance." Salvini's Othello in London.

* * * * *

If I could only know a girl named Prascovie!

* * * * *

G. had no taste for fine shades of anything. He called this "having decided tastes." If it was an opera, it must be either constantly comic, so that one laughed aloud, or else tremendously tragic, with death, etc., on the stage, so that you could cry. He liked to feel the lump rising in his throat; it made him sure that he "had feeling." It made him feel virtuous. The same with the theatre. Also a book-novel, memoirs or poetry. "A picture must *mean* something," was one of his phrases. But in reality to touch him the picture had to *yell* it! He could select his "art," literature and amusements, but not his "nature," also; some days, for instance, persisted in being very dull and grey. He liked a big storm, or very cold weather, or very hot; then, he could talk about it.

* * * * *

Tourguenieff believed in the intrinsic value of "subject" in art. By "art" is meant in his case, literature, literary art. So do I believe in it.

* * * * *

"Some persons have a real mania for completeness; they must express every step."

Such a person is in possession of really important knowledge; a circle of geniuses have to endure his endless details about little things in order to get to the one valuable item. When they try to hurry him, he simply stops entirely.

* * * * *

To a large extent, women in fiction like only those novels that treat of the subjects in which they are personally interested.

* * * * *

Don't, I beg, make the mistake of supposing that the ladies who talk freely on all subjects, and who read all sorts of books are bold and immodest in their actions and lives, and those who are "shocked" about everything, and too good to discuss any subject of depth, are the ones whose lives are perfect. Ten to one, these ultra-refined and easily-shocked ladies are capable, in their actions, of deeds that would open the eyes of their freely-talking sisters.

* * * * *

The case of Mrs. B., unable to read any tongue but her own, and having read herself but very little even in her own language—but who yet can produce works that touch all hearts—carry people away. A man of real critical talent (like Arnold) and the widest culture, thrown with such a gifted ignoramus. His wonder. At first, he simply despises her. But when he sees and hears the great admiration her

works excite, he is stupefied. He follows her about, and listens to her. She betrays her ignorance every time she opens her mouth. Yet she produces the creations that are utterly beyond *him*. Possibly he tries—having made vast preparations. And while he is studying and preparing, *she* has done it!

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The most dramatic effects are those that indicate suppressed passion—hounds all ready to slip the leash. These are constantly utilized by Browning; they characterize the Puritan repression in Hawthorne.

* * * * *

To have, above all things, a sympathetic heroine.

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The plot must be a riddle, so as to excite curiosity. My idea is that there should be a riddle and exciting adventures. And *growth* of at least several of the characters, so that one will not be sure beforehand what they will do. An intense realism of description and dramatic action. *And there shall be nobility.*

* * * * *

THOUGHTS, MAXIMS, CRITICISMS AND OBSERVATIONS.

From

Constance Fenimore Woolson's Note Books.

DO not be so sure that you are self-sacrificing and unselfish because you give all your spare money to your church and to missionary societies. And do not be so sure that Mrs. — is utterly selfish and unprincipled (in comparison with yourself) because she spends more of hers than perhaps she ought in books and pictures for her house, or in music. She is simply spending money to gratify her strongest taste, and you are doing exactly the same. If you had millions, you would not care to spend a cent of it upon music, for you have no taste for it; nor for the decoration of your house, ditto. To you it is a real delight to see your name in all the society's missionary lists, to know that the Bishop turns to you, relies upon you; to feel the warmth that comes from grateful letters from the people you have helped. Persons should not be too greatly praised for not yielding to temptations which are not in reality great temptations to them. For instance, a child without the least imagination is not tempted to

exaggerate or embellish a narration of what he has seen, or heard; his truthfulness is, of course, excellent, but it is not especially praiseworthy, as it would be in a child who was constantly tempted by his natural vivacity of fancy to enlarge and beautify all his stories. In the same way there are men and women who are indifferent to dainty and charming surroundings and appointments; to whom, for instance, it makes no difference whether their sheets are fine linen or their towels soft and delicate, as they can sleep equally well, and make their ablutions equally well with common things. These should not be praised for self-denial; when it is not self-denial. Self-denial is giving up what one really likes. Search for the secret taste of each person, and see if *that* is indulged! If it is, there is no self-denial, no matter how ascetic the man (or woman) may appear to be. Of course there is a difference between the evil to others which certain sins and indulgences cause; men who drink deeply are sometimes violent, while men who eat to excess are not. But leaving the danger to *others* aside, why should an inveterate smoker consider himself so superior to the drunkard? Why should a gormandizer and an epicure, ditto? Each is indulging what happens to be his strongest taste. It is no self-denial to one man to go without meat; but to give up buying rare books would kill him—nearly. One man must have a good horse. Another must have a good dinner. When self-denial is the question, let each look within.

* * * * *

Rev. Black's sermons. A parable. All read through with slow utterance and closed eyes. Then each phrase paraphrased with a hundred commonplace, flowery adjectives, and a moral added to each in the style of—"What must the Holy Apostle's thoughts have been upon this occasion? Let us try to imagine them—as follows."

* * * * *

Nothing so useless as half-confidences! As we don't tell all, our friend is powerless to advise us with any force; his advice is sure to be wrong, and we know it; it cannot be otherwise when he does not understand all the circumstances. Still, we shall probably continue to give ourselves the indulgence. For it is a species of relief.

* * * * *

Not a genius you say? What kind of a genius do you mean? You think only of one kind—the literary. But Kate is a genius in managing a house, and Tom is a genius in gardens.

* * * * *

"They never seemed to think that they had any *duties*. They have always travelled about as they pleased."

Why should they not? They did not marry and have children; then let them have the pleasures of such a life, since they have not those of the family. Family people appear to think that unmarried people

are very self-indulgent because they want to amuse themselves. It does not seem to occur to them that they (the married) gave themselves the pleasures which *they* preferred. Let them bear, then, the accompanying cares, and not criticize those who refrained from such ties.

* * * * *

Mrs. P. was in one way a despot. She was interested—that is, deeply interested—in nothing, and she could not comprehend deep interest in others. A longer conversation than five minutes on any one subject bored her extremely and if she could (and she generally could, being afraid of no one and having no respect for anything), she changed the subject. She always denounced as " bores " and " stupid persons " any one who ventured to dwell for any length of time upon any subject whatever; and as she was very despotic and determined (under a smiling manner), she generally carried the day. Every one stood in dread of being called a bore, and all deep interests, deep studies, profoundly interesting pursuits and subjects, were kept out of sight, or hustled away, when she entered.

* * * * *

She felt that she would have attained great intellectual heights when she could easily call things *" jejune " !*

* * * * *

Miss G— and her niece playing backgammon religiously all winter, both greatly bored, but each believing that the other greatly liked the game!

* * * * *

When Mrs. Green heard that the visitor did not like soles, she was bewildered—at the end of her ideas and conceptions of life. "Not to like *soles*"!

* * * * *

It took her a long time to learn that when he found fault with a person, generally the fault he *mentioned* was not in the least the cause of his anger, but something entirely different; which he concealed. It did not suit him for some reason to tell the real cause. Yet he must solace himself by abusing the person, and so he selected something and thundered against that. Before she understood this, she used to exhaust herself explaining to him that he was wrong in his idea; bringing up reasons to prove that he was wrong, etc. She was always astonished that the very best of proof or argument availed nothing at all.

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Your course is not to sit down and cry. But to make other people admire you. *Then* he will, too.

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The extraordinary pride of Mrs. —! Nobody can see what it is founded upon. She is no fool, yet she profoundly *believes* that she is the most intelligent, keen, clear-sighted, the most elegant and aristocratic and refined woman in existence. She said of

Liszt that probably she was herself the only woman in Florence sufficiently cultivated as regards music to be a companion for him. When in truth she knows nothing whatever of music. She would calmly say the same of a great statesman; of a nobleman of distinguished character. Of a great poet. So far nothing that has happened to her has taken down her pride in the least, or opened her eyes at all. All her neighbours wonder if she will finish her life without ever being enlightened as to the baselessness of her colossal conceit; without once perceiving how universally she is disliked and ridiculed. *I* say that no one will be half good enough for her, half clever enough in heaven. I should like to see her arrive there! She has never been taken down in this world. Let us hope she will be in the next!

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"Of course she is serene and calm," said a nervous, thin little woman of a big strong, well-balanced girl. "Serenity comes from perfect health, strong muscles and a serene digestion!"

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Mrs. —. gets much satisfaction from criticizing everything that is not of the very grandest luxury. "Ah, no, I should not in the least care to go up the Nile, unless in a large new dahabeeyah of my own, with plenty of room and a good cook and servants. Anything less would seem so vulgar and uncomfortable!" So the poor Smiths who had been to the first

cataract on Cook's best steamer were nowhere. In *re* Venice: "I shouldn't in the least care to be in Venice without a good apartment in an old palace with a garden, and a gondola with two gondoliers of my own." The Jones, who stayed at the Grand, and hired a gondola, are nowhere. "You have a London house, of course? One could really not stay there in the season without one," etc. At last some one turns round and says: "And one of the old family palaces on the Arno, or near it, in Florence? How can one possibly live in *Florence*, in any other way!"

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One man loves to analyse his acquaintances and the people he meets: to classify them, etc. So that he never really has time simply to *like* them as a whole. "Good Heavens!" he exclaims, "there's Charlie B. taken up with Miss A.—going to *marry* her, perhaps! And he has not the least idea that she has this quality or that; he has really no conception of her true character at all." "No," replies a friend, "He simply *loves* her. That'll do."

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The natural relief of highly-nervous (or very rich) natures—some wild, *sudden* excess.

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The truth is, he is a great deal more like me than I am like myself!

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She had reached the period in a girl's life when *personal* episodes have accumulated in sufficient number to bear a fruit of *generalities*. "Has Kate begun to generalize? Make general applications, general remarks? Then, poor child, she is growing old!"

"But Lily has always generalized."

"Lily was never young."

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Self-satisfied people, self-complacent people, keep young much longer than the unsatisfied; than those who doubt themselves.

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The extraordinary conceit of people who are not sea-sick! Why is it more wonderful not to be sea-sick, than it is not to have rheumatism or colds?

* * * * *

Young girls are perfectly unsympathetic and even hard-hearted as regards sorrow. They do not mean to be. But they have not as yet felt sorrow themselves, and therefore they do not, and cannot understand it.

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"She smiled, did she; how?"

"What do you mean by 'how'?"

"I mean, was it a smile showing her teeth merely, and not joined by her eyes, or did her eyes smile too?"

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You hear what he says *of* her. But you do not hear what he says *to* her! He speaks *of* her to you rather disparagingly, or pityingly, or with indifference But how do you know that he does not, when alone with her, speak *to* her in a very different way? This would explain her manner, which to you seems so foolish and mistaken.

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"I don't eat organs."

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean brains, livers, kidneys, etc."

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My way of looking at photographs (likenesses) upside down. It brings out undiscovered characteristics!

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One of the most tiresome of friends is one who is never *much* pleased with anything.

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Parallel views of the life and acts of a pretty girl from the point of view of the girls and women who know her, and from that of the men who admire her. The girls and women think her vain, giddy, selfish, etc. (and she is). The men see no fault. But strange to say, the girl *is* different with the men, or with two or three of them. With the man she loves she *is* unselfish and generous. But her women friends can never believe it. They see her only from the one-side—their own point of view.

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Mr. S— as correspondent of *The Times* was purely personal. His child was ill in Florence; Florence was very unhealthy. His family well in Rome; Rome extremely healthy. No attention paid to Mrs. S—'s pictures; no modern art in Italy. They can't get a good house; Italy going to the dogs, etc.

* * * * *

Mrs. S— had been so carefully taught that only old—very old—things are good, that in a cathedral, she firmly closed her eyes when told that a tomb or a stained glass window was later than the 15th century, so that her taste should not be injured by contact with common things. At the Royal Academy and the Salon, where she was beguiled by a friend, she was obliged to go about, voluntarily blind, all the time. When she learned that the same axioms were to be applied to *furniture*, her courage almost failed, and she had a headache for two days, but she emerged triumphant and went about tapping her friends' chairs and tables: "Ah—good *old* things; I see. No *modern* rubbish." It was hard upon her, because some of the modern tables and sofas she, at heart, *greatly admired*.

* * * * *

We can never talk much—at least with any congeniality. For she is interested only in acts, events; what a man or woman does; even what a nation does. She wishes for rapid action; a succession of acts and events. Whereas I care only for motives;

why a man or woman does or has done so and so. Ditto a nation. It is the mental state—the mental problem that interests me.

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The way children sometimes resemble physically one parent and mentally the other. So that John, for instance, speaks with his mother's mind from his father's mouth.

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A mother says of one of her daughters: "Oh, she will never be very unhappy; she will never be really heart-broken. And this because—amiable as she is—she will never love deeply."

* * * * *

His most conspicuous characteristic was a search for actions *not* to do. His most frequent remark: "I decided *not* to do that," or—"That is one of the things I thought it best not to do." He was constantly calling the attention of his friends to his great wisdom in *not* doing various things. It was always with him, "I thought I would *not* go"; or, "I said to myself: "That is exactly the thing to avoid."

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"Oh, do let us be comfortable and commonplace together!" said Mrs. C.—tired out of her long effort to be original. "Let us say comfortably all the commonplace, interesting things about servants and clothes and the illnesses of our children!"

* * * * *

He was born original and delicate and fastidious. He could not for the life of him conceive the delight of nine tenths of the world in the usual, and the big common emotions.

* * * * *

I don't feel so sure about the sympathy of Mrs. B—'s great "pity." It seems to me but a way of manifesting her own superiority, and the superiority of every one belonging to her. She is "so sorry" for Mrs. A— on account of her children. That means in reality that her own children are to be commended; or if she has no children, then that *she*, as a mother would have done far better than Mrs. A— has done. And the spirit runs through everything.

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The people who always speak to persons so encouragingly: "Yes, *indeed*" "Of *course*" "To be *sure*." As though they were speaking to an invalid pauper.

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Many people think that politeness is always a lie. That honesty and frankness are always, and must always be, rudeness.

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She had a great contempt for people living in comfortable homes with every indulgence and luxury, and then holding forth about the beauty and virtue of socialism. She waited for a man who, possessing these things, would give them all up for the faith

that was in him, and become a true Socialist. Not a pose; not wearing rough clothes and working in the fields, while surrounded at the same time by all his property and luxury; not living in a hut on his own estate, and making poor shoes (thereby taking the bread from some real shoemaker); but earning all he had by his daily labour, and possessing nothing and with no power to get it save by his daily toil. *Then* she'll believe in his socialism!

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To call her a "pleasing person"—to call anything "a pleasing performance" is hopeless.

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Never turn the subject when a clever man or woman is talking and seems interested in what he (or she) is saying.

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He is so contemporary that it is almost bewildering. Anything that happened yesterday is old; last week, antediluvian. A book that has been out ten days is passé with him. What happened an hour ago—that seems to him interesting. Everything else bores him.

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If you have no habits—allow yourself to have none; you will continue young.

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"I do not understand him; I have *never* understood him!" said Mary, complainingly. "Do you want to," suggested her cousin. "Would he be half so interesting if you always knew just what he was going to say and do?"

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She was fascinated by his calling her face her "countenance."

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You do not like him, therefore you cannot, in spite of your acuteness, do him full justice. A grain of sympathy is necessary for discovering the best there is in a man.

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She never understood why she was to "go into her closet" to pray. It was very inconvenient, as the closet was so small; she had to kneel on the shoes. As for meditating there, it seemed *impossible*.

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A hermit of any importance, a religionist of real power, is always a man who has had everything in the opposite field to begin with.

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It is easy for us, looking back over other people's lives, to say of them "What a fizzle!" But if we could know the secrets of those lives, the actual truth—in nine cases out of ten there will be found a very hard struggle, great effort, and sometimes almost

superhuman endurance. All this may have been in a wrong cause; foolish, unwise, unprofitable. But that does not make the struggle any the less heroic in the person in question, who did not see his life and its motives as *we* see them.

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A rule often given, is—never speak of yourself if you wish to be thought agreeable. But though it is a true one as regards commonplace and vain persons, I think that to hear a really talented, distinguished man, or woman speak frankly of himself or herself, is intensely interesting. One would rather hear them talk of themselves than of anything else in the world.

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"She never gossips."

Oh, yes, she does. Only it is always about herself. But the reason why she never speaks of other persons, of any of her friends or acquaintances, is not because she is too lofty-minded for such remarks, but simply because she is not interested in any one in the whole world save herself! Her own thoughts, ideas, feelings, principles, are the only important ones to her; about these she gossips endlessly.

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"Oh, you don't know whether persons are handsome or not; to you, it is simply a matter of *liking*."

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Her spirit was essentially to follow. She thought it bliss to have her whole day, her whole life, accurately divided into exact duties, with occupations for each sub-division. If these could all be laid out for her by a person to whom she could look up to as a superior, then she was entirely happy and satisfied. She dreamed in her own Presbyterian bedroom of convents! She thinks with longing of some quiet place where her duties would all be laid out for her, and where she could work peacefully and sure of doing it in the right way. Confession has enormous attraction for her! And regular private prayers in a beautiful chapel! Tennyson's "St. Agnes Eve" seems to her *perfectly beautiful.*

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You are afraid to love for fear of being duped, ill-treated, etc. But loving itself—the act of loving—is not only a pleasure, but a benefit. It enlarges and most decidedly sweetens the mind and heart. "'Tis better to have loved," (even if unloved in return) than never to know what loving is. Those who avoid it forever are dry, bitter, and sour.

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SUBJECTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS FOR SHORT STORIES.

From

Constance Fenimore Woolson's Note Books.

A WOMAN with whom reticence has become such a mania that she spends all the latter part of her life in the careful employment of *not* telling things. She derives endless satisfaction from keeping secret the fact that she is going to Philadelphia, or that so and so has paid her a visit, or that such a person has written to her, and she has answered the letter. Finally she dies, chuckling on her death-bed grimly because the doctor doesn't know that she has ever had rheumatism!

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To imagine some one who has always worn hob-nailed shoes, and who finds himself for the first time with a light foot. "I don't know meself! (lifting his foot), I never had a light-feeling foot in my life in the *winter*. Summer, yes, when I'm barefoot. Never knew what it was, either, to have my feet not weighted down with big chunks of mud."

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To have a number of persons asked whether they have ever been in Fairyland? And if so, for how long? For an hour? A day? A week? To have them tell where their Fairyland was and what. But some confess sadly that in a long life they have never been there at all!

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To imagine a girl (or woman) doing some extraordinarily brave and heroic action, and then immediately afterward being afraid of a mouse.

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A great writer, who every now and then gets tired and disgusted as to his own ideas—splendid and generous and vivifying as they are. He has a friend, an admirer, who is greatly troubled and grieved by these dull periods—these disgusts of the great man. Often he finds him lethargic, even perhaps relapsing into stupid dissipation. He tries to rouse him. "These pages (striking the book) are magnificent; they stir the very soul."—The other merely grunts, or says disgustedly: "Pshaw!"

The admirer goes away angry. He resolves that *he* will write something splendid, and having done so, he will live up to his writings—not let them drop, and abandon them as the great writer sometimes does. So he sets to work. But he produces nothing but commonplaces. As he is no fool (an appreciator; but not a creator), he recognizes that they *are* commonplaces. He actually finds himself turning to the

pages of the man whom he is angry with—to start his own creative impulse, and arouse his noble ideas! So he gives it up sadly and returns, humiliated in mind, to the great writer and bears as best he can his periods of lethargy and dull disgust.

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She said: "What is the matter with me? Why do I feel so changed, so free? Is it that I do not love him any more?" As the hours passed she became conscious that this was it! She could scarcely believe it! She felt like dancing for joy. Like celebrating.

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To imagine a man born without a heart. He is good, at least not cruel; not debauched, well-conducted; but he has no heart. It is a long time before he finds it out. He does at last through women who all tell him he "has no heart." Then he avoids women forever after. He tries everything to conceal his lack. Gives to all philanthropies, is kind to animals, especially. He dies in the odour of sanctity, as a very philanthropic man.

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The grave of an author who has been so immensely and continually praised and held up *ad nauseam* as a model to the younger men, that they at last (though admiring him) are tired of it. One of them visits his grave; his thought is: "You have had quite enough! We, too, should have our share!" An

old friend of the author turns up in the cemetery, and he reveals to the younger author that the elder one *in life* went through all that he is going through now—abuse, and false criticism, indifference, etc. It is only in death that he has gained universal praise.

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A love story, told in the first person, written down to exorcize it perhaps, on a New Year's night in an old Italian villa. Or on the last night of the old year. It tells how she loved him. He did not think of her at all; in fact, he never noticed her. Years afterwards she meets him again. She is now rich. Her money naturally makes her more prominent, more important, and he notices her more. The money makes it possible for her to make herself much more attractive in many ways. She uses it for that purpose. Result: he, who never noticed her when she was poor, notices her when she is rich; offers himself to her; wishes to marry her. Her struggle with herself.

Among her struggles there is one interview with an old aunt, who is now in a convent. She tells her tale. "Be yourself as you were long ago, and advise me. They say that you, too, were never beautiful. Your face has always told me you were not dull. He has only seen me under every possible advantage. I have arranged all that."

Aunt: "You might live in an arrangement."

Niece: "Impossible, when one is married. For I could not then be always so calm and quiet; I love him too much!"

She ends (in great grief) by refusing him. He did not care for her, did not even *see* her when she was *poor*. It is her fortune, therefore, which has made her interesting. She cannot be content with a half-happiness—as many women can be content.

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A man and his wife—rustics, perhaps. The wife tries all her life to keep her husband from his sins (overeating or drinking, or sitting up late at the tavern, etc.) Then the day comes at last when none of these things attract him any more. He sits sadly on the doorstep ; he doesn't *wish* to go to the tavern any more ! She has nothing left to scold him about ! She realizes that she ought to be happy. But somehow she is not. He is so inert and miserable that at last she is driven to egg him back to his sins !

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In a village some one praises a certain person for having " so much expression " in his or her face. " One can see all he thinks and feels." Then some one else answers—some stranger—" But that is so extreme, and, pardon if I say so, sensational ! Who wants all he thinks and feels to appear in his face for the whole world to read ? It is like living in the street ! Give me a calm, composed, *in*expressive face to the public ; a quiet mask. That is like the necessary clothes for the body ; we do not go about the streets naked, do we ? " Amazement of villagers.

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To imagine an American business man seeing "the late" prefixed in a newspaper to the name of some one he had known, and suddenly trying to imagine *himself* "the late." "The late James Smith," he repeats to himself. "What—James Smith dead? The President of the A.S. Mining Co. dead? The Director of the S. Bank! The late James Smith!" He sees it, as he walks through the streets, on a splendid tombstone. He even wonders (and tries the effect in his mind) whether the words will be in gilt or black, or simply chiselled.

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A conversation between two women. One tells of events of high dramatic interest and power in which she has been concerned. This starts up the other, who in her turn, relates a long series of little details that lead up to nothing; that flit on the border of the other's actual facts. Long circumstantial accounts of small unimportant events which perhaps *might* have led to something approaching the other's facts, but in reality they do not lead to them—nor to anything. And the narrator, meanwhile, perceives no difference in the interest of the two narratives. In her mind, her own story is as absorbing as the story told by the first.

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Flaubert wrote, after the death of a friend: "*J'ai éprouvé je ne puis dire quel sentiment énorme de joie et de liberté pour lui.*" To imagine a man who feels

this at the funeral of a dear friend whose life had been one long dreary slavery. "He is *free*!"

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To imagine a woman obtaining all the romance and sentiment of her life in distant and wholly imaginary adorers. She has one at every corner! She goes round by certain streets to see these adorers, and give them just the glimmer of a look. She is always so extremely remote and glimmering that *they* never perceive it! But it is *her* life. She even visits other towns—takes them in when travelling—to see these supposed lovers. She believes that nine out of ten of all the men she meets are more or less in love with her; she is sure that even the bakers and confectioners are fluttered when she enters their shops. She amiably smiles upon them; she goes away convinced that she has cheered their dull lot. Her six words to the postman she is sure have made him happy all day. She "leaves light behind." She has spent her whole life in these illusions (harmless ones), and she will die with them unbroken.

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Miss — of Bellosguardo reading Père Grétry and kindred religious books, and talking forever about "the soul." Her vague friend also full of the same talk! The two meeting; eating cakes and drinking tea and talking for hours on these mystical subjects until they are reduced to tears! They kiss each other at parting, and the friend swims home, lost in

beautiful vague, "spiritual" feelings. They both have no doubt of their intense religious natures. They are "apart" from the cruel, hard world, living in a higher, purer air of the sweetest holiness and charity.

Then imagine a scene where some plain practical and poor person, hard-working and the essence of common sense, who never wastes one moment in aimless talk, comes to them to enlist them in some scheme, small, practical, useful and *immediate*: something at their own doors. Something very small and simple, but requiring immediate and daily action, energy and self-denial.—The talkers make a dead failure of *this!*

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A man of gentle literary tastes excited at middle life by some great public event like a war. He leaves his delicate, beautiful, slow work and volunteers. Before he goes, a woman who understands him perfectly, endeavours to dissuade him, "You were born to be a quiet student," she says. He flushes. "The greater shame to me!" he answers. He goes. Dies on the field. The woman, gathering up his MSS., asks herself with tears if it was worth while to die hideously and uselessly, leaving *that* unfinished behind!

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To imagine the one who has never gone astray, the elder son of the parable. Might there not come times to him when he thinks: "I am a great fool

never to have had these indulgences. See how much more interest is felt in my brother—who has wasted his substance in riotous living. He has had the good things of this life and now he is going to have those of the next. 'There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth'—Let us all be sinners!"

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An old man of seventy or thereabouts, living in some small village, may in the course of years become perfectly exasperated by the talk about "old Ben Smith," or "old Judge Smith," who is ninety-five or six; and every one hopes that he will pass one hundred, and thus confer celebrity upon the village. Everybody talks about him; every illness he has and his various recoveries are chronicled in the village newspaper at length. The first old man reads them all, and is more and more disgusted. "Ben Smith never amounted to a row of pins in all his life. Why such a fuss about him now? He was always an old squiddle."

This goes on for years, old man No. 1 (who is about twenty-five years younger) at last having no other thought in life than his rage about old Smith. At last some one suggests to him, perhaps unconsciously, that he himself is growing pretty old, and perhaps in time he, too, will be the village idol and have all his actions (that everlasting Mexican War! Smith never *saw* Mexico!) eulogized, all his illnesses chronicled. This makes a great change in him!

He begins to write out his own life in bits, polishes them, distributes them. He cultivates "characteristic traits"; "characteristic walk"; goes the same distance each day, and has little habits; muses by a pond; touches a certain stone, etc. All this time he acutely watches old Smith; it is time for him to die and "be out of the way"; to make room for the coming centenarian. Perhaps let old Smith die just before he reaches his hundredth birthday! Joy of rival. He goes out, takes his characteristic walk; does his "bits" and "habits," and lays in a new supply of paper, pipes, etc., to begin at last his long-cherished dream of being "the distinguished Captain Brown, our venerable townsman, etc." Then, suddenly, he dies of joy.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. who refuse in their great virtue to know some divorcée. To imagine a sister of the divorcée deciding to avenge the affair. Mrs. H. is so plain and unattractive that no man could be persuaded to make love to her; though if any one should, she would in five days be dead in love with him! So she tries Mr. H. himself. He falls easily. Then she tells him the truth and taunts him. "What does a woman like your wife know of the temptations, the excitements and pleasures of the existence of a beautiful being like my sister? What man ever knelt to *her*, worshipped *her*, died for *her?* It is always the plain-faced, the unsought, who are so fiercely virtuous. A beautiful woman is never

censorious like Mrs. H. 'holier than thou'; *she* knows the situation."

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Two ladies—sisters or cousins—even mother and step-daughter—who living at some distance from each other *perforce*—are known far and wide as the most wonderfully devoted correspondents! Every one is struck with admiration over it. The long, beautifully written letters on each side; almost hourly diaries; twenty and thirty sheets twice a week. People quote them as specimens of "the most devoted family affection I have ever seen." If one is ill, the other is "so anxious." In fact, to the circle of each small town, "Mary's" health at one end, and "Sarah's" at the other are almost town topics. Then, by some change of circumstances, it becomes possible for them to live together. And they don't get on at all! They decently preserve their secret. After a while they separate. And then the old happy and devoted correspondence begins again, and continues till they die.

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Imagine a man endowed with an absolutely unswerving will; extremely intelligent, he *comprehends* passion, affection, unselfishness and self-sacrifice, etc. perfectly, though he is himself cold and a pure egotist. He has a charming face, a charming voice, and he can, when he pleases, counterfeit all these feelings so exactly that he gets all the benefits that are to be obtained by them.

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To imagine an old Confederate soldier, who has been taken care of for years in his infirmity and poverty by some abolitionist old maids, secretly proposing a toast to a comrade who has accidentally discovered him: "To R. E. Lee!"

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To describe how the family was ruined by their father's great kindness to inferiors. Their house was constantly filled by flatterers (sincere—very possibly). Soon they liked no other society. Were at ease iu no other.

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To imagine a man who regularly, when he reached a certain point of nervousness and fatigue always went to bed (though not ill) and stayed there three or four days reading history. At any rate, one particular book. Then, when thoroughly rested, body and mind, he returned to everyday life again.

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A man (not young) who is so intensely vain that it is inexplicable; it exasperates all who know him. At last a woman who hates him determines to prick the bubble and let him down; she contrives a way to take the vanity out of him once and forever. Another woman goes to her and tells her that—if she does—if he loses his vanity, his belief in himself—he will be utterly ruined. It is not merely ruin for himself, but for his family, whom he supports. Once

he does not believe himself one of the most extraordinary men of the time, he will no longer be able to add two and two. Hardly to carve!

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To imagine in an old Italian palace or villa a bell which rang at the top of a very high ceiling, now and then. No one can find any cord or handle to it!

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Revolt of a woman who has a strong taste for luxury against the sordidness of her lot. She must be a lady or else she would not appreciate the luxury. Imagine her introduced in some way by chance to the rooms of a woman who has everything. She envies the toilet arrangements, marble bath-tub, bedroom, clothes and linen. The little library and writing materials. The beautiful conservatory at the end with the palms and flowers. Perhaps the woman who has all this is feeble and ugly.

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Imagine some bound-in small community (Mackinac in winter?). "It was *so* cold! We could do nothing outside, and so, almost in spite of ourselves, we fell to talking about J. We discussed her chances of success; we pretended to discover all sorts of attractions in her; J. herself was conscious of our attentions and thrived and languished accordingly. . . The winters are long up there; but they *do* end after a time, and with the first spring air, the first wild

flowers, J.—with her nose—remained; and was immensely surprised at our desertion. She played the sonata in vain. We had no more interest in her."

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An American who has lived so long abroad that he is almost de-nationalized, and *conscious of it fully*; which makes him an original figure.

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To imagine a brother who had led a very gay and dissipated life until he was forty, then he becomes grave and pious and decorous. The scene occurs when he is old—say seventy-five or so, but well preserved. He has a sister of say fifty or so. She has never married. Perhaps she has inherited money not long before and for the first time in her life she is receiving attention from men who make love to her; who ask her to marry them. She does not marry anybody. But she does go on flirting in a very sentimental way with several of them, so much so that she is talked about. Her pious brother calls her to account. They have a serious interview (which is the story) and she retorts by bringing up his own youth. For forty years he was very gay; he tasted the sweets of all kinds of forbidden fruit; he had everything. Then, *having had it all*, he reformed, when he was growing old and tired. But she has had nothing. Now for the first time she has the chance of a little entertainment of the same sort, though unreal and shadowy compared

to the *facts* of his life. *He*, therefore, had better not try to judge her!—He remains silent perhaps. He has no rejoinder ready. After a while he says timidly: "I hope you are not thinking of *marrying*, Sibyl?" Perhaps she answers with tears: "I am trying to see if I *can* love (never mind whether the person loves *me* or not). But I fear it is too late!"

* * * * *

Two maiden ladies who had always lived careworn, breathlessly anxious, self-restrained, self-suppressed lives, suddenly inherit money. They resolve to enjoy life! They are exactly as conscientious and painstaking about this as they were about their duties—their teaching and housekeeping in the old days. They consult about the best way to do it. They are by nature ascetic; they try to be gourmands and epicures. They like oratorios. So they go to opera bouffe. They take a maid. But how to employ her? "We must not read 'Lives' and 'Letters!' We must read the new things." They read French novels and Verlaine. "We must not have any fixed habits! That is old age. Don't sit in that chair, Mary." So they carefully sit in chairs they don't like. They "recline." Champagne, cigarettes, theatre, and supper after it. "How lucky that we are old and can go where we please." They continue absolutely "school-marmish" in their looks—even at the after-theatre supper. "A private room, if you please. Cigarettes? Certainly."

* * * * *

A woman with an extremely vivid and powerful imagination. It constantly carries her away (she is no fool, however). At last, after all her friends have laughed over her imagination for years, *her* solution of some great public mystery proves the right one. And the only right one.

* * * * *

A writer of the first rank as regards short stories, stops by a chance at some small obscure place and by another perfectly unexpected and remarkable chance, remains there for some time. (Perhaps for fishing). As he has a taste for talking with the people he meets, he makes acquaintances in the village and learns after a while that they have a genius, a lady who has written some very beautiful things, but especially one tale whose scene is their own village. No, it has not been given to the world; she will not permit it. It has only been printed in their little village paper. Each one has a copy of this paper, almost worn to rags by frequent perusal. The stranger at last borrows the paper. It is one of his own stories! The only alteration is the insertion of some weak, sentimental descriptions of the village and its scenery and the addition at the end of some still more weak moral reflections.

He meets the lady. She recognizes him. She asks him to come to see her. Then she confesses her theft; and explains her long attempts and tortures to write. He is so much struck by her "pose" as a genius in the place, and by her desperate efforts

(for she shows him reams of paper covered with her fine handwriting) that he ends by sympathizing with her. He attends her "evening," and himself reads aloud the story, giving especial beauty to her weak additions!

* * * * *

A scene of joy; the joy of some one over a death bed: "*Now* he understands me! *Now* he forgives!"

* * * * *

To describe a gentle old maid who liked to walk at twilight and at no other time. One could not imagine Miss Lucy abroad in the bustling morning and in the bright light; either in the bustling streets or in the brisk fields; but at twilight one met her, skating along—near the fences and houses in the city, or in quiet lanes and paths in the country. Her small slender feet could not stride; early morning walkers stride and pound along with vigour. Miss Lucy glided.

* * * * *

An imaginative girl with deep feelings falls in love with a man of the artistic temperament. She sees in him noble gifts, noble tendencies and aspirations. But every one else sees in him only his dangerously-pronounced and overshadowing qualities. She loves him, but he cares nothing for her. He has, in fact, hardly noticed her, and has no suspicion that she cares for him. Time passes. Their lives are borne apart from each other. Later, another man

loves her, and at last persuades her to marry him. She ends by loving him in return. Years after, she meets her first love, sadly fallen. The dangerous tendencies have conquered, and have dragged him down so low that it almost seems as if he never could have been anything better. But she still has faith in him, faith in her old idea of him. She feels she *knows* (though she can give no reason for it) that she was not mistaken. She goes to him and speaks to him of her former idea of him. She tells him that (in spite of his present degradation) she *still* believes in him; she still believes that he has the generous and the noble parts he once had. He is touched to his soul by her belief. For the moment he is saved. But he relapses! Yet at the last (when he is dying, perhaps) he has another gleam of reformation, and this, (as well as the short former one) is owing to her. But she does not love him now; she devotedly loves her husband.

* * * * *

To imagine a very plain man who speaks awkwardly and stammers, offering kindness to some poor people. And the woman, whom he aids says (with sincerity) that he is "the most eloquent man in the world."

* * * * *

"You're my enemy. You've always been so since our schooldays." To have some one come out and say so boldly to the person, even if it is his

closest friend. The friend might reply, " It's because I care so much for you that I am interested enough to find fault with you."

* * * * *

For some one to say, " Yes, you sacrificed yourself. But you need not have done so. Nobody wished you to do so. You only made other people uncomfortable, as well as yourself, by insisting upon doing it. Such sacrifices are no *merit*, as you suppose."

* * * * *

A good woman—a saintly creature—decides to devote herself to drunkards. " They tell me," she says, " that I have no idea what the temptation to drink is. I suppose I have not—as I hate wine. They have asked me how I should come out if forced to give up tea ? If forced to give up my dog and bird ? Or my flowers ? I feel that I have been narrow. I could not give up tea, and live. I shall try to make amends for my narrowness by helping all the drunkards I can."

A person who laboriously strives to please some one in a way he does not like ! At last he has to give it up discouraged. Some one says : " You took him out to drive when he hates driving ; you chose windy days, and he greatly dislikes wind. You hauled him up at early hours in the a.m. to go and see views. You made him hurry his dinner to be in time for the opera," etc., etc.

* * * * *

To imagine a person who draws or paints (though not well—an amateur, probably closely held to some other occupation); who dreams, in a stony city, of a virgin and primitive forest. He tries to draw one! Once he sees the little pretendedly-wild spots in the Cascine, Florence, and grows quite wild about them. He tries—and tries. He exhibits his attempts to an American who knows the really wild forests of the U.S.—not the re-planted, protected woods of Europe. But though he draws the most intricate things, he never gets the real dignity of the wild woods.

* * * * *

As I have often said, there is nothing a lady cannot do—no crime she cannot commit with impunity if she tells no one and does it *but once—i.e.* murder, forgery, arson, etc. To imagine a lady suddenly tempted, upon sudden opportunity, to personate some one else. And she does it. Of course she knows by chance all that the real one would know, and knowing her well, she can imitate perfectly all the real one would, under the same circumstances, say and do. She accomplishes her end (whatever it was), and she is never found out. It is her only escapade throughout her entire life.

* * * * *

To imagine a man spending his life looking for and waiting for his "splendid moment." "Is this my moment?" "Will this state of things bring it

it to me?" But the moment never comes. When he is old and infirm it comes to a neighbour who has never thought of it or cared for it. The comment of the first upon this.

* * * * *

To have four sisters—spinsters—who went through life in genteel self-respect and happiness, safe in the story (which they had always told their friends), that they had had lovers in the past—men to whom they said they had been engaged. None of them was ever engaged to anybody. But to give themselves credit, they had, as old women, carefully thought out by degrees, the name, personal appearance and history of four men, and had told the tale so often that it had become a part of their life. The neighbours even supposed that they must not speak of music to Miss Jane "on account of Prof. Meyer." At last one of them becomes a little childish and then the other three perceive that she now really believes in her supposed lover. She is ill a long time, and talks constantly of meeting him in the next world. Perhaps have one of the sisters (with all their faults, they are devoted to each other), go to their clergyman to inquire in a roundabout way whether it is not possible that this supposed person, "who suited dear Polly *so* well in every respect"—"understood *all* her tastes"—may not really exist in another world? One of the especial points of the four supposed men was the admirable way in which they "suited" the especial tastes of each sister. One neighbour says:

" So strange and sad that all four of the Miss Dally's should have had such great disappointments."

* * * * *

The circus as I saw it at Cheltenham pass the house, triumphal cars, horses, ponies, elephants, camels, lions, etc. and glittering ladies. To imagine a timid old maid getting bewildered and trying to cross the street. Some one who can see her performances from a window, says : " Good gracious me, there's Jane ! She's under the elephant ! There she goes headlong into the camels ! Will she *ever* get out ? "

* * * * *

Some woman who makes people turn and look at her by gazing at them steadily, though behind them.

* * * * *

The interpretation imagined by two or three women upon a picture. Then the mind of the painter who created it—painted it. He had not a single one of their ideas and would have *loathed* them !

* * * * *

Whit Monday at Cheltenham, a cold, wet, nipping, depressing day ; a green cart drawn by a small abject donkey came through the Promenade among the miserable, depressed-looking " 'oliday makers." On a large red ground on the sides of the cart were painted the words : " The Wicked shall be turned

into Hell, and all the people that forget God." A sour-looking man drove the cart. It was so characteristically English!

* * * * *

The couple I saw on their wedding tour at Lauterbrunnen. The bride, a woman of forty-eight or fifty, tall, stout, much laced and red in the face in consequence. Very warm and uncomfortable in the hot sun. A general bride-y aspect; white bonnet and black silk dress and mantle. The groom was a dreary man of forty-five or fifty; thin, invalidish, with unkempt, lank, light hair, rather long—spectacles and *rubbers*.

* * * * *

"Is she dead? She was the last person left on earth who called me Jenny!" said by a grim old lady.

* * * * *

To imagine a haunting face for years. Then to meet the person in real life. I used to see a very small cream-white plump hand on a background like graham bread.

* * * * *

When she woke in the morning not haunted by care or trouble or grief or pain, it was a new sensation, it was a relief. Still, it made her feel strange—*old*; strangely indifferent. "I wonder if I am going to die soon?" she thought.

* * * * *

Have some wild, half vagabond fellow come along unexpectedly and enter for a time the life of

an old comrade who has long been settled and steady, with wife, children, business, church-membership, etc. A model man. The tame goose for a moment lifts his wings and gives a longing cry. The vagabond departs. And the model man settles down again. But he never allows his wife to say a word against "that disreputable creature." And sometimes he thinks of him when he takes his weekly walk—which is all that remains of old indulgence that he allows himself.

* * * * *

To imagine a man with excellent intentions, showing a woman who idolizes (very mistakenly) some fellow unworthy of her love, all the lapses of her idol. She cannot deny them for they are there. But she turns fiercely from her saviour and hates him forever after. The lady returns to her lonely abode, but all the things she has been accustomed to do (*i.e.* look at his portrait, read the book he liked—water her pot of myrtle, etc.) seem dreadful to her now. Yet it is more dreadful *not* to do them.

* * * * *

A man intensely admiring the style of a writer of critical reviews, etc. He is himself a very cultivated person, though more an appreciator than producer. Perhaps he publishes "Notes," or collects rare books, etc. At length, as he grows older, his whole life resolves itself into the desire to have *this* man write his biography. In imagination he sees the book, bound magnificently (he is rich and will leave the money for it). He sees the paper, the

broad margins, the exquisite illustrations of his "collection," *and* the deliciously written essay of the critic! So he follows the critic, invites him again and again to stay with him, tells him all sorts of things. He thinks all day of the things he shall tell him at dinner. He loads him with presents. At last he dies, and the wish is made known by a letter he has left behind, backed by munificent conditions. But the critic is disgusted. "Did he think he could *buy* me? That ridiculous little collector of coins?" He will have nothing to do with it.

* * * * *

Some one says to a petite bourgeoise: "But you have never lived. Your whole time is filled with little household duties and petty cares from 4 a.m. until you fall asleep; you have nothing else."

She answers with a vague wonder: "But *is* there anything else?"

* * * * *

A wicked woman finding that she has been regarded as almost a saint, a beautiful ideal by some man, who only knows her from one point of view (a distant one, for some reason) is greatly stirred by the revulsion of feeling it brings to her. She goes to him in secret, and gently speaks to him in the character, as it were, which he has given her. Then in some way she thanks him, and disappears (from him) for ever. She will not disturb his ideal of her.

* * * * *

To imagine a person (woman) always misunderstood; considered shy, sullen, cold, etc.—simply

because she has never had about her people who really like her. To show the change—the gradual outburst, bloom and glow, even beauty—that follows an atmosphere of admiration, regard, sympathy and love.

* * * * *

A man under some pressure of circumstances or mistake of his own, marries a woman who cares nothing for him. Meanwhile, there is another, who (although he does not know it) loves him dearly. Years pass. The wife, while not actually faithless, is of no comfort, no use, no pleasure to her husband. She makes his home wretched, and his life one long disappointment. The woman who really loved him remains unmarried. The circumstances are such that she is able to be of use to the jarring household. More than once her influence saves the husband from something desperate. At last, when he is more than middle-aged he falls ill, and is pronounced to be dying. He is alone; his wife is away on a visit. Then—the other woman being with him—he musingly reviews his past life, and says: "How many times *you* have saved me!" And he looks at her with his dim eyes, as if inquiringly? wondering as to the reason. "I cannot put it into words—I have been so unworthy, so vile—and you are so good. But is it—could it be?" And then through her tears she tells him: "Yes."

A faint flush of joy and surprise rises on his poor dying cheeks, and holding her hand in his, he dies.

* * * * *

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

[*To face p. 151*]

II.

LIFE IN EUROPE.

1879—1894.

Steamship "Gallia."

November 24th, 1879.

Sunday dawned clear and bright, with but little sea. There was English Church service in the cabin with an English clergyman, and English prayer-book. There was a large attendance; singing in which we all joined. During the sermon our first ship came by, very near us, under full sail; it was a splendid sight. In the evening we had sacred music. It was quite interesting to see how many of the passengers let their books fall to join, from all parts of the large cabin, in "Abide With Me," "Son of My Soul," and "Jerusalem The Golden." To-day it is rougher, but bright—Clara and I walk miles on the broad deck. A Scotch gentleman, who has crossed many times, told me this morning that our storm of last Thursday was very severe; and that we might cross twenty times without seeing another like it. Every wave swept over us; I could see the water rushing

across the little thick glass-light let into the deck which lights my room, and in Clara's room the shock of the waves as they struck the side was terrific. . . . So after all, we have seen a storm at sea. . . . Evening—head winds and rough seas. They say now we shall not reach Liverpool until the tenth day. Thursday Evening—Thanksgiving Day—how many of them we have spent with you; no notice taken of the day on this English vessel. It has been steadily rough all the way.

From a Letter to her Brother-in-law, Samuel Livingston Mather.

Clarges Street,
Piccadilly, London.

December 8th.

I will now take up the hasty narrative of our adventures, not because anything remarkable has happened, but because I think you may be interested in our impressions of "old England."

We left Liverpool on December second, having had a good rest there of two days. Dr. P. and Mr. S. arranged our departure for us; bought our tickets; secured a queer little compartment, and accompanied us (sitting on the little shelf), as far as Edgehill, one of the suburban stations. Then, having presented us with fruit, a *flask*, filled! and a map of London, they said "good-bye"—and away we went across England, for the first time all alone. We have happened upon what the English call "very severe

weather "—the papers speak of it as remarkable—the coldest winter known for twenty years. It is cold, but nothing like our cold. This day, from Liverpool to London, was like a picture; the whole country—trees, hedges, houses, grass, everything sheeted in clear ice, although the people here call it "frost." Occasionally in America, after a sudden thaw, we have such fairy-like effects for a few hours; but this lasted all day. We had long flat tin boxes filled with hot water, renewed at the stopping-places, upon which our feet rested, and we were really quite comfortable in our little "Clarence." At Rugby, we had coffee and "buns" at the station described by Dickens; then on again, swiftly and noiselessly across the white country. At London our "guard" procured a "four-wheeled cab," and in this ridiculous vehicle, with our luggage piled in a mountain on top, we drove at a harum-scarum speed through streets upon streets until we reached "Half Moon," where we found that Mrs. Searle had not a free corner. But she directed us here, and, finding good rooms, we installed ourselves in them, thus plunging for the first time into thorough English life—that is, "lodgings." We were told, both on the steamer and in Liverpool, that the neighbourhood to which we were going was the most "swell" part of London—what is popularly known as "Mayfair." Yet Half-Moon, Clarges, Bolton and the rest are all small, dark little streets, and the houses are small and by no means elegant. Yet, O! the comfort of it! If I am never to have a real "home," then the next best thing is certainly

English "lodgings." We have a large, pleasant front parlour, up one small flight of stairs, with a generous open fire; from this room open two bedrooms, each with open fire; no gas, moderator lamps and wax candles. Our meals are served in our own parlour by two excellent waiters. We order what we like, and are charged accordingly. The cooking is wonderfully good and the table service dainty. It is quite true, however, that the English coffee is wretched; at least, that has been our experience both at Liverpool and here. They like tea themselves so much better than coffee that the latter has no chance . . . . The "comfort" I spoke of is in the way things are done. In the morning, before we are up, the maid comes softly into my room, makes the fire carefully and slowly, as though time was a thing of no consequence, and does not leave it until it is burning finely. Then, softly, she draws aside the heavy chintz curtains, hung on wooden rings, fastens them back, puts down by the hearth one can of hot water, another on the wash-stand, takes the towels and spreads them before the blazing fire, gets my slippers, warms them, and then, approaching my bed, says: "Will you rise, now, Miss; everything is in order." She goes out, taking with her my boots and dress, which she returns cleaned and brushed. At evening, just before dinner, the same process reversed. Fire replenished, curtains drawn closely, wax candles lit, more hot water, warm towels, hot slippers, armchair rolled up, and everything you leave out, brushed. Also bed turned down and pillows warmed.

We made up our minds to see a few of the most interesting places, but also determined not to wear ourselves out with sight-seeing. . . . We have attended service at Westminster Abbey—it is to me, the most interesting spot in London. The music is delightful. . . . I must say that my enthusiasm rose high, and remained away up, as I wandered through the aisles and chapels, and read the old and new inscriptions. . . . We have also been to the Tower, where I was more interested in the chamber with the prisoners' inscriptions, and the poor little burial ground where so many lie undistinguished together who suffered death there, than in the treasure, armour and arms, and the disappointing crown jewels. On the day we were at the Tower, we had lunch at a real English "down-town" chop-house ; we did it on purpose to see what it was like, and found it very odd. Beer, beer, beer ! We were obliged to pay extra for our napkins. But what we had was clean and good. There were about two hundred men lunching in the lower room. . . . . I spent also a whole day at the National Gallery, hard at work among the pictures. I had Baedeker and all the catalogues, and became simply " steeped " in paint. This is only the beginning. I am going to try if possible to acquire some of that great and real pleasure which is to be obtained from pictures. There is no doubt but that to some persons a fine picture gives as much actual pleasure as music does to me ; or as a fine wine, or a delicate dish, or anything else which is delightful. Maybe it cannot be learned in this way, but I am going to try. . . . I

will say here that I was disappointed in the Raphaels (both Madonnas) and also in the Claude Lorraines and Salvator Rosas, but much pleased with some others. To be disappointed in Raphael sounds heathenish, I know, but I am not going to lie about it. I *was* disappointed. Perhaps after more study, I shall appreciate them better. The two Turners whose photographs I had in Washington, are here, and both very beautiful, I think. . . . . They are "The Fighting Téméraire," and "Dido Building Carthage." . . . . We have seen St. Paul's, the Bank of England, Houses of Parliament, the Palaces, the Temple, any number of statues and monuments—with the foggy result of never remembering which is Nelson and which Wellington—the Parks, Stafford House. We have still a long day for South Kensington Museum* and many other places, besides the shops. My shopping consists first, last, and all included, of one umbrella; and that is already purchased, and is a beauty. One shilling over five dollars was the price. The English money we have learned, all save that sly half-crown, or "'arf crown." That there is the difference of a sixpence between them, we know,—(by "them" I mean the two shilling piece and half-crown), but we generally pay it the wrong way. I began my performance in England by paying the Liverpool cabman just double fare! The truth is, however, that to get any sort of

* Oh! the South Kensington Museum . . . that and the thrilled feeling one has at Westminster Abbey were the best things I had in England. To give you an idea of the fog there—when twenty feet out on Westminster Bridge, we could not see even the outlines of the Houses of Parliament.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

a carriage for four persons for thirty-seven cents, seems to us too ridiculous. How these cabs go! It is fearful. I was not at all surprised to see in the papers to-day that a humane society has been instructed to "provide ambulances to remove to hospitals persons run-over in the streets!" It is certainly as much as one's life is worth to cross the great thoroughfares, and (what amuses me, as I am apt to run myself) everybody runs—men, women and children. So I am in good company.

I must tell you of one of my entertainments. All my life, saturated with Dickens as I am, I have wanted to see an English "Punch and Judy." The other day one came through the street. I seized my chance, signalled the man, the stage was set up opposite our windows, and wrapped in shawls on the little balcony, I watched the whole of the exciting drama from where Punch beats the baby, to his own final extinction by the Evil One. . . . They had some novelties, a negro who had "just arrived from America." Punch demolishes him and then sings: "Stop that knocking at the door" as a delicate compliment, I suppose, to his nationality! Everywhere you see "American apples" advertised and offered for sale as great dainties. Likewise, I am sorry to say, "American drinks."

Henry James is in Paris, and will not be here before Christmas, so we shall not see him after all.

From a Letter to her Nephew,
Samuel Mather.

Menton,
France.

December 22nd, 1879.

. . . It was very cold in London, but nothing like the bitter cold in France. In crossing the channel we were nearly frozen, and we continued frozen all the way to Marseilles. If we happened to "hit," in London, the severest winter known in twenty years," we found in France "the coldest season in the present *century!*" Paris was fairly blockaded with ice and snow; passageways cut for the carts and carriages, but great heaps left on each side of four or five feet in height, and this, even in such streets as the Rue de Rivoli and the Avenue de l'Opéra. Some of the theatres gave up, and closed their doors; also many shops. Great scarcity of milk, butter and eggs. Under such circumstances, as you may imagine, we were glad to hurry southward; but with no idea that the cold would still be with us. We went as far as Lyons the first day, and we really suffered. Shut into a coupé, with the windows frosted thickly up to the top, so that we could see nothing, and only a tin foot-warmer as a heater, we became chilled through and through. The same state of snow blockade at Lyons as at Paris. The snow continued nearly to Marseilles, where we passed the next night, and again we suffered. As we approached Marseilles, however, we saw the fields stretching out on each side covered with vines, saw castles on cliffs, ruined towers—and I began to grow

excited. The next morning we struck the sea, and from there to Menton it was as beautiful and more beautiful than I ever imagined anything in this world could be. To begin with, it was *warm.* Gradually we threw aside cloaks and wraps, and the " chauffe-pieds," which had been more precious than diamonds, was pushed contemptuously aside. Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo were all passed, each place more beautiful than the last. I suppose a woman more thoroughly tired out with *cold,* fatigue, and journeying, never entered Menton ; and yet even she (that is, I) was perfectly charmed. The Mediterranean is bluer than any water I have ever imagined ; the sunshine is brighter, the great mountains behind us are higher, and the old Italian towns more picturesque than I thought they would be.. . . . . Menton is composed of two Bays,—between the two Bays is the old town, as picturesque and dirty as possible, full of priests, pretty girls in red handkerchiefs, and swarms of children. . . . We have had one or two lovely walks up the mountain, through the orange and olive groves. Pink and white roses in bloom in the gardens, heliotrope in bushes six feet high. . . . I bought a French botany to-day and am going out this afternoon for wild flowers. The climate is not as warm as Florida ; scenery much more beautiful. Quantities of grandees here, with horses, carriages, and servants ; Russians, English and French.

From a Letter to her Niece, Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Menton.

January 25th, 1880.

. . . . All goes on smoothly here without anything new save the constantly renewed surprise each morning over the wonderful, never-changing blue of the sea, and the tints of the sky, both over the water and mountains. Last Wednesday, St. Agnes' day, we went on an excursion to Sant' Agnese, an antique little village perched up on the side of a high mountain, over-topped by a ruined castle, which owing to its position on the extreme point of the grey peak, is a noticeable object for miles. It is the best and most "thorough-going" ruin I have yet seen and must have been impregnable in old times. . . . We were a party of ten, all on donkeys. . . . To my mind a donkey is the most ridiculous animal in the world, and the man who rides him the next. We women look better, but by no means romantic. . . . The path led directly up through the lemon groves, vineyards, olive groves, and finally, bald rocks, hot in the sunshine. It was the day of the village fête, and we reached the little plateau where the nest of stone houses hangs on the mountain side, in time to see the Procession. . . . We all bought some of the "blessed" flowers, and then we went to take breakfast in the inn, a small house with a veritable "bush" over the door—a little evergreen branch studded with cones. Then we issued forth under the primitive "bush" again, on the way to the old castle above.

As soon as we reached it, I, for one, sought a sunny spot under its old walls, and sat there watching the blue sea and the exquisite landscape spread out below for at least an hour. I think I shall never forget that delicious sun-bath, high, high up in the blue heavens.

After that, we went down to the village again and watched the dancing on the green. They had a rustic band of five performers, and danced in the merriest way. . . . We reached home at sunset, having had a most delightful day. This is the only time I have been out for all day ; but almost every afternoon we have a small excursion somewhere. . . . It is quite unexpected to us, and very pleasant to get on so well with the English. The people in the house are delightful, and we were fortunate, I think, in finding agreeable companions so soon. . . . .

I am hard at work again every morning from half-past eight until one. It is not half long enough, but Clara looks so tragic if I attempt anything more, that I don't dare to. I am on my second novel. . . . . I read the *London Times* lent by our English friends. It seems to think we are going to destruction ! My neighbour at table, a Swiss lady, showed me the other day a letter from Geneva, just received. It was in French, and as follows : " How delightful it must be for you to know these intelligent Americans ! So new and interesting ! They will be able, no doubt, to tell you all about the habits and manners of the American Indians." Isn't that good ? . . . .

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

Menton.

February 23rd, 1880.

We have been on another charming excursion up a valley as far as the road went, and then on foot up the mountain to a quaint little walled village on a peak with an old castle and church. We visited the castle and church, and then had our lunch in the little plaza under an elm, with a bottle of the "wine of the country," which was very good, although looking like cider. We then started away and walked across the mountain to another valley, with another village and castle (I am gorged with castles and full of Roman remains!) where we had donkeys waiting for us, and came triumphantly home on their backs. . . . . The violets are out. That is easy to say, but it is not easy to describe their number and hue; they fairly make the fields and roadsides *blue!* The large white anemones are also in bloom; English daisies and cowslips. . . . They have an impressive way here of putting up lofty iron crosses on the mountains wherever there is an especially fine view. At first, I supposed they commemorated something, but I am told it is not so; it seems to be simply a way of calling to our remembrance the Creator when gazing upon His works. . . .

From a Letter to
Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

AT MENTONE.

From

Mentone, Cairo and Corfu.

Arriving at Mentone . . . we went to the Hotel des Anglais in the East Bay. . . . It was evening and our omnibus proceeded at a pace adapted to the "Dead March" from *Saul*, through a street so narrow and walled in that it was like going through the catacombs. . . . Only . . . they did not crack whips in the catacombs, and here the atmosphere seemed to be principally cracks. . . . We decided that the cracking of whips and wash of the sea, were the especial sounds of Mentone, but the whips ceased at nightfall, and the waves kept on making a soft murmurous sound which lulled us to restful slumber. .

The next morning when we opened our windows there entered the Mediterranean Sea. It is the bluest water in the world, a soft warm tint like that of a June sky, shading off on the horizon, not into darker blue or grey, but into the white of opal and mother-of-pearl. With the sea came in also the sunshine. The sunshine of Mentone is its glory, its riches, its especial endowment. Day follows day, month follows month, without a cloud; the air is pure and dry, fog is unknown. . . . "All the world is cheered by the sun," writes Shakespeare, and certainly "cheer" is the word that best expresses the effect of the constant sunshine of Mentone. . . .

After breakfast we sat a while in the garden, where there were palm, lemon and orange trees, high, woody bushes of heliotrope, grotesque growth of cactus and the great grey-blue swords of the century plant. Before us stretched the sea. Even if we had not known it, we should have felt sure that its waters laved tropical shores somewhere, and that it was the reflection of those far skies which we caught here. . . . A little later we went down to the " old town," as the closely built village of the Middle Ages, clinging to the hillside, and hardly changed in the long lapse of centuries, is called. The " Old Town " lies between the East Bay and the West Bay, as the body of a bird lies between the two long, slender wings. . . .

We . . . . turned up a paved ascent, and passing under a broad stone archway, entered the " old town," through whose narrow, lane-like streets no vehicle could be driven, through some of them hardly a donkey. The principal avenue, the Rue Longue, but a few feet in width, was smoothly paved and clean; but walking there was like being at the bottom of a well, so far above and so narrow was the little ribbon of blue sky at the top. Unbroken stone walls rose on each side, directly upon the street, five and six stories in height, shutting out the sunshine, and these tall grey walls were often joined above our heads also by arches. The low doorways showed stone steps ascending somewhere in the darkness, showed low-ceilinged rooms whose only light was from the door, where were mothers and babies, men mending shoes, women sewing and occupied with

household tasks, as calmly as though daylight was not the natural atmosphere of mankind, but rather their own dusky gloom. Outside the doors, little black-eyed children sat on the pavements eating the dark sour bread of the country, and here and there old women in circular white hats like large dinner plates, were spinning thread with distaff and spindle. Above were some bits of colour—pots of flowers on high window-sills, bright-hued rags hung out to dry, or a dark-eyed girl with red kerchief tied over her black braids, looking down. . . .

It was amusing to see how carefully all the houses were numbered, up and down these break-neck little streets, through the narrowest burrows and under the darkest arches. Here and there some citizen wealthier than his neighbours had painted his section of front in bright pink or yellow, and perhaps adorned his Madonna in her little shrine over the door with new robes, those broadly contrasted blues and reds of Italy. . . . We came down by way of the square or piazza on the hillside, to and from which broad flights of steps ascend and descend. . . . Here are the two churches of St. Michael and the White Penitents, whose campaniles, with that of the Black Penitents beyond, make the "three spires of Mentone," which stand out so picturesquely, one above the other, visible in profile, far to the east and the west on the sharp angle of the hill. . . .

The longer one remains in Mentone, the stronger grows one's attachment to the olive groves. But they do not seem fit places for the young, whose gay voices

resound through their grey aisles; neither are they for the old, who need the cheer and warmth of the sun. But they are for the middle-aged—those who are beyond the joys and have not yet reached the peace of life; the poor, unremembered, hard-worked middle-aged. . . .

The olives of Mentone are small, and only used for making oil. We saw them gathered; men were beating the boughs with long poles, while old women and children collected the dark purple berries and placed them in sacks, which the patient donkeys bore to the mill. The oil mills are venerable and picturesque little buildings of stone, placed in the ravines where there is a stream of water. We visited one . . . . and its interior made a picture which Gerard Dou might well have painted.—The great oil jars, the old hearth and oven, the earthen jugs, hanging lamps with floating wicks, and the figures of the men moving about. . . .

The lemon terraces were as unlike the olive groves as a gay love song is unlike a Gregorian chant. The trees rose brightly and youthfully from the grassy hillside steps, each leaf shining as though it was varnished, and the yellow globes of fruit gleaming like so much imprisoned sunshine. Here was no shade, no weird greyness, but everything was either vivid gold or vivid green. . . .

The weeks passed, and we rode, drove, walked, and climbed hither and thither, looking at the Carouba trees, the stiff, pyramidal cypresses, the euphorbias in

woody bushes five feet high, the great planes, the grotesque naked figs, the aloes and oleanders growing wild, and the fantastic shapes of the cacti. We searched for ferns, finding the rusty ceterach, the little trichomanes and *Adiantum nigrum*, but especially the exquisite maiden-hair of the delicate variety called *Capillus Veneris*, which fringed every water course and bank and rock, where there is the least moisture, with its lovely green fret work. . . . Ivy was everywhere growing wild, and heather in bloom.

But the profusion of the violets, the pomp of the red anemones, the perfume of the white narcissus, the hyacinths and sweet alyssum, all growing wild, who shall describe them? . . . Even where nothing else could grow, there was always the demure rosemary. . . . .

The crying fault of Mentone is the want of water. A spring is more precious than the land itself, and is divided between different proprietors for stated periods of each day. The poor little rills do a dozen tasks before they reach the laundresses and the beach. The beautiful terrace vegetation which clothes the sides of the mountains is supported by an elaborate and costly system of tanks and water courses. . . .

The sun was now sinking into the water and exquisite hues were stealing over the soft sea. The picturesque Mediterranean boats with lateen sails were coming toward home, and one whose little sail was crimson made a lovely picture on the water.

Two ships in the distance sailed first on blue water, then on rose, on lilac, on purple, violet and gold. Over the sea fell a pink flush, met on the horizon by salmon in a broad band ; then next above it amber, then violet edged with rose, and higher still, a zone of clear pale green bordered with gold. At the same moment the Red Rocks were flooded with rose light which extended in a lovely flush up to the high grey peaks behind far in the sky, lingering there when all the lower splendour was gone, and the sea and shore veiled in dusky twilight grey. It is almost as beautiful at sunrise. . . . And then, too, you can see the Fairy Island . . . the Fortunate Land, whose shores and mountain-peaks can be seen only between dawn and sunrise, when they loom up distinctly, soon fading away, however, mysteriously into the increasing daylight and becoming entirely invisible when the sun appears . . . It is Corsica . . . the lost Isle of the Blest. . . . Each morning at breakfast the question always was, who had seen Corsica, and a vast amount of ingenious evasion was displayed in the answers. However, I did see it once. It rose from the water on the south-eastern horizon, its line of purple mountain peaks and low shore so distinctly visible that it seemed as if one could take the little boat with the crimson sail and be over there in an hour, although it was ninety miles away ; but while I gazed, it faded slowly, melted, as it were, into the gold of the awakening day. . . .

One afternoon . . . we went to the Capuchin monastery of the Annunciation. Some of us were on donkeys, and some on foot, forming one of those processions so often seen winding through the streets of the little Mediterranean town. We passed the shops filled with the Mentone swallow, singing his 'Je reviendrai" upon articles in wood, in glass, mosaic, silver, straw, canvas, china and even letter paper, with continuous perseverance. Then we came to the perfume distilleries, where thousands of violets yield their sweetness daily. . . . The church and convent of l'Annunziata crown an isolated vineclad hill between two of the lovely valleys behind Mentone. The church was at the end of a little plaza, surrounded by a stone wall; in front there was an opening towards the south, where stood an iron cross twenty feet high, visible, owing to its situation, for many a mile. The stone monastery was on one side; and the whole looked like a little fortification on the point of the hill. We went into the church and looked at the primitive ex-votos on the wall, principally the offerings of Mediterranean sailors in remembrance of escape from shipwreck—fragments of rope and chain, pictures of storms at sea, and little wooden models of ships. In addition to these marine souvenirs, there were also some tokens of events on dry land, generally of runaways, where such remarkable angels were represented sitting unexpectedly but calmly on the tops of trees by the road-side, that it was no wonder the horses ran! But the lovely view of sea and shore at the foot of the great cross in the sunshine

was better than the dark, musty little church, and we soon went out and seated ourselves on the edge of the wall to look at it. While we were there one of the Capuchins, clad in his long brown gown, came out, crossed the plaza, gazed at us slowly, and then with equal slowness, stooped and kissed the base of the cross, and returned, giving us another long gaze as he passed. . . . Soon we started homeward. While we were winding down the narrow path we met a Capuchin coming up with his bag on his back; he was an old man with bent shoulders and a meek, dull face to whom the task of patient daily begging would not be more of a burden than any other labour. But when we reached the narrow main street and found a momentary block, another Capuchin happened to stand near us, who gave me a very different impression. Among the carriages was a phaeton with silken canopy, fine horses and a driver in livery; upon the cushioned seat lounged a young man, one of Fortune's favourites and Nature's curled darlings, a little stout from excess of comfort, perhaps, but noticeably handsome and noticeably haughty—probably a Russian nobleman. The monk who stood near us with his bag of broken bread and meat upon his back was of the same age, and equally handsome, as far as the colouring and outline bestowed by nature could go. His dark eyes were fixed immovably upon the occupant of the phaeton, and I wondered if he was noting the difference; it seemed as if he must be noting it. It was a striking tableau of life's utmost riches and utmost poverty. . . .

During the next week we decided to go up the valley of the Nervia. . . . The Nervia, a clear, rapid little snow-formed river, ran briskly down over its pebbles toward the sea. Our road followed the western bank, and before long brought us to Campo Rosso, a little village with a picturesque belfry, a church whose façade was decorated with old frescoes, two marble sirens spouting water, and numberless "bits" in the way of vistas through narrow, arched passages and crooked streets, which are the delight of artists. But Campo Rosso was not our destination, and entering the carriage again, we went onward through an olive wood whose broad terraces extended above, below, and on all sides as far as eye could reach. When we had stopped wondering over its endlessness, and had grown accustomed to the grey light, suddenly we came out under the open sky again, with Dolce Acqua before us, its castle above, its church tower below, and far beyond, our first view of snow-capped peaks rising high and silvery against the deep blue sky. . . .

The castle crowned the summit of a crag, ruined but imposing. . . . It was the finest, as well as the largest ruin we lately-landed Americans had seen; and we went hither and thither with much animation, telling each other all we knew, and much that we did not know, about ruined towers, square towers, drawbridges, moats, donjon keeps, and the like. . .

We came down from the castle after a while, and strolled through the village streets . . . seeing

a vaulted entrance, we stopped to examine it, and the broad door being partly open, we peeped within. . . We were looking at the massive, finely proportioned stairway, when a little girl appeared above, gazing down curiously. She was a pretty child of seven or eight, and held some little thumbed school-books under her arm.

"Is this a school?" asked V. in Italian. She nodded shyly, and ran away, but then returned, accompanied by a Sister or nun, who with a mixture of politeness and timidity, asked if we wished to see their school. Of course we wished to see everything, and going up the broad stairway, we were ushered into an unexpected and remarkable apartment. . . . Upon the wall, in black frames, were ranged forty-two portraits in a long procession going around three sides of the great room, which must have been fifty feet in length. At the head of the apartment was a picture seven feet square, representing a full-blooming lady in a long-bodied white satin dress, with an extraordinary structure of plumes and pearls on her head, accompanied by a stately little heir in a pink satin court suit, and several younger children. One grim, dark old man in red, farther down the hall, was "Roberto, Seigneur Dolce Acqua, anno 1270." A dame in yellow brocade, with lap-dog and jewels, and a little curly dog under her arm, was "Brigida, Domina Dolce Acqua 1290."

The Mother Superior now came in. She informed us that this was the château of the Dorias, built after their castle was destroyed, and occupied

by descendants of the family until a comparatively recent period. The château was now a convent and a school.

There were benches across one side of the large apartment where the village children were already assembled under the black-framed portraits, but there was not much studying that day, I think, save a study of strangers. . . .

The Mother Superior conducted us all over the château, reserving only the corridor where were her own and the Sisters' apartments. The dignified stone staircase with its broad stone steps extended unchanged to the top of the house. . . The empty sunny rooms above were gaily painted in fresco. At one end of the house a door opened into a little latticed balcony, into which we stepped, finding ourselves in an adjoining church, high up on the wall at one side of the altar. Here the Sisters came to pray, and as we departed, one of them glided in and knelt down in the dusky corner. . . .

From one of the rooms on the second floor opened a little cell or closet, part of whose flooring had been removed, showing a hollow space beneath following the massive exterior wall. "Here," said the Mother Superior, "the papers of the family were concealed at the approach of the first Napoleon, and not taken out for a number of years. The flooring has never been replaced" . . .

The Mother now conducted us to a little square parlour with south windows opening upon a balcony

full of pots of flowers; the walls and ceiling of this little room were glowing with colour, paintings in fresco, more suitable to the Dorias, I fancy, than to the "Sisters of the Snow," for this was the poetical name of the little black-robed band. In this worldly little room we found wine waiting for us, and grapes which were almost raisins; we had never seen them in transition before. . . . Presently, two of the Sisters entered with coffee which they had prepared for us; after serving it, they retired to a corner, where they stood gently regarding us. Then another entered and then another, unobtrusively taking their places beside the others. It was interesting to notice the simplicity of their mild gaze; although brown and middle-aged, their expression was like that of little children. . .

At last it was time for us to go; we bade the little group farewell, and left some coins "for their poor."

"Though we may not meet on earth, we shall see you again in Heaven," said the Mother and all the Sisters bowed assent. They accompanied us down to the outer door and waved their hands in adieu as we crossed the little square. When at the other side we turned to look back, we saw their black skirts retiring up the stairway to their little school.

Farewell, Sisters of the Snow . . . May we all so live as to keep that rendezvous you have given us! . . .

The Casino of Monte Carlo is now the most important part of the principality of Monaco ; instead of being subordinate to the palace, the latter has become but an appendage to the modern splendour across the bay. Monte Carlo occupies a site as beautiful as any in the world. In front the blue sea laves its lovely garden ; on the east the soft coast-line of Italy stretches away in the distance ; on the west is the bold curving rock of Monaco, with its castle and port, and the great cliff of the Dog's Head. Behind rises the near mountain high above ; and on its top, outlined against the sky, stands the old tower of Turbia in its lonely ruined majesty, looking towards Rome. . . . We were standing on the steps of the Casino. . . . I think we all rather made ourselves stand there, and talk about Turbia and the Middle Ages, because the evil and temptation we had come to see were so near us, and we knew that they were. We all had a sentence ready which we delivered impartially and carelessly ; but none the less we knew that we were going in, and that nothing would induce us to remain without.

From a spacious, richly decorated entrance hall, the gambling rooms opened by noiseless swinging doors. Entering, we saw the tables surrounded by a close circle of seated players, with a second circle standing behind playing over their shoulders, and sometimes even a third behind these. Although so many persons were present, it was very still, the only sounds being the chink, chink, of the gold and silver coins, and the dull, mechanical voices of the

officials announcing the winning numbers. There were tables for both roulette and trente et quarante, the playing beginning each day at eleven in the morning and continuing without intermission until eleven at night. Everywhere was lavished the luxury of flowers, paintings, marbles, and the costliest decoration of all kinds; beyond, in a superb hall, the finest orchestra on the continent was playing the divine music of Beethoven; outside, one of the loveliest gardens in the world offered itself to those who wished to stroll a while. And all of this was given freely, without restriction and without price, upon a site and under a sky as beautiful as earth can produce. But one look at the faces of the steady players around those tables, betrayed, under all this luxury and beauty, the real horror of the place; for men and women, young and old alike, had the gambler's strange fever in the expression of the eye, all the more intense because, in almost every case, so governed, so stonily repressed, so deadly cold!

Our last excursion was to Sant' Agnese. This little mountain village was the highest point we attained on our donkeys, being two thousand two hundred feet above the sea. Its one rugged little street, cut in the side of the cliff, had an ancient weather-beaten little church at one end and a lonely chapel at the other, with the village green in the centre—a "green" which was but a smooth rock amphitheatre, with a parapet protecting it from the precipice below. From the "green" there was a grand

view of the mountains, with the sharp point of the Aiguille towering above them all. It was a village fête day, and we met the little procession at the church door. First came the priests and choir-boys, chanting; then the village girls, dressed in white and bearing upon a little platform an image of Saint Agnes; then youths with streamers of coloured ribbons on their arms; and last, all the villagers, two and two, dressed in their best, and carrying bunches of flowers. Through the winding, rocky street they marched, singing as they went. When they arrived at the lonely chapel, Saint Agnes was borne in, and prayers were offered, in which the village people joined, kneeling on the ground outside, since there was not place for them within. Then forth came Saint Agnes again; a hymn was started, in which all took part, the little church bell pealed, and an old man touched off small heaps of gunpowder placed at equal distances along the parapet, their nearest approach, I suppose, to cannon. When the saint had reached her shrine again in safety, her journeyings over until the next year, the procession dissolved and feasting began, the simple feasting of Italy. . . .

* * * * *

MENTONE.

"And there was given unto them a short time before they went forward."

Upon this sunny shore
A little space for rest. The care and sorrow,
Sad memory's haunting pain that would not cease,
Are left behind. It is not yet to-morrow.
To-day there falls the dear surprise of peace;
The sky and sea, their broad wings round us sweeping,
Close out the world, and hold us in their keeping.
A little space for rest. Ah! though soon o'er,
How precious is it on the sunny shore!

Upon this sunny shore
A little space for love, while those, our dearest,
Yet linger with us ere they take their flight
To that far world which now doth seem the nearest,
So deep and pure this sky's down-bending light.
Slow, one by one, the golden hours are given,
A respite ere the earthly ties are riven.
When left alone, how, 'mid our tears, we store
Each breath of their last days upon this shore!

Upon this sunny shore
A little space to wait; the life-bowl broken,
The silver cord unloosed, the mortal name
We bore upon this earth by God's voice spoken,
While at the sound all earthly praise or blame,
Our joys and griefs, alike with gentle sweetness
Fade in the dawn of the next world's completeness.
The hour is Thine, dear Lord; we ask no more,
But wait Thy summons on the sunny shore.

(*Harper's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

Florence,

March 20th, 1880.

Here we are on the bank of the Arno, with the Duomo and Giotto's beautiful Campanile opposite. I feel more foreign, more far away in the old world, in *Florence*, than I have felt since leaving New York. London I seemed to have learned from books so thoroughly that it was not novel; Paris was New York over again; Mentone was a country place; but Florence! I foresee that I am going to be quite roused up here . . . We hope to stay two long months, or perhaps three, if the heat does not become too great. For my part, it is so long since I have felt any really warm air like that of Florida, that I could willingly take a few days of August weather and be thankful! No high Swiss mountain will tempt me this summer; no resort noted for "cool air." Give me the warmest, widest, sun-bathed valley I can find.

It has not been cold at Mentone; but here is the trouble . . . their ideas of heat are not ours. The sun may be shining brilliantly out of doors, and flowers may be in bloom, but if you are sitting still in your own room and the temperature of that room is only fifty-four or so, I maintain that you are as cold as though there was snow outside. I find it quite true that no people are accustomed to so much heat as ourselves*; our English friends at Mentone considered

* In Italy in the winter the Italians spread rugs over their floors, hang tapestries upon their walls, pile cushions everywhere, and carpet their sofas with long-haired skins; this they call warmth. But a fireless room, with the thermometer on its walls standing at 35 is not warm, no matter how many cushions you may put into it.
From Miss Woolson's Note-book.

" sixty " the proper temperature for their rooms. But dear me! look at the amount of blood the English have! At Mentone, and here as well, dinner is not more than half over, when every Englishman and Englishwoman, even the young girls, have what we would call a deep red face. . . . As we only arrived night before last, we have not, as you may imagine, seen much. We hope we have time enough before us to see it all " quietly " (as the English say) and at our leisure. I glance now and then at the list of pictures with a sort of awe. At last I am going to see some of the great pictures of the world . .

We are at the old and well-known " pension " of Madame Barbensi on the Lung 'Arno, near the Carraja bridge. . . . It is one of the old palaces of the Medici, surrounded by statues and built around a court also adorned with a number of gods and goddesses much the worse for wear. The interior is the most rambling, odd, up-and-down-stairs sort of labyrinth I ever was in. . . . Old battered furniture, rags of carpets and a generally slip-shod air, very different from the Swiss cleanliness of Mentone! But a very good table, with wine included, and about sixty nice-looking people, almost all English . . .

We left Mentone on Wednesday, two of our friends going with us as far as Ventimiglia, the first Italian town, to give us a " send-off " and see us through the Italian custom-house there; a scene which beggars description! The route along the Riviera is beautiful, as well as that from Genoa to Pisa; but we only saw brilliant glimpses, as we

plunged into and out of tunnels; one hundred in five hours! We had of course, only a glance at the "superb" city (Genoa) and no glance at all at Pisa save its railway station. Do not fancy that I do not know how much I lost in not seeing both these cities. But the only way I can manage "Europe" and my own life here is to settle down for a number of months in each place. So I shall see Europe slowly and by no means extensively; but I shall see and enjoy thoroughly the places I *do* see. . . .

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

April 10*th.*

I am enchanted with Florence, it is even more beautiful than I expected. . . . Every afternoon I give an hour or two to one of the churches, generally managing to go by the Campanile and "Gates of Heaven," and then off I go for a long walk outside the city, often up one of the hills in order to get the beautiful views which open in every direction. It is useless to attempt describing a view on paper, but one I had this afternoon from Bellosguardo, was so exquisitely lovely that I wish I *could* do it. I will only say that the Apennines were snow-capped, while in the valley of the Arno below me, all the leaves were out, and everything in the freshest, lightest green. Fifty years ago at this season, the Coopers were here with their father. They remained ten months, living first in an old palace in the city, and then in a villa outside of the walls, which I have

been trying to find.* I have discovered, I think, the little country church which was near it. We have been much interested in finding at a library here a book of Uncle Fenimore's which we had never seen—"Excursions in Italy." It was published in London in 1838, and gives an account of their Italian journeyings.

Our old Palace . . . is treating us very well. We have sometimes a taste of Italian cooking by way of variety. One of the luncheon dishes is a sort of cake made of ground chestnuts and fried with bacon! Then we have meat dressed with raisins and vinegar!

From Letters to Samuel Livingston Mather.

April 27th, 1880.

. . . I am looking at the pictures very slowly. I sit down in front of those I like, and let them "grow" into my memory† . . . In addition to the pictures and churches, the very streets of Florence are full of interest to me, and certainly the country is a never-ending pleasure for my eyes—the snow-capped mountains in the north-east, and the lovely valley of the Arno

* We left our palazzo within the walls and went to a villa called St. Illario just without them. All the eminences around Florence are dotted with these retreats, many of which are large and princely. That we occupy is on a smaller scale, but it has numerous rooms, is near the town, and has many conveniences. Among other recommendations, it has two covered belvederes, where one can sit in the breeze and overlook the groves of olive trees, with all the crowded objects of an Italian landscape.

J. Fenimore Cooper, Excursions in Italy.

† *Vide* p. 183.

† A few Notes taken from Miss Woolson's Florentine Catalogues.

PITTI PALACE.

Titian—Marriage of St. Catherine.
Note by Miss Woolson: "The colouring lovely. Head of St. Catherine particularly so."

Paul Veronese—Portrait of his Wife.
"A very ugly woman—very well painted."

Murillo—Virgin and Child.
"A beautiful Peasant Madonna."

Perugino—Head of St. Mary Magdalene.
"Lovely head; but not my idea of Mary Magdalene."

Rembrandt—Portrait of Himself.
"A very fine portrait. A picturesque spirited picture of a man who could not have been in the least handsome."

Raphael—Portrait of Pope Julius II.
"Wonderfully fine."

Raphael—Portrait of Cardinal Bibbiena.
"Fine portrait of a shrewd, wily Cardinal."

Lorenzo Lotto—Three Ages.
"Charmingly painted picture."

Giorgone—The Concert.
"One of the most beautiful pictures in Florence."

Giorgone (?)—Finding of Moses.
"A true Venetian picture with much golden hair and guitars or lutes."

Andrea del Sarto—Annunciation.
"I like this especially, but I admire all of Andrea's pictures for their vaguely lovely colours."

Andrea del Sarto—Another Annunciation.
"A lovely picture of poor Andrea's. The angel is charming."

Rubens—Portrait of the Duke of Buckingham.
"Beautiful picture, but not my idea of Buckingham."

Sustermans—Portrait of a Danish Prince.
"A rich, beautiful picture of a boy with long hair curling low over his eyes."

Albani—Apparition of Christ to the Virgin.
"Supernaturally ugly."

going down towards the west. I am up to my head in Florentine history, books on art, etc.* But although very busy, it is an occupation crowded full of enjoyment. . . . It is warm, but not too warm, pleasant summer weather, the windows all open, and such masses of superb flowers for sale everywhere; tea roses in great bunches, both hands full, for ten cents; wild flowers by the bushel for half that; it makes the streets lovely to have so many of them. . .

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Florence is all that I have dreamed and more. Mentone was lovely; but as much "country" and primitive as parts of America, unless you made yourself hunt up that old Roman tomb on Cap Martin or made a point of remembering that all that blue water was the old, old Mediterranean. But Florence! here I have attained that old-world feeling I used to dream about, a sort of enthusiasm made up of history, mythology, old churches, pictures, statues, vineyards, the Italian sky, dark-eyed peasants, opera-music, Raphael and old Michael, "Childe Harold," the "Marble Faun," "Romola," and ever so many more ingredients—the

* Predella to the Coronation of the Virgin by Botticelli.

"These are curious little pictures—at one end a woman with the face of the 'Judith' stands beside an anvil (?) where a man is at work upon what seems to be the leg of a horse. The horse with his fore-leg broken, is held by a black page. In the 'Annunciation' the Virgin is sweet, the Angel's position, leaning forward almost in a kneeling position is most extraordinary. The fourth picture which I suppose represents St. John, pleases me greatly because he writes in such a delightfully solitary position—on rocks in the sea."

whole having, I think, taken me pretty well off my feet! Perhaps I ought to add Henry James. He has been perfectly charming to me for the last three weeks.* . . .

I am fascinated with the old palaces here; with one of them, the Strozzi—I have fallen in love. . . . But O! I cannot tell you *half*. The remains of the old nobles' towers everywhere, the della Robbia Madonnas looking down upon you from street corner shrines; the six bridges, the wonderful flowers for sale everywhere in great stacks and sheafs; the beautiful soft violet hills and mountains rising all around—this is a little of it. . . . It is now pouring again and all the twenty-five old statues on the terrace below my window look very mournful. The window opposite, which some one keeps screened with a "Madonna" turned upside down, is as mysterious as ever.

I have been perfectly honest and even to myself would not pretend to admire what I did *not* admire.

*About H. James, Jr. . . . He is not in the least like John Hay in his appearance, but his manner to me is very much like that of J.H. . . . Mr. James is 36; rather taller than John Hay, and with a larger frame, a beautiful regular profile, brown beard and hair, large light grey eyes from which he banishes all expression, and a very quiet, almost cold, manner. . . . His "style" is extremely unpretending and unobtrusive in every way, yet I wouldn't like to be the person who should think from his unpretending quietness that he could not be incisive when he chose . . . He was very kind to me. He has many acquaintances in Florence and he was constantly invited out to lunch and dinner parties; yet with all this, he found time to come in the mornings and take me out; sometimes to the galleries or churches, and sometimes just for a walk in the beautiful green Cascine. . . . His criticisms were new and remarkable, at least to me. I mean that he chose such remarkable things to admire! You will find some of his Florentine opinions in his "Transatlantic Sketches," although he says, rather contemptuously—"O *that* was written when I was a boy."

From a Letter.

The only way was to "begin at the beginning" and this I did. I commenced with the hideous wooden Byzantine style and then I took Cimabue, Giotto and the rest, one by one, and in due order . . . Giotto has nearly extinguished me. I took Ruskin as my guide and patiently went at it. The hours I spent in those chapels at Santa Croce and in the Spanish Chapel will, I hope, some day be of use. At present, I confess, Giotto remains beyond me. And H. J. says calmly, "Some day, you will see it." May be.

One of the most interesting places we went to was the old convent of San Marco—it contains the best of Fra Angelico's frescoes, just as he left them; he adorned the whole convent with his lovely little angels. . . . I don't think I have mentioned how fascinated I am with the cloisters here. I get into them whenever I can and wish I had one of my own to walk in daily. . . .

The churches in Florence, with the exception of the Duomo and its beautiful bell-tower, are, as buildings, very disappointing. To any one who is used to and fond of Gothic, these long, rather low buildings of common yellow broken stone roughly mortared, with the façade (if there is one) of marble and richly-ornamented, looking as if it was stuck on, like the front of a child's toy house, are very ugly. . . The truth is, the Italian idea was to treat the front as a screen to be as richly ornamented as possible, but to our ideas having nothing in common with the body of the church. The beautiful Gothic com-

pleteness, sweeping around the whole with pointed arches, porches and spire or tower, they know nothing about. But then, when you come to the interiors and the rich and wonderful and lavish ornament everywhere within, you are astonished and delighted. . . . The interior of Santa Maria Novella is to me very beautiful. The Duomo (interior) is too vast and cold. I went there one rainy afternoon alone, and had the weirdest time! It was almost dark inside, and I was the only person in all the great gloomy space. I went there again with H.J. who admires it, and tried to make me admire it too.

The statue of "Lorenzo" in the new Sacristy of San Lorenzo is the finest statue, a thousand times over, I have ever seen; and at once completely satisfied my expectations of Michael Angelo, which were extremely great. What I have said is very strong when you consider that in the Uffizi stand the antiques—the Venus de Medici, Dancing Faun, the young Apollo and the Niobe group. But I confess frankly that it is going to take some time for me to appreciate "the nude." I have no objections to it, I look at it calmly, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with torsos, flanks, and the lines of anatomy, to know when they are "supremely beautiful" and when not. Now "Lorenzo" is clothed and therefore comes within my comprehension and oh! he is superb. The whole expression of the figure is musing and sad, but it is the sadness of the strongest kind of a human mind—

almost the sadness of a God. He seems omniscient. To my idea, he seems to represent the whole human race; remembering all the past; conscious of all the future; and waiting. Nothing in the way of marble has ever impressed me so much. . . . The strange half-reclining figures at the base of the two statues, called somewhat arbitrarily, "Day," "Night," "Evening" and "Dawn," are rather beyond me—as yet. They are gigantic. . . and seem very weary. The one called "Day," which is only half finished, is striking. . . In speaking of these statues, Henry James said—"Of course you admired those grand reclining figures?" "No," I replied honestly, "I did not. They looked so distracted." "Ah yes," he said, "*distracted*. But *then*!" Here words failed him, and he walked off to look at a fresco (we were in Michael Angelo's house) and (probably) to recover from my horrible ignorance. . .

We walked through the crypt to reach the sacristy and most of the floor was made of Medici grave-stones. Just their names and dates. The real crypt is below; and there they lie, fifty or so of them, not under their grave-stones at all but piled up one above the other like a cord of wood! The last Medici was put there about a hundred and fifty years ago. About that time, I believe, the pile was overhauled; they were all there—"Eleonora" with her still golden hair, "Giovanni" with his one leg, and so on. Then they were piled up again and the door sealed. I always think of them lying there when I go by. How much better if they

had been placed quietly to mingle with their mother earth.

From a Letter to Mrs. Crowell.

May 7th.

Florence is delightful, and I am quite fascinated with it. I cannot bear to think of going away. The pictures interest me deeply; the old churches charm me. Best of all the scenery round about is a never-ending source of pleasure. The high blue mountains and the valley of the Arno delight my eyes every day. . . .

Yesterday, Ascension Day, was a great Florentine festa. It began at sunrise, when all the common people of the town went out to the Cascine,and caught crickets, one for each family. These they put into little fancy cages made of straw, and then they all had a picnic breakfast there. When we went out, about ten o'clock, with Mr. James, we saw the remains of these festivities, especially the piles of straw-covered flasks of wine, *empty*. The crickets are taken home, and fed as carefully as a pet bird; they are for luck; the longer they live, the luckier the house will be. In the afternoon there were races. The "races" were not worth much, but the toilettes of the ladies were worth a great deal. . . .

Yesterday Mr. James came to take me to one

of the galleries*, and, as he is a delightful companion, because he knows all about pictures, I went, although I knew we were going in the afternoon to Fiesole. It is one of the loveliest drives around Florence, this to Fiesole, which is an ancient Etruscan village, much older than Florence, on a high hill some miles distant. There is a most beautiful view there from the little plateau in front of the old convent.

From a Letter to Samuel Livingston Mather.

Florence continued enchanting to the last. I could not bear to come away, and I think if Clara had not driven me into naming a day for departure, I should have stayed on there all summer! You know I like the warmth, and I was fascinated with studying the pictures. I think this is going to be my greatest pleasure over here. No one is more fond of natural scenery than I am, it makes a part of my life. But it seems to me, so far at least, that the natural scenery of my own country is as fine as anything there is here. But what we have *not* at home, is the Art, and the associations. So these make my

* I spent all my spare time over the pictures. I think I told you I intended to study them, with the hope that they would, in time, give me a part of the pleasure they give in such high measure to other people. My idea is that as one must have some musical education in order to appreciate the best music, so also one must have some art education in order to appreciate the best pictures. Of course, I could not go into it deeply, but I did what I could in Florence, and before I left, I could see that I was gaining. I found myself liking pictures which I had not at first understood, and getting real enjoyment from them.

From a Letter to Mrs. Lawson Carter.

pleasure here. . . We met in Florence, or rather Clara did, an American lady, the wife of an artist; they have lived there for twenty years. The lady is by birth a relative of Mrs. G. A. Benedict, through the "Browns of Brownville" . . . Through her, we had a glimpse of the artistic society of Florence, and could have had more if we were going out. . . . It was amusing and novel to hear her talk; she has not been in America since she was a child. In addition to this, we saw another American lady who had lived in Florence since childhood, having married a Florentine of noble family, who was for some time the Syndic or Mayor. The old lady was quite a curiosity. She lives alone in a suite of apartments at the top of an old palace, and goes to the theatre *every* evening regularly. So she told us. She invited us to spend the evening (I suppose on *that* night she would deprive herself of the play) and said she would give us some music. But we excused ourselves. She is a great musician even now, playing, I was told, finely. She used to know Chopin and play duets with him. As we came away, we saw her lonely little dinner table with one plate, one wine glass, etc. But the table was placed near a little balcony full of ferns in pots and roses, and on the whole, I presume the old lady enjoys her dinner, her solitary glass of wine, her little balcony, and her theatre in the evening. But it was a curious life to lead, according to our ideas.

I do not bore you with long accounts of all I learned, thought, and fancied about the pictures

and statues in Florence. I will only say that I was intensely absorbed and interested, and that I could see I made some progress in appreciating. I knew it would require study, and it does. But already beauties I did not see at first are unfolding themselves, or rather, revealing themselves. In this connection I enjoyed very much being with Henry James, who was a delightful companion, and, in addition, very kind to me. He has been so much in Italy that he knows the pictures as well as I know Florida. He is a very quiet fellow; and very (although in an unobtrusive way) English. I put in the correction, because I have seen so many Americans in the last ten years who were "English" obtrusively.

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

From A FLORENTINE EXPERIMENT.*

It was in the Boboli Garden. . . There seemed to be no one in the garden save themselves—at least no one whom they knew; only a few stray tourists wandering about. The world of fashion was at the Cascine that day, where races were going on. . . .

She asked him what he liked best in Florence . . . "Giotto and Botticelli," he answered.

* I wish [the family, generally, would give an opinion on my first "foreign" sketch, which will, I think, come out in the *Atlantic* before long. It is called "A Florentine Experiment." It is more of a "society" sketch than any of my others.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

"What is it you find to like in them? Will you tell me?"

"I cannot deliver a discourse while walking," he said. "I require a seat."

"Let us go to the amphitheatre; I often sit there for a while on the stone benches under the old statues. I like to see them standing around the circle; they are so serenely indifferent to the modern pencil-scrawlings on their robes, so calmly certain that their time will come again."

"What you say is entirely charming. Still, I hardly think I can talk to the statues." . . .

"We might go to a seat there is under a tree at the top of the slope," she said. "It is a pleasant place." He assented; and they went up the path by the side of the tall, stately hedges, and past the fountain and the great statue of Abbondanza. The stone bench was on the western side. It commanded a view of the city below, with the Duomo, and Giotto's lovely bell-tower; of the fruit trees, all in flower on the outskirts; of the tree tops of the Cascine, now like a cloud of golden smoke with their tender brown leaflets, tasselled blossoms, and winged seeds; of the young grain, springing greenly down the valley; and the soft velvety mountains rising all around. "How beautiful it is!" she said.

"Beautiful—yes; but barren of human interest save to those who are going to sell the fruit or who depend upon the growth of the grain. The beauty of art is deeper; it is all human."

"I must be quite ignorant about art," she answered, "because it does not impress me in that way; I wish it did." . . .

He delivered quite an epic upon Giotto's two little frescoes in the second cloister of Santa Maria Novella, and he openly preferred the third there—the little Virgin, going up the impossible steps—to Titian's splendid picture of the same subject, in Venice. He grew didactic and mystic over the round Botticelli of the Uffizi and the one in the Prometheus room at the Pitti; he invented as he went along, and amused himself not a little with his own unusual flow of language. . . .

The next day at the Pitti, she was standing in front of one of Titian's portraits, when a voice close beside her said, "Ah! the young man in black. You are not admiring it? . . . It is a quite impossible picture. A youth with that small, delicate head and face could never have had those shoulders; they are the shoulders of quite another type of man. This is some boy whom Titian wished to flatter; but he was artist enough to try and hide the flattery by that overcoat. The face has no calm; you would not have admired it in life."*

"On the contrary, I should have admired it greatly. . . I should have adored the eyes."

* The master of Cadore never painted a head more finely or with a more exquisite finesse, never more happily characterized a face, than that of this resolute, self-contained young patrician with the curly, clustered hair and the short, fine beard and moustache—a personage high of rank, doubtless, notwithstanding the studied simplicity of his dress.
Sir Claude Phillips, Titian.

"Surely there is nothing in them but a sort of pugnacity."

"Whatever it is, it is delightful."

* * * * *

They were sitting in a shady corner of the cloisters of San Marco; she was leaning back in her chair, following with the point of her parasol the lines of the Latin inscription on the slab at her feet over an old monk's last resting-place. . . . At another time they were in the Michael Angelo chapel of San Lorenzo. It was past the hour for closing, but Morgan had bribed the custode to allow them to remain, and the old man had closed the door and gone away, leaving them alone with the wondrous marbles.

"What do they mean?" he said. "Tell me." "They mean fate, our sad human fate; the beautiful Dawn in all the pain of waking; the stern determination of the Day; the recognition of failure in Evening, and the lassitude of dreary, hopeless sleep in Night. It is one way of looking at life." "But not your way?"

"Oh, I have no way; I am too limited. But genius takes a broader view, and genius, I suppose, must always be sad. People with that endowment, I have noticed, are almost always very unhappy." . . . She rose and walked across, as if to get a nearer view of Day. "I admire it so much," she said, after a moment. "If it should stretch out that great right arm, it could crush us to atoms." . . .

As they went out into the cool, low hall, paved with the grave stones of the Medici. . . "Don't you always think of them lying down below?" she said. "Giovanni in his armour and Eleonora of Toledo in her golden hair?"

* * * * *

The next morning opened with a dull grey rain. Morgan was late in rising. . . About eleven he went out, under an umbrella, and after a while, tired of the constant signals and clattering followings of the hackmen, who could not comprehend why a rich foreigner should walk, he went into the Duomo. The vast church, never light even on a bright day, was now sombre, almost dark, the few little twinkling tapers, like stars on an altar at the upper end, only serving to make the darkness more visible. . . . He walked down to the western entrance. . . . Here he stood still, looking up the dim expanse, with the dusky shadows like great winged, formless ghosts hovering over him. One of the south doors was open and through it a slender ray of grey daylight came in, and tried to cross the floor. But its courage soon failed in that breadth and gloom, and it died away before it had gone ten feet. A blind beggar sat in a chair at this entrance, his patient face faintly outlined against the ray; there seemed to be no one else in the church save the sacristan whose form could be dimly seen moving about, renewing the lights burning before the far-off chapels.

The solitary visitor strolled back and forth in the shadow. After a while he noted a figure entering through the ray. It was that of a woman. . . . it was coming down towards the western end where he was pacing to and fro. He stopped and stood still watching it. It continued to approach—and at last brushed against him. Coming in from the daylight it could see nothing in the heavy shadow.

"Excuse me," he said. "I should have spoken. My eyes are accustomed to this light, and I recognized you; but of course you could not see me. . . . It is grandly solitary here on a rainy day, isn't it?" he continued. "I used often to come here during a storm. It makes one feel as if already disembodied—as if he were a shade wandering on the grey, unknown outskirts of another world." She had now recovered herself, and, turning, began to walk back towards the ray at the upper door. He accompanied her. But the Duomo is vast, and cannot be crossed in a minute. He went on talking about the shadows. . . He could not see her face, although approaching the ray, they were still in the shadow. . .

A minute later they had reached the ray and the door. . . The blind beggar, hearing their footsteps, had put out his hand. "Do not go yet," said Morgan, giving him a franc. "See how it is raining outside. Walk with me once around the whole interior for the sake of the pleasant part of our Florentine days—it will be our last walk together."

She assented silently, and they turned into the shadow again. . . .

"I am going to make a confession," he said as they passed the choir. . . .

She made no answer and they passed under Michael Angelo's grand, unfinished statue and came around on the other side. . . .

They were now in deep obscurity almost darkness, but something seemed to tell him that she was suffering. . . She turned from him suddenly and was walking across the dusky space in the centre of the great temple whose foundations were so grandly laid six centuries ago. . . .

When they came round to the ray again, he gave the blind beggar all the small change he had about him; the old man thought it was a paper Golconda.

"You owe me another circuit" he said; "you did not speak through fully half of the last one." So they went around a second time. . .

As they passed, for the third time, on their way towards the door, the mural tablet to Giotto, Morgan paused. "I have a sort of feeling that I owe it to the old fellow" he said. "I have always been his faithful disciple, and now he has rewarded me with a benediction. On the next high festival his tablet shall be wreathed with the reddest of roses and a thick bank of heliotrope, as an acknowledgment of my gratitude." It was, and no one ever knew why. If it had been in the "season," the inquiring

tourists would have been rendered distracted by the impossibility of finding out; but to the native Florentines attending mass at the cathedral to whom the Latin inscription, "I am he through whom the lost Art of Painting was revived," remains a blank, it was only a tribute to some "departed friend." "And he is as much my friend as though he had not departed something over five centuries ago," said Trafford;* "of that I feel convinced."

"I wonder if he knows any better now, how to paint an angel leaning from the sky," replied Margaret.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*The Atlantic Monthly*).

THE OLD PALACE KEEPER.

By Constance Fenimore Woolson.

In May, 18— my niece Lucy and I were in Florence. We had been there, energetic, industrious, and solemnly conscientious, through three long months of sight-seeing, and were now taking our ease. I think the first three months in Florence or Rome is like learning the alphabet; it is some time before one can read. We were now beginning to read. But May in Italy means summer, and we were not

* I was much interested in what you wrote about the "Florentine Experiment." Your opinion of it agrees with my own . . . I think men like "Trafford" generally *are* conceited, but that is not the worst of it; the worst is that they are generally, also, so charming (in other ways) that one has to accept the "conceit" to get the rest! As "Margaret" did.

From a Letter to Samuel Mather, Esq.

as energetic as we had been; we were, however, visiting the palaces in a leisurely way, a way that was mixed with much driving out towards the violet mountains, buying the wonderful flowers, and even reading novels. No novel had we read during those first solemn three months; we had subsisted upon the solid food of Hare, Horner and Crowe, with a foundation of Vasari and Ruskin, and a superstructure of the Hawthornes and the Brownings. We were now shading off with "Romola," and Henry James.

One morning, old Catarina, who dusted our apartments daily after the amiable and inefficient Italian manner, asked if we had seen the Palazzo Accolti, in the Via Lorenzini; there were wonderful art treasures there. As both Lucy and I had studied Italian, we talked to the servants and to the shop people in their own language in preference to the parti-coloured French which, in Italy is held sacred to the English and Americans. At Catarina's speech, the young serving man who was in the next room (she did not know it) laughed; and then, appearing with deep respect and apologies at the door, explained that there was nothing in the old palace for the illustrious ladies to see; nothing at all. It was but a delusion of old Catarina's, who had lived there as a girl, and who could never—with the permission of their nobleness—remember the flight of time. Treasures were there, without doubt, once; but they had all been sold. The whole world knew this save Catarina alone. The old woman had shrunk at the

sound of his voice and would say no more. But the next time I found her alone I questioned her, and, at length, won from her the belief that the art treasures of the old palace were not sold, but still in their places in the dark closed rooms above. She knew that the ground floor was turned into shops; but old Marco, the keeper, still lived above, and why should he live there if there were no treasures? Why should there still be a keeper if there was nothing to keep? The palace itself could not be sold while the old Marchese lived. At his death, no doubt, "the wicked nephew," who had already sold all that he could, would sell that also; but the old Marchese still lived.

"There?" I asked.

Oh, no; with the permission of their excellence, the old Marchese had been stricken by God in his mind, forty years before, and was with those who cared for such unfortunate ones. The wicked nephew said that God had certainly forgotten him, since he was now nearly ninety years old; but, plainly it was that the good Lord was in no haste to give to that wicked one what he so much coveted. If their illustriousness would condescend to go to the old palace, Catarina felt sure that treasures were still to be seen.

Their illustriousness condescended; at least condescended to try. "It will be a comfort to see something not in the guide books," said Lucy, who, having learned all that those useful publications had

to tell, now ungratefully despised them. So one morning we drove into the narrow Via Lorenzini in search of the old palace, and finally found it, an old grim, lofty stone building, like many another in Florence; its ground floor was now occupied by small shops, and all the shutters were closed above. The great doors of the entrance were locked, and looked as though they had not been opened for a century; there was no bell. We gazed upward in perplexity. But the whole neighbourhood was, as the French say, assisting, and we saw that we only had to make inquiries; so selecting a vendor of lamps, who occupied the largest shop, we said that we wished to enter the palace and asked for old Marco. This was evidently a surprising demand; but the vendor of lamps would go in search of old Marco with all speed if their highnesses would graciously wait. Their highnesses waited, therefore, I hope, graciously; and business was suspended for the morning in the Via Lorenzini. At last the vendor of lamps returned, and "with desperation." Old Marco who was of an "obstinacy most incredible," refused to believe that illustrious ones were waiting, but required that they should come within his own courtyard where he could see them, before he would descend and unbar the door. This obstinacy made the vendor of lamps desire to live no longer, such was his shame in the presence of their nobilities. But their nobilities alighted and followed him through his shop into the courtyard, where, looking up, they saw a dim face behind the glass gazing down from

one of the upper windows; it disappeared, and presently a lower door opened and an old man looked out. The vendor of lamps flew at him with a torrent of Italian. But old Marco, holding the door open but a little way, admitted first Lucy, then myself, and then closed it in the face of the vendor and pushed the great bolt; the massive portal was so thick that we could not hear the torrent of vowels which was no doubt surging against the outer surface.

We found ourselves in a vaulted hall and in spite of the summer heat, the dusky air was here so cool that I felt myself slightly shivering. In a dull, lifeless voice, the old keeper was asking our pleasure. I explained. A light came suddenly into his eyes under their heavy, creased, wrinkled lids; he straightened himself, and even his voice changed and grew strong. Yes, the art treasures were all there; their excellence should see them if they would have the affability to follow. They had the affability, but not the breath. The keeper, old as he was, went up the broad stone stairway so rapidly that excellence was left behind and obliged to come more slowly. The old palace was built after the usual Florentine fashion. Below had been the servants' offices; next came a comparatively low half-story; and then, above, began the stretch of vast apartments with lofty ceilings and marble floors, which, whether furnished or unfurnished, are so unlike the American idea of a home. The Florentine idea was coolness and dusky open space; the richness, if there was any, came from the old pictures on

the walls, the statue in the niche, and the wide-mouthed jars filled with flowers on the floor, and not from what we call "furniture." But here there was nothing, not even the jars; the walls and floors of the stately rooms were bare, as we followed the keeper through one after the other. We followed him; but could never reach him. He kept always in advance. His manner, too, was peculiar; as he entered each room he waved his hand slowly first to the right, and then to the left, as if to call our attention to something. But there was nothing to be seen. We constantly expected to come upon an old shadowed picture, but the walls remained quite bare. At the end of the long suite, he went into the hall and began ascending a second stately stairway leading to the upper story. "Shall we follow?" said Lucy.

"Perhaps there *is* something above," I answered. But we found only another procession of rooms like those below, equally large, dusky and lofty, and equally bare. The keeper was still in advance, waving his hand in the same slow way.

Lucy ran after him. "But the pictures?" she said in Italian, "Where are they?"

"Does their graciousness not observe them? They are everywhere," he gravely answered.

Lucy came back to me, startled. "Shall we go any further?" she whispered.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Even if his mind is somewhat weakened, as it seems to be, he is probably quite

harmless. There still may be something; and I confess I am curious."

When we had gone through all these rooms, the keeper turned down a corridor leading around the court; from it opened smaller rooms, all empty. At the end of the corridor he unlocked a door and stood waiting.

"This," he said, "is the family chapel. Here as their illustriousness will observe, is our only fresco; our others are all paintings in oil."

The chapel was small, the smallest room we had seen; it was of peculiar shape, the rounding arch of the ceiling beginning not at the top of the walls but at the floor. It was quite bare, save for a small stone altar; and as the coloured glass of the window above had been replaced by coarse white panes, a flood of clear golden light came in, very different from the sombre gloom below.

"Oh how lovely!" cried Lucy, forgetting all about the old keeper's singularities in a sudden outburst of enthusiasm. And as soon as I had put on my glasses, I echoed her cry. For there, on the back wall which faced the altar, there gleamed out an angel so beautiful that it seemed to me then, as in recollection it seems to me now, the most heavenly vision upon which my earthly eyes have rested. The figure was boldly painted, not quite the size of life; it was not flying, but seemed to have just ceased its flight. Its arms were full of the Florentine lilies—and upon its face and in its lovely eyes, which looked

at us, there shone the smile which gave, probably, the mysterious charm. For it was a smile not of earth, a smile like that which we dream will greet us when, standing alone on the threshold of the next world, we see coming to meet us those we have loved best here, those whose absence has made life, inwardly, but a remembrance. The angel was alone; the edges of its white robe, of the glory round its head, and of the lily branches it bore, were indistinct —merged in the old whitewash with which all the remainder of the wall was covered. It leaned towards us out of this blankness, like a star seen through the single rift in a dull grey cloud.

"I must come here every day and sketch it," said Lucy; "or, at least, try to; and like Fra Angelico I shall work upon my knees. It is the most heavenly face I have ever seen."

I asked the old keeper, who had seated himself on the step of the altar with an uninterested air, when the whitewash was removed from this figure, and whether it was supposed there were other figures still buried beneath.

He replied that the old Marchese had discovered the angel, and that it was by his order that the whitewash had been removed. But God had afflicted him almost on the very day of the completion of the labour, forty years before; and all had since remained as he had left it.

"But if there are other figures underneath as beautiful as this," I began, "I should think that

the nephew might—" but here I stopped, alarmed. The word "nephew" seemed to have turned the old man into a living statue of hate. He did not move, but his eyes grew so coldly fierce that they glittered: "Cursed, cursed be he!" he cried, and his voice rang through the chapel and corridor, and, passing down the stairs, seemed to echo through all the empty house. . . . Then he rose, waved us out, relocked the door, and without pause, conducted us down to the outer door.

We were obliged to go. But we came again, and many times; and at length succeeded in forming a sort of friendship with the old man; we did this for the sake of the angel, whose face Lucy was ardently trying to win from heaven down upon her earthly paper—so far, trying in vain. But no matter how often we came, we were always obliged to go first through all the great dusky rooms below, before he would take us to the chapel; this was a routine inevitable.

One day while Lucy was at work, I asked him if he could describe to me the pictures on the empty walls below, of course not to him calling them "empty."

"Most certainly," he replied; and we went down together. Then began a singular scene. From wall to wall, from room to room we went, while with no knowledge of art and no enthusiasm, he yet described each detail of every picture and its frame with a clear exactness which I felt to be minutely accurate.

He pointed out this tint and that fold, this atmosphere and that interior; he described the portraits of a stern old Accolti in armour, and another, a child, a dimpled baby in a stiff little satin gown, so that I actually seemed to see them. In truth, I did see them with my mind's eye, and see them now. Up the broad stairway we went and through the second story; and it seemed as if a second company of softly-sliding, unseen ghosts were with us and whisperingly following us. It was the most weird two hours I ever spent.

I became quite curious about the old man; I wondered what he ate, and where he slept, and if he had any friends who came to see him. The vendor of lamps could satisfy me upon two of these points. Go to market—old Marco? Oh, no; he never left the Palazzo night or day. His few and small provisions, the same through years, were brought and left at the inner courtyard door. If in the meantime, old Marco did not descend, and cats appeared, was he, Raffaello, vendor of lamps, to be held in fault? Manifestly not; and none but hardened souls would assert it, since the honesty of all his (Raffaello's) family was most clearly established in all the quarter. Friends? No, old Marco had no friends. He had a son living beside the straw-market; but what would you! When there was such a disposition as Marco's, none could abide it, not even a son—always with the nobilities' permission.

Once I did see the old man's abode. He had

taken me up a little concealed stairway, because I had asked if there were any rooms above ; there, under the great cornice which cast a shadow over half the street below, there were some small chambers, and in the smallest of these, a mere cell, there was a narrow pallet-bed and a chair. But from the narrow window opened a magnificent view. All Florence lay beneath ; the Duomo, Giotto's lovely campanile, the flower-stem tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and, all around, the violet mountains and the beautiful valley of the Arno going westward to the sea.

" Is this your room, Marco ? " I said. " What a magnificent view ! "

" I am near-sighted," replied the old man carelessly ; " I cannot see the view."

One day he looked so feeble and ill that I was troubled. " He will die here some day, all alone, and no one will know it," I said to Lucy. " Let us try on the way home to find that son." So our driver took us through the straw-market, and after some search, we found our man. He was a maker or rather, a mender of umbrellas, and at work in his little shop when our carriage paused at his door ; literally at his door because there was no sidewalk, and we sat in our carriage and talked to him easily on his bench within. He was a small, thin man of fifty, with bent shoulders and a patient face. Yes, old Marco was his father ; but he seldom saw him. He found it necessary—with their permission—to keep steadily at work here at his bench.

"Say rather that thou dost not see him because he will not see thee," said his wife who was behind in the shadow with several children around her. "Will the most noble ladies believe it?" she continued, rising and coming forward, unable to keep silence. "Old Marco will not leave the palace, and has never therefore even seen the little ones lest they should injure—the innocents!—his pictures there! His pictures, said I? And all the world knows that there are no pictures! Ah, it is of a stubbornness!"

"My father is old; he has his fancies. But he gives us always the half, and more, of the little that he has," began the man's mild voice.

"Say rather that he is mad," interrupted the woman indignantly. "What is the money—I ask their nobleness—to a natural love for his own grandchildren?" And snatching up the baby who was crawling across the floor, and calling the others, she disappeared, her motherly ebullition no doubt for the moment quite sincere, in spite of the preciousness of the money.

Left alone, the umbrella mender looked at us apologetically, in a mild silence. I began to explain my fears about the solitary old man. "Do you never see him?" I asked.

"Twice each year, on Christmas day and St. John Baptist, I go there," he answered. "It is then that he gives me the money."

"Have you tried to see him at other times?"

"Yes, but he only looks out and shakes his head. Their nobleness has perhaps observed that my father is at times somewhat obstinate."

So spoke the son, his thin, hard-worked hands folded on the old green umbrella upon which he had been at work; something in his face which seemed to tell me of years of patience with that father, made me rather ashamed of my unasked interference. So, leaving some coins for the children, I drove away, suggesting, however, that he should try to see old Marco soon. He promised patiently; and went on with his green umbrella.

The days passed by; and we spent now all our mornings with the angel. I, too, was attempting to sketch the beautiful face, and not succeeding. Occasionally Marco came in, and walked to and fro for a few moments; he paid little attention to us, and was not interested in our attempts. The fees which we gave him, he received, but with indifference and without thanks.

"Do you not think the angel beautiful?" I asked him one day. "Oh, yes," he answered quietly, "but we have many others that are beautiful also."

Another time I said, "What do you do all day?"

"There is much to do," he answered, "—much. The dust must be kept from all the frames, and there must be no dampness. The flies must be destroyed also. There is much to do."

When my brother came back at last from his pilgrimage, we related our story and took him to see our angel. He admired it as much as we did; but manlike, he brushed away all our fine-spun fancies that it could not, would not be copied, that it was too beautiful to possess, but must fade into the heaven from which it came, remembered but unpictured, like a vision in a dream.

He announced his intention of searching out Signor Accolti.

"Do you mean the wicked nephew?" I said. For Lucy and I always called him by that name.

"I shall be hardly likely to inquire for him by that title at the door," said Edward, smiling.

The "wicked nephew" turned out, on acquaintance, to be a fat, affable, middle-aged Italian, with dimpled white hands and a taste for vegetable gardening. The frescoes in the little chapel were painted, he said, some time in the sixteenth century, by a young artist, an obscure person, patronized by one of his ancestors, who had a taste for discovering geniuses, which, however, generally led to nothing. This artist, whoever he was, died young, the chapel being his only extended work. Of course, the frescoes, having no name attached, were worthless. They were subsequently whitewashed over, and so remained until about forty years ago, when his uncle had the fancy to have them uncovered; but only a little was done when his sad malady seized him. Ah, there was a fate! To be mindless while the

body lived on! Poor old man! He (the "wicked nephew") had often wept over him.

Photographed? Yes, certainly; that is, if old Marco would allow it? (Here the nephew laughed heartily). If he would not allow it, we might as well attempt to take a fortified tower.

As we were not rich enough to buy chapels, or the walls of chapels, we decided to have, if possible, our angel photographed, although it seemed in a certain sense like desecration. But when we proposed it to Marco he went into one of his cold, fierce rages, and said it should not be, and that he would not admit the photographer. He was as good as his word, and although we brought the man there three times, and exhausted ourselves with entreaty and bribes, he refused to open the door and we remained outside, in company with nearly all the inhabitants of the Via Lorenzini, assembled to see the siege.

The summer heat was increasing, and Switzerland was awaiting us; but we longed for our angel. At last Lucy and I thought of another plan. We took with us to the old palace a copyist, an English girl who had a peculiar skill in catching the most delicate shades of expression. We introduced her somewhat deceitfully, as "a friend," and then, while she was at work, we took turns in asking old Marco to "explain the pictures" to us in the sombre rooms below. This he was always ready to do; and the ruse succeeded admirably until one day when he stole upstairs without letting us know, and coming

stealthily behind the English girl, looked at her work over her shoulder, and then, suddenly stretching out his hand, seized it and dashed it to the ground. Her frightened cry brought us to the scene, where we found her half-fainting with terror, and Marco stamping on the copy.

"But we copied it too, Marco," I said, trying to soothe him.

"You *tried*," said the old man with a withering scorn, for the first time using the second person in addressing us. "But no one would ever have known *your* copies!"

My brother was not with us that day, and we three women had to go; he would not allow us to stay longer. And I think, on the whole, we were rather glad to reach the street again. But the next morning we went back, reinforced by Edward and an abundance of gifts; even the English girl was fascinated by our angel.

Old Marco admitted us. He was no longer angry; there was a look of indifference on his face which made us hope he had forgotten it all. But through the whole of both the long vistas of empty rooms he made us go, while he gave again his minute description of all the vanished paintings, a description which was never varied by so much as a new comma. We did not dare to interrupt him lest it should rouse his wrath again; and so we held our peace and went through the ordeal as graciously as we could. At last it was over; of his own accord he pointed down the corridor.

"The door is open," he said.

"He was not going with us then," we mutely signalled to each other. "Better and better." And we went on.

But—alas! alas! When we reached the chapel, our beautiful angel was gone, only a gaping blank remained where its loveliness had been.

We exclaimed and deplored; we were angry.

Lucy sat down on the step of the altar and cried. I think my own eyes were a little wet too; for it was like the death of an old friend.

We heard a step coming down the corridor. Old Marco appeared at the door. "You will not rob the Marchese *now*," he said with his cold smile.

The "wicked nephew" only laughed when he heard, and turned to his vegetables again. "Truly," he said, "Old Marco is a delightful old original! One could never tell what he would do next."

* * * * *

The 10th of May, 188–.—I arrived in Florence last evening, and I have just come from the Palazzo Accolti. It has been turned into a middle-class lodging or rather apartment house, and every room was full, even old Marco's cell. Partitions had been put in the large drawing-room; the chapel was a kitchen. I inquired for old Marco; he had died the year before. His son, coming on St. John's Day as usual, had found the door unlocked, and his father lying on his pallet-bed which he had brought down to the large hall, in order, he said, "to better guard the pictures." He seemed to suffer no pain; but,

with his son sitting by his side, he had passed away at midnight; quiet and conscious, but silent to the last.

I turned away; but the vendor of lamps, whose shop was now farther down the street, had recognized me, and came forward, eager to finish the tale. The old Marchese had died only a month before the death of the keeper; and he, Raffaello, vendor of lamps, considered that the one event caused the other. What would you? The Palazzo was to be sold; had not the sale already been proclaimed? Could old Marco live elsewhere? Could his feet learn to walk in other rooms, or his eyes to see in other air? Manifestly not, as their excellence must see. There had been a funeral—yes, a worthy one. Marco's son was a pious and patient soul. But old Marco himself! Ah, *there* was a madness! But their excellence was in haste; he most humbly effaced himself; and with all good wishes and blessings, gave to their excellence good day.

(*The Christian Union*).

Venice.

We reached Venice at four in the afternoon; the day was lovely, warm and hazy, and we went the entire length of the Grand Canal in a gondola to reach our hotel which is near the harbour opposite the imposing church of "Santa Maria della Salute." . . . We are enchanted with Venice. After having heard of it and dreamed of it and looked at pictures

of it all my life, I find the reality even more picturesque and wonderful than my expectations. This, I think, is quite remarkable. Remember how many long years I have been imagining! The motion of a gondola is, to me, the most perfect in the world,—a combination of row-boat, sail-boat with a soft breeze, and hammock. We go out continually; and when we are not in one, we are sitting in our little balcony on the Grand Canal, looking at them, as they glide by. We have also spent a great deal of time in the Piazza of San Marco, where the fine band plays every evening, beginning before dark. As it is so early, we go (it is but a step) and take one of the little tables outside the café, have an ice or coffee, and sit there listening to the music and watching the wonderfully beautiful line of the domes of St. Mark and Campanile against the sky. Of course we have been through the Doges' Palace, and into all the churches where there is anything to be seen. We have also visited one of the private palaces*, which was most gorgeous with red leather hangings, chandeliers and mirrors of Venetian glass, wonderful vases, inlaid floors, etc. It is the property of the Duke of Bordeaux. We have been in gondolas all over the city, and always insist upon going under the Bridge of Sighs. . . . To-day, we got out and went on foot over the "Rialto." This morning I spent before Titian's "Assumption." . . . I also admire greatly Titian's "Presentation in the Temple.". . . with the little Virgin in a blue dress, going up the

*Vendramin Palace.

steps, alone. . . . The Venetian pictures are certainly most sumptuous. I am charmed with the Bellini Madonnas.* . . . We go to-morrow to Milan, so the plan is to go out in gondolas all the remainder of the day and evening too!

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

Beckenried,

Lake Lucerne.

June 21st, 1880.

The "Water City" Venice, continued enchanting up to the moment of departure. If I never go back there, the memory of that week will remain like a lovely dream in my mind for ever. I shall always say the perfection of earthly motion is a gondola. . . . There was the greatest amount of music in Venice! Bands of singers with guitars came by the Hotel every evening in large barges; and often we would hear one voice and a guitar from some gondola floating by. Well, all lovely things have an end, and we left Venice and went to Milan, where we spent a day or two, looking at the beautiful cathedral, and "The Last Supper," as well as the pictures at the Brera

* Venice Academy.

Giovanni Bellini—MADONNA OF S. GIOBBE.

Note by Miss Woolson: Very beautiful Madonna with commanding face.

MADONNA WITH TWO TREES.
"Very beautiful Madonna who looks like a Cleopatra."

MADONNA WITH ST. PAUL AND ST. GEORGE.
"This is most beautiful. The Madonna's face is unlike those of Raphael, Botticelli or any other artist."

Gallery. We were fortunate enough to see some sort of great service at the cathedral; the effect of the organ rolling through the immense body of the church, was grand. It is the finest interior, viewed architecturally, which I have yet seen. The exterior was like a great mass of white marble lace-work, with its pinnacles, tracery, and two thousand statues. "The Last Supper," although much faded and discoloured, made a great impression upon us.

Next, we went to Como, and spent a day and two nights. We went up to Bellaggio to lunch, and sat for several hours looking at the loveliness there. Then we went to Lugano, which I admired even more than I did Como. Then, to a little town called Biasca, which is at present the last station on the St. Gotthard Railway. . . . Here we remained over night, much entertained by the quaintness and novelty of all we saw; especially by the English families there, preparing to go over the Alps by "private diligence." One party of four ladies had four large trunks, two large tin bathing tubs, and twenty-four small pieces like old-fashioned carpet sacks, great rolls of things that looked like bedding; hat boxes, band boxes, medicine chests, easels, valises, air cushions, etc., etc. It was a funny sight to see *that* carriage unloaded.

Early next morning we started in the coupé of the regular diligence, and up we went! First we had four horses, then five, then six, and finally seven; they were all great broad-backed strong creatures, and were very frequently changed, so that we passed

everything on the road, even the carriages that had started hours before. The scenery on the St. Gotthard Road is wonderfully grand. I believe it is considered finer than that on any other. Of course I saw it; whether I admired it properly when all my attention was devoted to the horses' ears, I leave you to judge. Why "ears"? Because I always judge a horse by his ears, you know! We had dinner at a little high-up place, where it began to be cold (it had been August weather at Como) and then they put on some giants of horses, and we went up to the top. That last three hours of road before reaching the Hospice, was, to me, terrific. The road, a model of engineering, was perfectly smooth, but so winding and dizzy, going in long zigzags on the edge of the most frightful precipices, that I was completely tired out with watching it when we reached the bleak top. Here we had hot coffee, and ran round to get warm; everything covered with snow, and the strangest, wildest desolation all around us. It was unlike anything I ever imagined. Then they put in four little "chunky" horses, and after rolling by the frozen lakes, we began to race down. I say "race" for we never stopped tearing along as fast as the horses could run from the top of the Alps to the Lake of Lucerne! The horses were frequently changed, but when once in, they ran all the way to the next relay. The road was superb, and, of course, all the way down-hill, but, oh! how we spun round curves! I was dizzy with the flying motion. We reached Fluelen at the foot of Lake Lucerne, at ten

o'clock in the evening and spent the night there. The next morning we took the steam-boat and came up the whole length of the beautiful lake to Lucerne, where we rushed, first of all, for our letters! We stayed two days, taking the little steamer and going to points on the lake. Of course we saw the "Lion," the monument to the Swiss Guard, and we were much impressed with its grandeur. We heard the great organ, also, but were disappointed; the organist played nothing but trifling "variations." We have now come to this place, Beckenried . . . a very quiet, small rural village on the south shore of the lake, about an hour by boat from Lucerne. It is opposite the Rigi, and the scenery all round it is magnificent. We have the whole from our windows, as the house stands directly upon the water. It is a German village and reminds me of Zoar—I mean the people, not the situation. We have extraordinary things to eat; but although new, they are generally good. We breakfast in an arbour on the little terrace before the house, overlooking the lake. A maid in Swiss dress brings us our café-au-lait, fresh butter, rolls and eggs. Here we sit and eat and drink, our eyes resting on the grand mountains. If this is not "rural," what is?

From a Letter to Miss
Katharine Livingston Mather.

Lucerne.

August 28th.

My life here has been so quiet as regards incident, that I have little to write. There are always the beautiful mountains, and the lights and shadows and clouds to watch ; but they do not make incidents for a letter. I came here for quiet, so I am having what I wanted. The town is crammed with the usual crowd of tourists, arriving and departing. They go down the lake and back in the little steamer ; they go up the Rigi and back ; a few go up Pilatus—then away they go, their places filled the next hour by another crowd. But all this does not reach us in our quiet Swiss pension. . . . Our German Baron (who has the first floor, and a private table), continues as mysterious as ever. It is really a curious existence for a good-looking man of not more than forty-five. He never has a visitor, or a letter, or a newspaper, and he speaks to no one. He takes a furtive walk early in the morning, and again after dark, and he has lived in this way for years. . . . I am so charmed and interested, and fascinated with all I see here, from these great snow-capped peaks to the gondolas of Venice, and the pictures of Florence, that when I am not actually at work writing, I am quite absorbed by them. I presume that is one reason why I am not homesick. . . .

From a Letter to
Samuel Livingston Mather.

Lucerne.

. . . The scenery here continues to charm me more and more. I am never tired of watching the lights and shadows, the rain and sunshine on the mountains. . . . Were you in Lucerne? Did you not admire the Lion? I do, very much. Did you go to the Rigi? I detest that little railway. In the old days there must have been much more "adventure" about it. It is like the tunnel under the St. Gotthard—very prosaic.

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

Geneva.

October 2nd, 1880.

. . . My first summer in Switzerland may be said to be over, although it is still warm. The scenery of the Lake of Lucerne, that around Interlaken and Mont Blanc from here, will always remain in my memory as long as I live. . . . To my eyes the Jungfrau, as seen from Interlaken, is the finest single view (limited view—not an extensive one) I have ever seen. Of course we saw the Giessbach and the Staubbach. But our grand expedition was Mürren, which is an Alpine village three thousand feet higher than Lauterbrunnen, where you are right in among the Bernese Alps. You go first to Lauterbrunnen in a carriage, then, after seeing the Staubbach, we had the horses taken out, saddles put on them, Clara mounted and I,

safely on my own two feet, off we started. The path goes in zig-zags up the cliff, and there are only two spots on the whole ascent where the foot rests upon a level, and these spots are not more than five feet long. We were three hours going up, and of course the horsewoman had to wait for me now and then. But who cared for cold, fatigue, or rarefied air, when that superb panorama of the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eiger, and the rest, burst into view after a while, and then accompanied us all the rest of the way? We spent the night at Mürren. It was very cold, but the moonlight on the snow peaks was most beautiful. You are very near the mountains—snow all around you; five glaciers in sight. It was a scene never to forget in its wild, white, cold desolation, with the brilliant moonlight shining upon it. The next morning opened still colder, and we started down, Clara on foot this time also; but few ride down from Mürren; the constant jerk, jerk of the horses is very tiresome. All the way down, the feet were at the "down" angle, and the next day I was very lame. Still I enjoyed the excursion greatly, my only "pedestrian" attempt. . . .

From beautiful Interlaken we went to Berne, and then came here, where we found some friends awaiting us. With these people we went up the lake, to Vevey and Chillon. Oh! how much I enjoyed that! It was a lovely day, and the young people spouted all the proper poetry, and spouted it very well too. I want to spend a month at Vevey sometime. . . .

My "pension" here is just like the places you read about in French books. It is very interesting and funny. No one can speak English at all. But I find I have not now the least difficulty and talk as rapidly, though probably by no means as accurately, in French as I can in English. It is a satisfaction to feel that all those long years of study in America are of use, after all. . . . I like Geneva very much, its blue lake, with the lateen sails, the view of the Jura and of Mont Blanc. The grapes are almost ripe, and the miles of vineyards are gay scenes. I am going to Coppet soon to see the house of Mme. de Staël, or rather, to stand there just for its association with her and Madame Récamier, and to Ferney, where Voltaire lived. I have found a delightful French library here, and am deep in the literature of Lac Leman; not only all the poetry, philosophy, etc., but any number of the books of those French-women of the 18th century, who wrote such voluminous "memoirs." Indeed for the last weeks, I have hardly been in the 19th century at all! . . .

From a Letter to Miss
Katharine Livingston Mather.

Geneva.

I have had such a curious sort of existence here in Geneva. I have been all alone, you know, and have managed to keep away from the people in the house in a great measure; not that they are not agreeable—they are remarkably so; but I wanted my time. All the morning I keep busy; then about

three, out I sally, and go rambling through the old part of the town—the historic "Geneva," or else miles up the shore of the lake, now on one side, now on the other, always planning it so as to see the sunset light on superb Mont Blanc, as the last thing. Then in the evening (when not writing letters), I read and read and read. I don't know when I have read so much. I began with those writers who have lived on the shores of this lake—there are a great many of them—from Goethe and Byron down to D'Aubigné and Calvin! But I soon became so interested in the "eighteenth century" that I plunged in over my head, and have not come to the surface yet! I am fascinated, and keep reading on and on, through more and more "Memoirs," "Letters," "Journals," "Biographies," etc., until I feel as if I had been the intimate friend of Mesdames Récamier and de Staël, and of all those witty people of that letter-writing day. I get all these old books from a fine French library they have here. I took a subscription for two months at a dollar, and I have already drawn out forty-eight volumes! They are worn out with the sight of me! I go every day except Sunday. Almost all of these "eighteenth century" people came to the shores of this lake. . . . Its water seems to me very blue, and the lateen sails are a wonderfully picturesque feature. But I do not think it approaches the Lake of Lucerne. However, there is always magnificent Mont Blanc!

In the house have been several Americans . . . now we have only Germans—very accomplished

ladies—and French. Among them an old French countess, who is so droll. She picks me out for her attacks. I think it amuses her to hear my American-French! The other evening in the parlour they were talking about the marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts to "that young American," etc. "Oh well," said the old lady, looking at me over her spectacles, "I have always heard that the Americans were extraordinarily fond of antiquities!"

I have been honoured with two invitations since I have been in Geneva—think of that! The Geneva family I met at Mentone invited me to dinner; and a very nice English family . . . invited me to "five o'clock tea." The Geneva family are friends of the Countess Gasparin, who has a villa near Geneva, and they sent me all her books to read! I have never seen them, but I had read in America the book by her husband, Count Gasparin, which was considered so fine—"The Uprising of a Great People."

The English "five o'clock tea" family saw one of my cards by chance. Immediately the mother asked me if I was related to "the distinguished American author, Fenimore Cooper." And upon my confessing the same, she said that her father and all her brothers were devoted to Cooper's novels, and she immediately invited me to tea! Now I want to know whether *you* received invitations over here on account of the celebrated Cotton who burned the witches?

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

From AT THE CHÂTEAU OF CORINNE.

On the shores of Lake Leman there are many villas. For several centuries the vine-clad banks have been a favourite resting-place for visitors from many nations. English, French, Germans, Austrians, Poles and Russians are found in the circle of strangers whose gardens fringe the lake northward from Geneva, eastward from Lausanne, and southward from Vevey, Clarens, and Montreux. Not long ago an American joined this circle. The American was a lady named Winthrop. Mrs. Winthrop's villa was not one of the larger residences. It was an old-fashioned square mansion, half Swiss, half French, ending in a high-peaked roof, which came slanting sharply down over several narrowed half-stories, indicated by little windows like dove perches—four in the broadest part, two above, then one winking all alone under the peak. On the left side a round tower, inappropriate but picturesque, joined itself to the square outline of the main building. Altogether the villa was the sort of house which Americans are accustomed to call "quaint." Its name was quaint also "Miolans-la-Tour." . . . Mrs. Winthrop had taken possession of the villa in May, and it was now late in August; Lake Leman, therefore, had enjoyed her society for three long months. Through all this time, in the old lake's estimation, and notwithstanding the English, French, Germans, Austrians, Poles and Russians, many of them titled, who were also upon its banks, the American lady remained an interesting

presence. And not in the opinion of the old lake only, but in that also of other observers, less fluid and impersonal. . . . Miolans had entertained numerous guests during the summer; to-day, however, it held only the *bonâ fide* members of the family—namely, Mrs. Winthrop, her cousin Sylvia and Mr. H. Walpole, Miss Sylvia's cousin—always called "Cousin Walpole" by Sylvia, who took comfort in the name, her own (a grief to her) being neither more nor less than Pitcher. "Sylvia Pitcher" was not impressive, but "H. Walpole" could shine for two. If people supposed that H. stood for Horace, why, that was their own affair.

Mrs. Winthrop, followed by her great white dog, had strolled down towards the lake. After a while she came within sight of the gate; some one was entering. The porter's lodge was unoccupied save by two old busts that looked out from niches above the windows,much surprised that no one knew them. . . . After a while all went down to the outlook to see the afterglow on Mont Blanc. Mrs. Winthrop led the way with Cousin Walpole, whose high, bell-crowned straw hat had a dignity which no modern head-covering could hope to rival. . . . "Here is one of our fairest little vistas, Mr. Ford," she said, showing him an oval opening in the shrubbery, through which a gleam of blue lake, a village on the opposite shore, and the arrowy, snow-clad Silver Needle, rising behind high in the upper blue, were visible like a picture in a leaf frame. . . . The outlook was a little terrace built out over the water.

Mrs. Winthrop seated herself. . . . "Not so close, Gibbon," she said, as the shaggy dog laid himself down beside her.

"You call your dog Gibbon?" said Ford.

"Yes; he came from Lausanne, where Gibbon lived, and I think he looks just like him.". . .

The sky behind the splendid white mass of Mont Blanc was of a deep warm gold; the line of snowy peaks attending the monarch rose irregularly against this radiance from east to west, framed by the dark nearer masses of the Salève and Voirons. The sun had disappeared, cresting with glory as he sank the soft purple summits of the Jura, and sending up a blaze of colour in the narrow valley of the Rhône. Then, as all this waned slowly into greyness, softly, shyly, the lovely afterglow floated up the side of the monarch, tingeing all his fields of pure white ice and snow with rosy light as it moved onward, and resting on the far peak in the sky, long after the lake and its shores had faded into night.

"This lake, sir," said Cousin Walpole, "is remarkable for the number of persons distinguished in literature who have at various times resided upon its banks. I may mention, cursorily, Voltaire, Sismondi, Gibbon, Rousseau, Sir Humphrey Davy, D'Aubigné, Calvin, Grimm, Benjamin Constant, Schlegel, Châteaubriand, Byron, Shelley, the elder Dumas, and in addition, that most eloquent authoress and noble woman, Madame de Staël."

"The banks must certainly be acquainted with a large amount of fine language," said Ford.

"And oh! How we have enjoyed Coppet" . . . said Miss Pitcher, "We have had, I assure you, days and conversations there which I, for one, can never forget . . . that moment by the fish pond when, carried away by the influences of the spot, Mr. Percival exclaimed, and with such deep feeling, *'Etonnante femme'!*"

"Meaning Mrs. Winthrop?" said Ford.

"No, John, no, meaning Madame de Staël," replied the little aunt. . . .

The next day they went to Coppet; Mrs. Winthrop and Mr. Percival in the carriage, Sylvia and Cousin Walpole in the phaeton, and Ford on horseback.

"Oh! Isn't this almost *too* delightful!" said Miss Pitcher when they reached the gates of the old Necker château. "I could live here, and I could die here," she continued with ardour. . . .

"It would be easy enough to die, I should say," replied Ford, dismounting.

"We must all die," remarked Cousin Walpole from the post where he was at work upon the horse. He tied that peaceful animal in such intricate and unexpected convolutions that it took Mrs. Winthrop's coachman, later, fully twenty minutes to comprehend and unravel them.

The Necker homestead is a plain, old-fashioned château, built round three sides of a square, a courtyard within. From the end of the south side a long irregular wing of lower outbuildings stretches towards

the road, ending in a thickened, huddled knot along its margin, as though the country highway had refused to allow aristocratic encroachments and had pushed them all back with determined hands. Across the three high, pale-yellow façades of the main building, the faded shutters were tightly closed. There was not a sign of life, save in a little square house at the end of the knot, where, as far as possible from the historic mansion he guarded, lived the old custodian, who strongly resembled the portraits of Benjamin Franklin. . . .

They passed through the dark hall below, where the white statue of Necker gleams in solitude, and went up the broad stairway, the old custodian preceding them, and throwing open the barred shutters of room after room. The warm sunshine flowed in and streamed across the floors, the dim tapestries, the spindle-legged, gilded furniture, and the Cupid-decked clocks. The old paintings on the walls seemed to waken slowly and survey them as they passed. . . . . Percival seated himself in a yellow armchair, and looked about with the air of a man who was breathing a delicate aroma.

"This is the room where the 'incomparable Juliette' danced her celebrated gavotte," he remarked, "probably to the music of that old harpsichord—or is it a spinet?—in the corner."

"Pray tell us about it," entreated Sylvia, who had seated herself gingerly on the edge of a small ottoman embroidered with pink shepherdesses on

a blue meadow and rose-coloured lambs. Mrs. Winthrop, meanwhile, had appropriated a spindle-legged sofa, and was leaning back against a tapestried Endymion. . . .

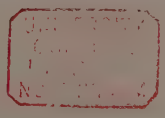
"Madame de Staël" he began, "was a woman of many and generous enthusiasms. She had long wished to behold the grace of her lovely friend Madame Récamier, in her celebrated gavotte, well-known in the salons of Paris, but as yet unseen by the exile of Coppet. By great good fortune there happened to be in the village, upon the occasion of a visit from Madame Récamier, a French dancing-master. Madame de Staël sent for him and the enchanted little man had the signal honour of going through the dance with the beautiful Juliette in this room, in the presence of all the distinguished society of Coppet; no doubt it was the glory of his life. When the dance was ended, Corinne, carried away by admiration, embraced with transport—"

"The dancing-master?" said Cousin Walpole, much interested.

"No, her *ravissante amie.*"

Cousin Walpole, conscious that he had made a mistake, betook himself to the portrait near by. "Superb woman!" he murmured, contemplating it—"Superb!"

The portrait represented the authoress of "Corinne" standing, her talented head crowned by a majestic aureole of yellow satin turban, whose voluminous folds accounted probably for the scanty amount of material



left for the shoulders and arms. "If I could have had the choice," said Miss Pitcher, pensively gazing at this portrait, "I would rather have been that noble creature than anyone else on history's page." . . .

Later they went down to the old garden. It stretched back behind the house for some distance, shut in by a high stone wall. A long, straight alley, shaded by even rows of trees, went down one side like a mathematical line; on the other, there was some of the stiff landscape-gardening of the last century. In the open space in the centre was a moss-grown fish-pond, and near the house a dignified little company of clipped trees. . . .

"I suppose she used to walk here," observed Mrs. Winthrop.

"In her turban," suggested Ford.

"Perhaps she has sat upon that very bench—who knows?—and mused," said Sylvia imaginatively

"Aloud, of course," commented her nephew. But these irreverent remarks were in undertone; only Mrs. Winthrop could hear them.

"No doubt they all walked here," observed the poet; "it was one of the customs of the time to take slow exercise daily in one of these dignified alleys. The whole society of Coppet was no doubt often here, Madame de Staël and her various guests, Schlegel, Constant, the Montmorency, Sismondi, Madame Récamier, and many others."

"Would that I too could have been of that company!" said Cousin Walpole, with warmth.

"Which one of the two ladies would you have accompanied down this walk, if choice had been forced upon you?" said Mrs. Winthrop.

"Which one? Madame de Staël, of course," replied the little bachelor chivalrously. . . .

"You notice, there is no view, or next to none," said Ford, "although we are on the shore of Lake Leman, and under the shadow of Mont Blanc. They did not care for views in the eighteenth century; that is, views of the earth; they were all for views of the 'soul'; Madame de Staël detested the country; to the last, Coppet remained to her a dreary exile. She was the woman who frankly said that she would not cross the room to look at the Bay of Naples but would walk twenty miles to talk with an agreeable man."

"They were as rare then, it seems, as they are now," said Mrs. Winthrop. "But to-day we go more than twenty miles; we go to Europe."

"She did the same—that is, what was the same in her day; she went to Germany. There she found two rather agreeable men—Goethe and Schiller. Having found them, she proceeded to talk to them. They confessed to each other long afterwards, the deep relief they felt when that gifted woman departed."

"Ah well; all she wanted, all she was seeking, was sympathy."

"She should have waited until it came to her."

"But if it never came?"

"It would, if she had not been so eager and

voracious. The truth is Corinne was an inordinate egotist. She expected all minds to defer to her superiority—while at the very moment she was engaged in extracting from them any poor little knowledge or ideas they might possess which could serve her own purposes. All her books were talked into existence; she talked them before she wrote them. It was her custom at the dinner table here at Coppet, to introduce the subject upon which she was engaged, and all her guests were expected, indeed forced, to discuss it with her in all its bearings, to listen to all she herself had to say, and never to depart from the given line by the slightest digression until she gave the signal. The next morning, closeted in her own room, she wrote out the results of all this, and it became a chapter."

"She was a woman of genius, all the same," said Mrs. Winthrop, in a disagreeing tone. . . .

(*Harper's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

Florence.

December 10th, 1880.

I am at last established for the winter. I have taken a nice little parlour with open fireplace, and bed-room opening from it. This old palace—"Casa Molini," is on the Arno, and I have two windows on the river, and two on another street, with a very pretty little glimpse of the Apennines on the north, and the Carrara mountains on the south, and the beautiful, singular tower of the Palazzo

Vecchio, and Giotto's lovely Campanile, beside the Duomo, and several other picturesque towers against the blue sky. One of my favourite entertainments is hearing all these numerous bells in the high campaniles ring out the Ave Maria. They are not very powerful bells, but clear and sweet, and the Italian way of ringing is to send them swinging far out of the campaniles into the air, back and forth, as the pictures of bells on the Christmas cards at home are represented as doing; here, it is a reality. As I always walk in the afternoon, I always hear the Ave Maria*.

I write until about three o'clock, then go out for a long walk, generally up one of the hills to get the beautiful views in all directions that abound here. I receive such visitors as come in my own parlour; and so, you see, that though in a "pension," I am quite independent. I feel at home here, and the servants are excellent, they have been in the house twenty years. . . . Yes, I meet quite a good many people I know, and I have made a number of new acquaintances. But I am, after all, a solitary sort of an old bird, and, as poor Sothern† used to say, "flock by myself." I am all the time busy, and I am not strong enough to take much part in society, or to go out much, and do writing-work at the same time. The best of me goes

* San Vito's chimes rang the angelus, swinging far out from the open belfry against the sky with all the abandon of Italian bells, which seem forever joyous—almost intoxicated—even for the dead.

From Dorothy.

† E.A. Sothern, senior, famous as "Lord Dundreary."

into my writing, and so, on the whole, I prefer to write quietly for the freshest part of the day, take a good walk, and then curl up in an easy-chair with an entertaining book, and go to bed early. If people will be so kind as to seek me out in my leisure time, or come and go to walk with me, I am delighted; but that is all the time I have for them! . . . I find I know a good many people here this winter, and have even been invited out several times to dinner, to evening companies, and to lunch parties. I have declined everything except one or two afternoon teas, which come in nicely with my afternoon walk. One of these teas was with Mrs. Launt Thompson, wife of the sculptor; she is the daughter of Bishop Potter, and sister of Dr. Potter of Grace Church. . . .

I make the best of the bells of Florence, the Arno, and its bridges (all of which I see from my windows), and when it is cold, and that horrid wind sweeps down from the Apennines, I call up Angelo to make a bright fire and sit down before it, dreaming of Florida air. The servants in the house are named: Raffaello, Angelo, Bartolo, Giuseppe, Catarina, Beppa, and Gemma.

Siena.

January 12*th*, 1881.

. . . I am writing in Siena, "that old city of the middle ages," with its beautiful slim tower, its old walls, and wonderful cathedral, which we shall see more fully to-morrow. We left beloved Florence this morning, and rolled westward down the valley of

the Arno toward Pisa as far as Empoli, where we changed cars and came southward. It is warm, I am thankful to say, but raining hard. However, I have already been out to see the front of the cathedral, and the tower, and admire them greatly.

. . . The morning opened lowering, but fortunately with no rain. Out we went, and with the exception of a half-hour for lunch, have been at it all day. It is now nearly dark and snowing! Yes, real flakes, although they melt as they touch the ground. Siena is high up in the mountains, and therefore the air is much colder than in Florence. It is the most mediaeval place I have yet visited, with walls, towers and a supremely beautiful cathedral; by that I mean beautiful in the Italian way, which is very different from the magnificent Gothic architecture of the North. The tower of the Palazzo Pubblico made the deepest impression upon me. We have also seen some beautiful old pictures, and for the first time, I have come close to the life of a real "Saint," Saint Catherine of Siena. We have been to her house, have seen her clothes, lantern, and the block of wood she used for her pillow, etc. There is nothing mythical about this Saint Catherine, because she lived as lately as 1380, and the incidents of her life are all historical and authentic. I am not referring to her visions, but to the real events, and her work among the poor. The most extraordinary part of it to me was a facsimile of her head and face which were embalmed immediately after death, and which are kept in a shrine, and exhibited to the people on

her Feast Day once a year. You would suppose that it would be repulsive, but it was not; it was calm and quiet, and even sweet. It seemed all wrong, of course, to keep the poor mask of former life from its rightful return to dust; still, it was curiously impressive to see the quiet, still, sleeping face, and think how long ago it lived. . . . Altogether Siena has been very interesting, although I see, of course, how much more beautiful it would be in spring.

Rome.
January 16th, 1881.

We left Siena, its old walls all white with snow, yesterday morning, and rolled down hill towards Rome. The road really descended so constantly that it seemed as if we were merely going down by our own impetus. The snow turned into rain, and such rain! Sheets of dark grey water; I think I never saw such heavy rain before. We rolled by Orvieto, where there is another marvellous cathedral, towards which we looked with longing eyes. We reached Rome at four in the afternoon. The rain still fell in sheets; we could see nothing of the city. We hurried under umbrellas to the omnibus and rolled through wet streets to this small hotel, thankful to be under cover, somewhere. In spite of all this, I was a good deal stirred in a quiet way by the thought that I was really and actually in "Rome," the city I have dreamed about since childhood with a real, and sometimes very intense longing. I was a good deal stirred all the evening; it was a sort of surprised *content*, to be really within the old walls at last! . . .

Rome.

Easter Even, 1881.

I am living in an "apartment,"—it is on the fourth story. A little parlour, prettily furnished, bed-room, dining-room, and up on the roof, reached by the queerest little flight of stairs, a "loggia"—a little room with windows on all sides, and a sort of arbour outside, made by plants in pots and climbing vines. The whole high-up "apartment" always makes me think of the rooms of the "Old Mam'selle,"* if you remember the novel of that name. I have been wanting to try apartment life all winter; now I am at it. I rent my rooms of an English lady, a governess, whose scholars are of the best Roman families, I am told. She is a widow and keeps an Italian servant. I make my own breakfast—coffee and boiled eggs, with a little coffee-pot and spirit lamp. Bread, butter, eggs and milk are sent in every day. At noon the Italian servant serves a hot chop; at seven in the evening, a very good, but simple little dinner. Then I make my own "five o'clock tea," to which, by the way, I have become quite devoted. You can't imagine how I enjoy the *space*, the *quiet*, the *ease* . . . I have only taken the apartment for a month; it was a "Roman Experiment,"† and so far, a great success.

Rome continues perfectly enchanting; I could write for long hours about all the fascinations. The

* "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," Marlitt.

† "A Florentine Experiment," the title of one of Miss Woolson's Italian stories.

singing of the "Miserere" yesterday at St. John Lateran, was wonderfully fine. On Thursday, going into the Pantheon, I met the Queen there, praying at the altar near which Victor Emmanuel is buried. It was quite an impressive sight to see her come out under that grand dome, the people making a lane for her, and all bowing and "blessing" her. The Italians seem very fond of her. She is a graceful, sweet-looking woman.

The statues and the campagna continue to hold me bound fast; I love them deeply, but I don't desert the ruins. The other day I spent several hours in the Roman Forum, walking with my own feet on the "Sacra Via," sitting down at the base of all the old temples, visiting everything. I take immense walks, and very little escapes me. I come home so excited with it all that I fairly glow! For it *is* so interesting, so wonderful, so beautiful. You see I have "gone over" body and soul to *Rome!* Not in a religious sense, however. I heard, by the way, the other day, that J— K— S—, once President of Kenyon College, was here in the Passionist Monastery. I often walk by there, and have seen some of the Brothers, dressed in black, with a heart embroidered on the breast. I should like to see *him*. . . .

I am going to the Hon. George Marsh's next week; their reception. He is our minister, you know—I should think that Roman Society might be very entertaining, but I am not a "society" person.

. . . The Coliseum is lighted up to-night, but I have no taste for artificial shows of that sort. I prefer the moonlight.

From Letters to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

From THE STREET OF THE HYACINTH.

It was a street in Rome—narrow, winding, not over-clean. Two vehicles meeting there could pass only by grazing the doors and windows on either side, after the usual excited whip-cracking and shouts which make the new-comer imagine, for his first day or two, that he is proceeding at a perilous speed through the sacred city of the soul.

But two vehicles did not often meet in the street of the Hyacinth. It was not a thoroughfare, not even a convenient connecting link; it skirted the back of the Pantheon, the old buildings on either side rising so high against the blue that the sun never came down lower than the fifth line of windows, and looking up from the pavement was like looking up from the bottom of a well. . . .

One morning he [Raymond Noel] was strolling through the Doria Gallery. He was in a bad humour. There were many people in the gallery that day, but he was not noticing them; he detested a crowd. After a while some one touched his coat-sleeve from behind. He turned, with his calmest expression upon

his face; when he was in an ill-humour he was impassibly calm. It was Miss Macks, her eyes eager, her face flushed with pleasure.

"Oh! What good luck!" she said. "And to think that I almost went to the Borghese, and might have missed you! I am so delighted that I don't know what to do. I am actually trembling." And she was. "I have so longed to see these pictures with you," she went on. "I have had a real aching disappointment about it, Mr. Noel."

Again Noel felt himself slightly touched by her earnestness. She looked prettier than usual, too, on account of the colour.

"I always feel a self-reproach when with you, Miss Macks," he answered. "You so entirely overestimate me. . . ."

"I have been looking at the Caraccis; what do you think of them?"

"Never mind the Caraccis; there are better things to look at here." And then he made the circuit of the gallery with her slowly, pointing out the best pictures. During this circuit he talked to her as he would have talked to an intelligent child who had been put in his charge in order to learn something of the paintings; he used the simplest terms, mentioned the marked characteristics, and those only of the different schools and spoke a few words of unshaded condemnation here and there. All he said was in broad, plain outlines. His companion listened earnestly. She gave him a close

attention, almost always a comprehension, but seldom agreement. Her disagreement she did not express in words, but he could read it in her eyes. When they had seen everything—and it took some time—

"Now," he said, "I want you to tell me frankly, and without reference to anything I have said, your real opinion of several pictures I shall name—that is, if you can remember?"

"I remember everything. I always remember."

"Very well. What do you think, then, of the Raphael double portrait?"

"I think it very ugly."

"And the portrait of Andrea Doria by Sebastian del Piombo?"

"Uglier still."

"And the Velasquez?"

"Ugliest of all."

"And the two large Claude Lorraines?"

"Rather pretty, but insipid. There isn't any reality or meaning in them."

"The Memling?"

"Oh, *that* is absolutely hideous, Mr. Noel; it hasn't a redeeming point."

Raymond Noel laughed with real amusement, and almost forgot his ill-humour.

"When you have found anything you really admire in the galleries here, Miss Macks, will you tell me . . .?"

"You can't think how I've enjoyed it," she said, warmly, at the door.

"Yet you do not agree with my opinions?"

"Not yet. But all the same it was perfectly delightful. Good-bye."

He had signalled for a carriage, as he had, as usual, an engagement. She preferred to walk. He drove off and did not see her for ten days. Then he came upon her again in the Doria Gallery. He was fond of the Doria, and often went there, but he had no expectation of meeting Miss Macks this time; he fancied that she followed a system, going through her list of galleries in regular order, one by one, and in that case she would hardly have reached the Doria on a second round. Her list was a liberal one; it included twenty. Noel had supposed that there were but nine in Rome.

This time she did not see him; she had some sheets of manuscript in her hand, and was alternately reading from them and looking at one of the pictures. She was much absorbed. After a while he went up.

"Good morning, Miss Macks."

She started, her face changed, and the colour rose. She was as delighted as before. She immediately showed him her manuscript. There he beheld, written out in her clear handwriting, all he had said of the Doria pictures, page after page of it; she had actually reproduced from memory his entire discourse of an hour.

There were two blank spaces left.

"There, I could not exactly remember," said Miss Macks apologetically, "If you would tell me, I should be so glad; then it would be quite complete."

"I shall never speak again. I am frightened," said Noel. He had taken the manuscript and was looking it over with inward wonder.

* * * * *

When he again beheld the dome of St. Peter's, he remembered that it lacked but a month of two full years since he had said good-bye to it. . . .

He established himself in some pleasant rooms, looked about him, and then began to take up one by one, the old threads of his Roman life—such, at least, as remained unbroken. He found a good many. Threads do not break in Rome. He had once said himself that the air was so soft and historic that nothing broke there—not even hearts. . . .

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*The Century Magazine*).

THE ROMAN MAY, AND A WALK.

By Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Many Americans who visit Rome do not see, I am inclined to think, the fullest beauty of the old city; of its sky, its ruins, its churches and villas, its campagna, and even of its works of art. They go away too early. They go while the churches (all save St. Peter's) are desolately cold; when there is

no delight in sitting in the shade of the beautiful trees in the Borghese Garden. They go while it is still imperative to wear an overcoat, and to protect one's feet with overshoes from the deadly chill of the stone floors while gazing at the white perfection of the antique statues in the Vatican, and while the brazier of coals still remains more precious in the Capitol than the Dying Gladiator himself. And the reason they go is generally to be found in a fear of the fever and a fear of the heat.

Of the fever there is much to be said. All the cases of which we had personal knowledge this winter could be traced to imprudence; those small, slight but clearly defined imprudences whose subtle danger the Northern visitor cannot or will not remember.

As to the heat, it is the old mistake, so naturally made; the belief that because the Roman February is as warm sometimes as our early June, the Roman May must therefore be as warm as our August, or worse. Whereas the heat does not increase, it merely becomes continuous.

The Roman May is deeply, richly delightful. It is a surprise worth experiencing; a treasure worth discovering; a season worth waiting for. There is a sumptuousness in the verdure, a softness in the sky, a colour over everything and, more than all, a mood in the visitor himself, which does not come until then. The tints on the Alban and Sabine Mountains cannot, perhaps, be more beautiful than they are in the winter, but they are different and very lovely, and the campagna has turned into a billowy sea of green.

The churches and the galleries have lost their last vestige of cold, and offer, with a charming hospitality, their treasures of art in a clear light and warm air which give them entirely a new aspect; one can linger now, one can sit at ease and full of enjoyment before his favourites until slowly and softly they reveal to him meanings of which he has never dreamed before. Down the long gleaming aisles of the Vatican, it is summer; the beautiful statues no longer awaken irresistible remembrance of the chill marble; it is not an effort but the natural impulse to love and admire them. The doors and windows are all open; perfumes from the Pope's rose-garden come in and fill the air; a bee hums near the Sleeping Ariadne, but softly, so as not to waken her. One can visit the ruins now in the proper musing, lingering, errant mood; can lean back against the warmed brown stones of the Coliseum, or wander through the Palaces of the Caesars without the former tiresome accompanying fear of "taking cold." Under the pines of the Villa Doria people are lying at length upon the grass.

In addition, there is no crowd; no throng in the Stanze of Raphael, no "personally conducted" parties in the forum. The especial kind of tourist who looks so dismally bored in the galleries has gone —no matter where, so long as he is not here. The city itself, too, is different; it takes on a new character, or rather goes back to its old one. It is no longer like a great fair for strangers, with all its houses turned temporarily into inns and all its streets into

booths, where ruins, the old masters, Roman scarfs, modern intagli, quinine, and historical associations, are offered to all who choose to buy.

Through the Roman May we took many delightful walks; one may be mentioned because it is not, I think, among the best-known expeditions.

On the right side of the great colonnade of St. Peter's, a little street turns northward, passing under a stone arch which bears the crossed keys and mitre, and the inscription, "Pont. Max," which stares one in the face on all sides at Rome. This one, however, is ancient and grey, and makes us remember that the old man shut up within the great walls looming above us, the walls of the Vatican, cannot or will not leave them no matter how much his health may require it.

An hour and a half would take him to his palace of Castel Gandolfo, high in the Alban Mountains, which, by the law of 1871, is as much his own territory and under the rule of his own papal authority as the Vatican itself. So much for a principle!

Passing along this narrow street and through the Angelica Gate, one of the twelve gates of Rome, we took the country-road, bordered with trees, which stretches northward. Here we walked on for a leisurely half-hour interrupted by much gathering of sweet-briar roses and maiden-hair fern. We met a company of the picturesque Bersaglieri or light infantry with their low-crowned hats and long plumes brushing the shoulder, hats worn so far over one ear that it is a marvel how they can keep them on. These

Bersaglieri are the choice corps of the Italian army, and very pretty fellows they are, too. Like all the Italian soldiers we have met, they seemed to be rather small, light men, and they were marching with that quick short step which looks so breathless and unnatural. It is not a run. It is walking; but a sort of walking which must be acquired, I should think, with much pains and difficulty. And speaking of the general appearance of the Bersaglieri reminds me to say that we have decided that the prettiest thing, the prettiest product of modern Italy, is a young Italian officer—those flowers of military fashion who adorn the street corners of Florence, Naples and Rome, and in the evening stand about the opera houses. Soldiers are very numerous in Italy now; they outnumber the priests a thousand to one.

When the Tiber came curving toward us again, we left the main-road and took a side track which led to a high iron gate between two tall carved stone pillars. Here, half-way up the hill, at a point commanding an extensive view, stands the grand, desolate, historic, ruined, beautiful, dirty Villa Madama.

The poor old house merits all the adjectives I have applied to it. Its proportions, with the rounded, crescent-shaped wings, the massive basement set in the hillside on arches, the great rooms, vaulted ceilings, and loggia, are grand, even in their ruin. Nothing can exceed the desolation; the graceful crescent with its ends fallen, the glassless windows with the daylight shining through like the eyes of a skull, the neglected garden where cabbages grow at the base

of majestic old sixteenth-century statues, and the elaborate, curiously-designed Renaissance fountain in the shape of an elephant's head and coiled trunk, is choked and overgrown with slime and weeds. The basement is occupied as a farm-house of the poorest class; one has to pick one's way in and out and go round pools of miry water from the leaking fish-pond and up filthy brick steps in a dark arcade to reach the terrace above, where a greasy, stupid peasant-boy has unlocked the great doors, setting them wide open for the lunatic strangers and then departing hastily, afraid, perhaps, of the "evil eye." As it happens, we have not red hair, the favourite colour of the evil eye, still . . . the boy thinks it best to go.

I have called the villa "beautiful"; and here is the beauty which the peasant-tenants do not see. In the high, empty hall, from which the great doors open, preserved by some miracle from the destruction which has seized upon all else, are the beautiful paintings of Giulio Romano, the pupil of Raphael, and the ornaments in stucco and wreaths of brigh-fruits and flowers of Giovanni da Udine.

The side-walls, as far as one can reach, are injured; but just above one's head, above the defacet ment and ruin, the wonderful beauty begins. The work in stucco is like pure white marble slabs, carved in relief, with a lighter, warmer effect, however, than marble could give. All kinds of growing things here clamber and twine, and reach toward the ceiling, sprays of grain, vines, reeds, grasses, catkins, flowers,

leaves, tendrils, each one perfect in its fidelity to nature. From out this foliage peep little heads of hares, rabbits and squirrels; birds flutter in and out, or sit swaying on a spray, or busily build their nests in the shade. And all this delicate tracery aspires; the birds and squirrels may be amusing themselves, but the grain and the vines and the catkins are all growing toward the ceiling as fast as they possibly can. On this ceiling are the lovely paintings of Giulio Romano, said to be more like the work of Raphael himself than anything which this (his best) pupil has accomplished. The paintings are framed in Giovanni's thick garlands of fruit and flowers, whose richness would prove him a Venetian, even if we did not know he was one. The paintings represent Cupids, engaged in various amusements and occupations, with much earnestness and roguish enjoyment. Some ride swans, which they have previously had much difficulty in catching and bridling; others run races down hill; turn somersaults; build houses, one holding the ladder, the other on the top round nailing with much serious attention. There are also small mythological scenes, exquisitely painted. And, round all, the wreathing garlands with sometimes the blue sky represented behind as a background.

Decorations of a similar kind, by these same two artists, adorn the walls of the far-famed Loggie of Raphael, at the Vatican, where all the world goes to admire them; but these in the poor old ruined villa on the hillside are, to my eyes, finer both in

originality of subject and freshness of hue. Some of the designs used in both places, especially the arabesques, were copied by Raphael, assisted by Giovanni from the delicate paintings on the ceilings of the underground halls that once formed part of the Golden House of Nero, over which Titus built his great "Baths," using the palace of his predecessor as a foundation. This remnant of the Golden House, or part of it, is now cleared out, so that one can see what is left of the paintings by the light of a torch which the guide fastens on a long pole. But Raphael obtained access to them through a hole at the top, in the ruins of the Baths. He and Giovanni were let down through this hole, and copied by the light of tapers the paintings of one thousand four hundred and sixty years before. In connection with Raphael may be given here a recent incident. Seeing, one afternoon, the scarlet liveries of the queen before the doors of the Pantheon, I went in; one never passes the Pantheon, however, without going in. Queen Margherita was kneeling before the altar at whose side is the tomb of Victor Emmanuel; one of her footmen stood near, otherwise she might have been any other quiet lady saying her prayers there. I looked up to the blue sky through the open dome; then my eyes wandered slowly round the circular walls.

Something was hanging over Raphael's tomb on the tablet, and I went across to see what it was. A large wreath of roses, now somewhat faded, had been placed over the inscription, and it bore a card which said in English that it had been put there in

honour of Raphael's birthday. The anniversary had indeed occurred some days before. The great painter has been dead three centuries and a half; but the inscription on the roses was as simple as though he had died last year.

I have called the villa "historic." It was designed by Raphael and built under the supervision of Giulio Romano for the Cardinal de Medici, who was afterwards Pope Clement VII. Later it became the summer residence of Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V. and wife of Octavio Farnese, Duke of Parma; from her it obtained the name of "Madama," which was also bestowed upon the palace she occupied in the city. The rich and luxurious Farnese princes lived here—let us hope not so wicked as some authorities imagine. From them it descended to the kings of Naples. With Raphael for its architect, a pope, an emperor's daughter, dukes, and, later, kings, as its residents and owners, the old house may well be called "historic." . . . We opened one or two doors; but they opened directly upon ruin, upon heaps of fallen brick and mortar where once had been a room. We came out, and there, on the terrace, we saw spread out before us the enchanting view. At our feet flowed the Tiber, which here turns sharply toward the east, spanned by the arch of Ponte Molle; on our right, the towers and domes of Rome; opposite, the Sabine Mountains; and in the north, rising alone and blue from the plain, Soracte—like the crest of a solitary wave, as is always said, although no one ever saw a solitary

wave of that shape on any earthly sea . . . Across the south-eastern sky lay the violet line of the velvety Alban Mountains, which goes down in three soft steps to the plain below; Monte Cavo at the top; then Castel Gandolfo; then a third and lower rounded peak, whose name I do not know.

The old villa, with this wide view, was so beautiful and rich, so desolate and degraded, so fraught with associations of many kinds, that the wish that one might buy it, rebuild it, and live there, died upon the lips.

What, indeed, could a New Hampshire-born American do in a Renaissance casino, haunted by memories of Margaret Farnese, overlooking the bridge where Cicero arrested the allies of Catiline sixty years before the Christian era, and faced by mountains where are the Etruscan tombs whose age no chronology of this day is able to reckon? If he had any imagination, this assemblage of associations would be too much for him. If he had not—But if he had not, he would never buy the Villa Madama. (*The Christian Union.*)

THE VILLA MEDICI.

A FRAGMENT.

By Constance Fenimore Woolson.

To me it is one of the most enchanting places in Rome. We had alighted, walked up the shady ascent, and through the gardens, in whose green corners are hidden the little studios where the French

students who have gained the "prix de Rome" dream and study through their three Italian years. I should like to look every day at that pale yellow façade bossed with its antique bas-reliefs; I should like to walk through those green aisles; I should like to be a happy French boy, with youth, hope, genius perhaps, and the prix de Rome!

We were ascending the flight of stairs in one of the buildings, which leads, not to an upper story as might be supposed, but to an unexpected and mysterious little wood on the level of one, a wood stretching back for some distance, with dense shade, tangled glades and wild flowers, and in its centre a sudden, cone-like little hill which rises so sharply into the air that the trees, with which it is thickly covered, seem to slant outward. Mossy old stone steps come steeply down from somewhere; but one cannot tell from where, because the hill is so perpendicular and the foliage so close. The stone steps mount steeply up; they lead to a little belvedere on the top of the cone, a belvedere like a small antique temple. All round, the tops of the low trees below swelled out smoothly like a green bouquet, so close and fine the foliage that it looked as if one could walk upon it. Standing in this little temple, all Rome lay spread out before us; the belvedere seemed the centre of a circle whose edges swept the round horizon.

THE PIAZZA OF ST. JOHN'S GATE.

A FRAGMENT.

By Constance Fenimore Woolson.

This piazza of St. John's gate is, to many persons (endowed with long-sighted eyes), a peculiarly fascinating spot. One reason is that it lies beyond everything, at the end of Rome; beyond the city of the present with its galleries and palaces, beyond the city of the past with its ruins. When you have seen all these and are weary of gazing, you come here; and here you find rest. For a broad expanse of plain and sky opens out before you; the "country" as God made it. Here is something older than the cyclopean walls, and younger than the latest palace in the new quarter; so restfully, peacefully old, that man's most ancient myth is of yesterday beside it; so eternally young, that his fairest painting is dim before its divinely beautiful hues. Here stands the great basilica of St. John Lateran, turning its back upon the city; its loftily poised statues, their draperies blown back by the winds, shining high over the plain as a beacon shines over the sea. The campagna comes up to your very feet, and then stretches boundlessly away, with nothing to interrupt your vision of it save the square Lombard towers of the ancient little sister-basilica of Santa Croce, across the green. Opposite, the

Alban mountains rise softly from the plain, their white towns shining on the deep, velvety blue, in which, by some alchemy, their flanks and summits are always bathed. Farther to the left stands the higher Sabine range, a barrier against the whole cold north. Then, off on the right, sweeping all round the half of the circle of which the mountains form one quarter, and the city behind another, stretches that beautiful part of the campagna which looks like an ocean, the ruins on its horizon-line seeming distant ships. Here the plain has no end at all; it stretches into the sky. Perhaps that is the reason that to many hearts it is especially dear, it takes the thoughts onward also into the sky; into another world where life is easier, and love more true.

Engelberg, *July*, 1881.

I have come up among the Alps; this green valley is three thousand five hundred feet up, and surrounded by mountains ten and eleven thousand feet high, whose tops are covered with snow. A glacier descends into the valley, and all together, it is very Alpine and delicious to a person who spent Fourth of July in Florence . . . The snow peaks, Alpine flowers, delicious milk, and quiet, please me much. A great Benedictine Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, makes rather an unusual feature in the Swiss landscape. The present building is only

two hundred years old. (That "only" will show you how pampered with "antiquity" I have become). There are said to be several thousand MSS. in the Abbey library. I have not been to see them, having a surfeit of MSS. at home! There are plenty of people here, but I think no Americans. . . The worthy "*fraus*" and "*fräuleins*" see me issuing forth for my solitary walk, and look at me curiously; I suppose they wonder what I represent! Their idea of entertainment seems to be to play at bowls. But there is another class, and one that interests me much, the pedestrians. Engelberg being one of the "high" places, is a point of departure for several of the favourite passes; and early in the morning, I see the young men going by, dressed for Alpine walking, and in the evening, see others come in, their straw hats decked with Edelweiss and Alpen-rosen. I envy them! If I had any one here, I would at least go over the pass to Meiringen and Interlaken. But as it is, I have to imagine it! But I ought to be content. I can climb up to the real snow and ice every day, if I choose. Another nice feature—the artists. I find them in the most unexpected places making sketches of this magnificent scenery. An English clergyman was frantically trying to catch the afterglow with water colours the other night. I mean the "Alpenglühen," that is the word, isn't it? I have had to make a terrible jump from Italian to German in three days! . . .

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

Sorrento.

January, 1882.

I am very well here. The weather is divine. All the fruit trees are in blossom, and the woods are full of wild violets and anemones. It is just the weather we had in Mentone in March, so this climate is about six weeks earlier. As the winter did not begin until the first of January, you will see that the season has not been severe. It consisted in the necessity for a little fire in the evenings now and then—more for the cheer than for absolute need; as one has it at home sometimes in October. The sun shines all day long and never stops. But it is not the clear strong sunshine of the South of France. It is a softer kind. There is a mild moisture in the air. At Mentone the sunshine was like steel. I like this better.

The scene spread out before my eyes, whether at home, or when I am out of doors, is, as you know, so beautiful that the adjectives of all languages have been exhausted upon it. So I will not try to picture it with mine. I have been fortunate enough to see an eruption of Vesuvius; not one of the grand ones; still, a fine sight. Now the old mountain seems to have gone to sleep again. . . . .

I take long walks here, in the afternoon. Yesterday, I went up the mountain behind the town, on the high, rocky hill—hill-ridge, rather—which forms the backbone of this long point stretching out into the sea. The little path wound up through two grey old stone villages, each with its big church, of course,

although the peasants' houses are very poor. I went through meadows that were fairly abloom with violets, large purple anemones, and little lilac lilies—millions of them! At last at the top, perched on the highest point, I came to the "Deserto," an old monastery now turned into an orphan asylum. The view from there was the most beautiful water view I ever saw—Capri has an outline which is beyond anything in loveliness—the whole Bay, of course, and the south coast of Italy, towards Sicily. I came down another way, through two more villages.

From a Letter to G. Pomeroy Keese.

From A PINK VILLA.

The pink villa was indeed a delicious nest. It crowned one of the perpendicular cliffs of Sorrento, its rosy façade overlooking what is perhaps the most beautiful expanse of water in the world—the Bay of Naples. The broad terrace stretched from the drawing-room windows to the verge of the precipice; leaning against its strong stone parapet, with one's elbows comfortably supported on the flat top (which supported also several battered goddesses of marble), enjoying the shade of a lemon tree set in a great vase of tawny terra cotta—leaning thus, one could let one's idle gaze drop straight down into the deep blue water below, or turn it to the white line of Naples opposite, shining under castled heights, to Vesuvius with its plume of smoke, or to beautiful dark Ischia rising from the waves in the west, guarding the entrance to the sea. On each side, close at hand, the

cliffs of Sorrento stretched away, tipped with their villas, with their crowded orange and lemon groves. Each villa had its private stairway leading to the beach below; strange dark passages, for the most part cut in the solid rock, winding down close to the face of the cliff, so that every now and then a little rock-window can let in a gleam of light to keep up the spirits of those who are descending. For every one does descend, to sit and read among the rocks; to bathe from the bathing-house on the fringe of beach, to embark for a row to the grottoes, or a sail to Capri. . . .

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Harper's Magazine*).

Sorrento,

March 2nd, 1882.

As everybody knows all about Pompeii from pictures and descriptions, I will only say that the reality exceeded my anticipations. I had no idea the walls of the houses were so high or so well preserved; that it was so little like a ruin, and so much like a modern Italian town. In fact, take off the roofs and upper stories of any one of the closely built Italian towns of to-day, empty the houses of everything and banish all the people, and you have Pompeii. There is also another and important difference. Pompeii is scrupulously clean—while all Italian towns are—well. . . . The narrow streets, well-paved, stretch away in all directions with their lines of silent houses; overhead in the blue sky

smokes old Vesuvius. But it is almost impossible to realize how so large a town could have been so deeply buried. I said it was like any modern Italian city, but I mean only in its general aspect, viewed from a distance, or as a whole. When you enter the houses you see at once the well-known peculiarities of Pompeian building and decoration. . .

Leaving Pompeii, we took the train to Salerno, a picturesque old place on the Gulf of Salerno. Here we spent the night comfortably, and the next morning started on our grand day's excursion to Paestum, to see the Greek Temples—the one thing in Italy, south of Rome, in which I have felt the deepest interest. Beside these temples even the Coliseum is modern. They were built by a colony of Greeks two thousand four hundred years ago, and are considered the finest specimens of Greek architecture in the world, save those at Athens itself.

We left Salerno in a carriage drawn by three horses abreast, Italian fashion, at a pleasant hour in the morning ; no getting up at dawn, if you please, as the people have to do who make the excursion from Naples. The day was divine—warm, with the sky and sea oh ! so blue (the road runs along the shore), and that soft haze over the purple mountains which is, to me, the feature of an Italian landscape. It was a drive altogether of fifty-two miles, there and back. We passed through a number of small villages, and as it was carnival-time the whole population was enjoying itself with masks and processions, and much dancing of the Tarantella. This

road has always been a favourite haunt of brigands, only lately has it been considered safe for travellers. Ten years ago, Taine, who was visiting Naples, could not go to Paestum at all, although he waited a month for a safe time, and would have taken an escort. The thought that we were passing along a road where real brigands so recently hovered, quite added to the enjoyment of the drive. We looked up toward the near mountains, and imagined them sallying down from their strongholds, and retreating thither with booty and prisoners! No one assailed us, however. We even met two armed patrol-men. "United Italy" has been very determined with her brigands. Those who are not hanged are sent to one of the desolate islands, far out in the Mediterranean, where they have a fine opportunity to meditate and earn their living in Adam's way. After a while, the great columns of the temples began to loom up against the blue. We rolled through an old gateway between the crumbling town walls, and passing the few houses of the modern village, drove directly to the ruins. But "ruins" they can hardly be called, so perfectly are they preserved. Roofless, of course, but the great solid, yellow-brown stone pillars standing as evenly and firmly as ever. . . . I was not in the least disappointed in my first sight of Greek columns; indeed, the Temple of Neptune seemed to me the most perfect building I have ever seen. . . . I mean, in pure simple beauty.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

From NEPTUNE'S SHORE.

The next morning three carriages and two persons on horseback were following the long road that stretches southward from Salerno to Paestum. . . . In the soft spring air the mountains that rise all the way on the left at no great distance from the road had in perfection the vague, dreamy outlines and violet hues that form so characteristic a feature of the Italian landscape. Up in the sky their peaks shone whitely, powdered with snow. The flat plain that stretches from the base of the mountains to the sea had beauty of another kind; often a fever-swept marsh, it possessed at this season all a marsh's luxuriance of waving reeds and flowers and tasselled jungles, with water birds rising from their feeding-places, and flying along, low down, with a slow motion of their broad wings, their feet stretched out behind. Troops of buffalo could be seen here and there. At rare intervals there was an oasis of cultivated ground, with a solitary farmhouse. On the right, all the way, the Mediterranean, meeting the flat land flatly, stretched forward from thence into space, going on bluely, and rising a little on the horizon line as though it were surmounting a low hill. . . .

By-and-by the three temples loomed into view, standing in all their beauty on the barren waste, majestic, uninjured, extraordinary. Their rows of fluted columns, their brilliant tawny hues, their perfect Doric architecture, made the loneliness surrounding them even more lonely, made the sound of the sea

breaking near by on the lifeless shore a melancholy dirge. . . . the beautiful temples of Paestum that have gazed over that plain for more than two thousand years. . . .

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Harper's Magazine*).

London.

October 2nd, 1882.

Baden-Baden is the sweetest, loveliest place I have ever seen. I don't mean the little town (although that is pretty too), but the green gardens and slopes and the enchanting forest walks all about. It is in the "Black Forest," you know. I should like nothing better than to spend another summer there, when not so busy, and drive or walk every day in different directions over the shady roads. The orchestra, too, in the evenings was a great pleasure to me. I saw Dresden to great advantage, and was greatly charmed with the Gallery, which is the most splendid one (of paintings) I have ever seen. I mean "splendid" in its size, light and comfort. There are seats. Oh! there are seats! You can not only see the beautiful pictures, but you can see them without that terrible, insidious gallery-fatigue, which comes, I think, from the poor body's getting so very tired while the mind is taken up with its own pleasure. . . . Then the Rhine, and down it to Cologne and the cathedral. Then Brussels, its old City Hall, cathedral and pictures. Antwerp, *its* cathedral and more pictures. The channel and London. Of course I

am seeing everything here. In fact, I have seen so much since I left Baden the last of August, and I shall go on "seeing" so much for another month, probably, that I shall arrive in Florence again, gorged with impressions! There won't be room left in my mind or memory for a feather's weight more, and I shall be so glad to settle down for six months, and live monotonously, so as to sort over and classify my remembrances. . . .

I am enjoying London very much, I go to see the things I especially wish to see; get the books I especially wish to read; take long walks, see as much lovely scenery as I can find, and fence my days round with a great deal of quiet peacefulness. . . . Yesterday, I went down to the Inner Temple to attend service in the beautiful old Temple Church, I have always had a great interest in the "Temple," and was much disgusted when I found that the old Temple Bar had been taken down. Murray says that strangers are only admitted to the round part of the church; to get into the choir, where service is conducted, you must have an order from a "bencher," that is, one of the barristers who belong to the "Temple." But the verger invited me into the choir, and I greatly enjoyed everything. The exquisite roof, the solemn old effigies of the Knights Templar, full length, and life size, each with his sword and shield, so old that their names are lost—lying on slabs on the floor; the beautiful choral service; the eminently "English" congregation, composed in a large measure of law students and barristers. After service I took the

liberty of roaming all about the enclosure, stepping very gently, and pretending every time I met anybody that I was on my way out! I wasn't! I saw everything; the house where Dr. Johnson had his rooms; and Charles Lamb, and Goldsmith. The old churchyard where Goldsmith is buried. Also the "Temple Garden," where Shakespeare makes the roses plucked, the beginning of the Wars of the Roses. "No person admitted to this garden without an order," reads the notice at the entrance. So I gently walked in with the countenance of one who *has* an order! The garden is a broad green lawn sloping down to the Thames. I ought to say in half explanation of my boldness, that I knew it was the "Long Vacation," when rules are relaxed, as a large majority of the students and lawyers are away for some months in the country. The Knights Templar were old heroes of mine, so I made an especial journey to their old church. It is in this way that I am "seeing" London.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Florence.
1883.

The winter is about over here, and it has been to me in some respects pleasant; in others, vexatious. I have met some delightful people; but on the whole, the demands that Florentine society makes upon one's time are too great for any person who has other things to do. It is a very hurried, breathless sort of existence. Every family has its day for "receiving"

and if one calls on any other day, it is considered to mean that one does not care to get in. Result: one has to take all the precious afternoon hours—my only ones for walking and visits to the galleries—for these tiresome receptions, and one cannot even walk at that time, because there is not time for it! One has to go in a cab. Even I—a stranger—have been driven to a "day." In my case, however, it does not mean so much the "day," as the saving of the other six; no one gets in save on Saturday! I mustn't complain too much, though, for I have had some enchanting walks; we have been in all directions within a circle of eight miles, and nothing can surpass the beauty of the views and the soft purple of the mountains. . . . You ask about the Howells. They were here two months, and I saw a good deal of them. . . . He is not in the least like those of his friends whom I happen to know, and with whom I have unconsciously classed him all this time—Colonel Hay, Mr. King and Mr. James. . . .

Did Mrs. Hay write you of the party at the Stillman's? You know who Mrs. Stillman is, I presume; the beautiful Greek lady, the original of the Greek lady in Disraeli's "Lothair." The party consisted of such aesthetic ladies as London has sent to enlighten Florence; in pale blues and wan greens, with the most extraordinary arrangement of hair; they stood about, their distrait eyes fixed on space, having nothing to say on any of the usual topics—scorning them. Ever and anon through the rooms glided the tall thin figure of the dreamy

hostess, also with extraordinary hair, and, on the walls hung the still more extraordinary pictures of the aesthetic painters, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox-Brown—all wan, and mystic and mysterious—so much so that one was afraid to ask what they meant lest it should be too unusual, let us call it, for poor, plain, uninitiated Americans. . . .

But on the whole, Flora, I think your present way of enjoying society by far the best: to go comfortably to bed and hear all about it the next day! I don't think that I shall go to any more "companies" large or small, and I am going to run away to Venice pretty soon. . . . I have the opportunity for making the acquaintance of Mr. Symonds in Venice. Miss Poynter, one of my especial friends here, sister of Sir E. Poynter of the Royal Academy, wants to bring it about. Shall I embrace it? The opportunity, not Symonds. . . . I fancy I shall not. . . .

I wondered last night in the pauses of the "Musicale" how it was that "Society" had grown so ineffably stupid! Of course it wasn't any change in myself! Oh, no! . . .

I was glad to hear of the appreciative H.'s. I am as devoted to compliments as Henry James is not. I am always delighted to get one. This is really true. I think it likely that I may stay in Italy a full year, going up into the Apennines somewhere for the summer. It seems to me but a little while since we were drinking tea over the fire at Sorrento. I shall not see those shores this year, as I have decided upon Florence. Of course I prefer Rome, but my

sister dreads the fever so sincerely that I have given it up. It seems to me now as if I should be the only American in Florence this year. Every other one is going to Spain. Nobody cares for anything but Velasquez and Spanish draperies. And I shall be left alone with my young man in black* ("Rascal") and Botticelli.

From a Letter to Mrs. Samuel Mather.

Venice.

April 25th, 1883.

. . . You see where I am. I ran away from Florence the other day. I knew too many people there, and had to spend too much time paying visits. Here I hoped to know no one, and have already met twenty-three acquaintances! However, they are tourists; and tourists never stay long—even in this enchanting water-city. I have never had half enough of Venice, though I have been here several times. I have stepped into some quaint old rooms at the top of a dilapidated palace on the Grand Canal, with ancient little balconies and the view is delicious. . . . I am up a good many stairs, but I have the view, and I am in Venice. . . . It is a sort of Italian Newport, you know; people come here for the sea bathing. . . . I had a pleasant winter in Florence. I went out quite a good deal for me. If there is any improvement to be derived from mixing in "Society," I must be im-

* Portrait of a nobleman, called the "Young Englishman," by Titian (Pitti Palace).

mensely polished! But I only feel "mixed!" I couldn't write much, because they left me no time, so I have come here to make up the lost hours.

May 20th.

Venice is enchanting. Last night, in the full moon, the canal was dotted with gondolas, and music filled the air. It was beautiful as a dream. I went to a reception on board an Egyptian Steamship this past week—afternoon tea. It was a pretty sight, with awnings and flags. Ever so many titles, three Princesses, and plenty of Countesses, with the gentlemen belonging to them; Lady Layard and Sir Henry Layard. Ever so many young people who played "nautical" games on the deck.

From Letters to Mrs. Samuel Livingston Mather.

From IN VENICE.

These ladies occupied rooms on the third floor of a palace on the Grand Canal, not far below the Piazzetta. The palace was a stately example of Renaissance architecture, with three rows of majestic polished columns extending one above the other across its front. Between these columns the American

Certainly there is nothing like Venice in June. There is a sea-breeze all the time; always the fishing boats with their coloured sails, floating to and fro; the pictures in the churches and galleries are deliciously rich and beautiful; and the motion of the gondola is indescribably soothing to any one who is sad or tired. . . .

From a Letter.

* * * * *

Sometimes we go off on the lagoon; sometimes we float down the Grand Canal. I have seen something of Venetian society, and like it. I think it more picturesque than the society of Florence.

From a Letter to Mrs. Lawson Carter.

tenant . . . looked out upon the golden Venetian light—a light whose shadows are colours; mother-of-pearl, emerald, orange, amber, and all the changing gradations between them—thrown against and between the reds, browns and fretted white marbles of the buildings rising from the water; that ever-moving water which mirrors it all—here a sparkling, glancing surface, there a mysterious darkness, both of them contrasting with the serene blue of the sky above, which is barred towards the riva by the long, lean, sharply defined lateen spars of the moored barks and made even more deep in its hue over the harbour by the broad sails of the fishing-sloops outlined against it, as they come slowly up the channel, rich, unlighted sheets of tawny yellow and red, with a great cross vaguely defined upon them. Next to the Renaissance palace was a smaller one, narrow and high, of mediæval gothic, ancient and weather-stained; it had lancet-windows adorned above with trefoil, and a little carved balcony like old Venetian lace cut in marble. Here, Mr. and Mrs. Lenox occupied the floor above that occupied by the ladies in the larger palace. Communication was direct, however, owing to a hall-way, like a little covered bridge, that crossed the canal which flowed between—a canal narrow, dark, and still, that worked away silently all day and all night at its lifelong task of undermining the ponderous walls on each side; gaining perhaps a half-inch in a century, together with the lighter achievement of eating out the painted wooden columns which, like lances set upright in the sand at a tent's door, the

old Venetians were accustomed to plant in the tide round their water-washed entrances. At four o'clock the little company started, the three from the Gothic palace having come across the hall-bridge to join the others. Two gondolas were in waiting; as the afternoon was warm, they had light awnings instead of the antique black tops with the sombre drapery sweeping out behind.

"I like the black tops better," observed Claudia. "Any one can have an awning, but the black tops are 'Venetian.'" . . . Claudia talked; she talked well, and took the Venetian tone.

"The only thing that jars upon me," she said, after a while, "is that these Venetians of to-day—those men and women we are passing on the riva now, for instance—do not appreciate in the least their wonderful water-city—scarcely know what it is."

"They don't study 'Venice' because they are Venice—isn't that it?" said Mrs. Lenox. . . .

"I hope not," said Claudia . . . "at least, I hope the old Venetians were not so; I like to think that they felt, down to their very finger-tips, all the richness and beauty about them."

"You may be sure the feeling was unconscious compared with ours," replied Mrs. Lenox. "They did not consult authorities about the pictures; they were the pictures. They did not study history; they made it. They did not read romances; they lived them." . . .

They reached the island and landed; Mrs. Marcy and Blake were already there, sitting on the sun-warmed steps of the church, whose smooth white façade and red campanile are so conspicuous from Venice. "We were discussing the shape of the prow of the gondola," said Mrs. Marcy. . . . "To me it looks like the neck of a swan." . . . Mr. Blake advanced the equally veteran comparison of the neck of a violin.

"It is the shining blade of St. Theodore, the patron of the gondolas," suggested Claudia.

"To me it looks a good deal like the hammer of a sewing-machine," observed Mrs. Lenox lightly.

This was so true that they all had to laugh.

"But this will never do, Mrs. Lenox," said Blake, . . . "You will destroy all our carefully prepared atmosphere with your modern terms. Here we have all been reading up for this expedition, and we know just what Ruskin thinks; wait a bit and you will hear us talk! And not one will be so rude as to recognize a single adjective."

"You admire him then—Ruskin?" said the lady.

"Admire? That is not the word; he is the divinest madman! Ah, but he makes us work! In some always inaccessible spot he discovers an inscrutably beautiful thing, and then he goes to work and writes about it fiercely, with all his nouns in capitals, and his adjectives after the nouns instead of before them—which naturally awes us. But what produces an even deeper thrill is his rich way of spreading his possessive cases over two words

instead of one, as, 'In the eager heart of him,' instead of 'In his eager heart.' This cows us completely."

"I want to go in the church. I don't want to stay out here any longer," announced Theocritus, and, as his aunt let him have his way, the others followed her, and they all went in together. Compared with the warm sunshine without, the silent aisles seemed cool. After ten minutes or so Mrs. Marcy and Blake came out, and seated themselves on the step again. . . .

Within, the others were looking at the beautiful Tintorettos in the choir. After a while the ill-favoured but gravely serene young monk who had admitted them approached and mentioned solemnly "the view from the campanile"; this not because he cared whether they went up or not, but simply as part of his duty.

"I should like to go," said Claudia; "I love to look off over the lagoons."

"*I* don't want to go," said Theocritus, holding back. "I want to stay here, and see that picture some more; and I'm going to!" . . .

"You two go up," said Mrs. Lenox, in a low tone, "I will wait for you here." . . .

At the top they had the view; wide green flatness towards the east, northeast, southeast, with myriad gleaming silvery channels; the Lido and the soft line of the Adriatic beyond; towns shining whitely in the north; to the west, Venice, with its

long bridge stretching to the mainland; in port, at their feet, a large Italian man-of-war; on the south side, the point of the Giudecca. . . .

Down below, in the still church, the little boy sat beside his aunt, her arm around him, his head leaning against her. The monk had withdrawn. "The angels were all there, no doubt," she was saying; "but only a few painters have ever tried to represent them in the picture. It is not easy to paint an angel if you have never seen one."

"Pooh! I have seen them," said Theocritus, "hundreds of times. I have seen their wings. They come floating in when the sunshine comes through a crack—all dusty, you know. How many of them there do you suppose saw the angels? Not that big girl with the plate anyhow, *I* know!" * . . .

* * * * *

Claudia had a great liking for St. Mark's. . . .

"That leanest mosaic in the central dome is an old friend of mine," said Blake, "he has told me many things in his time (I am an inveterate Venetian lounger, you know), bending down from his curved abode, his glassy eyes on mine, and a long, thin finger pointed. Be careful; he has noticed you."

Several days later, strolling into the church, he found her there. "As usual," he said.

"Yes, as usual," she answered. . . . She was sitting at the base of the last of the great pillars of

* Tintoretto—Marriage at Cana.

the nave, where she could see the north transept with the star-lights of the chapel at the end, the old pulpit of coloured marbles with its fretted top and angel, and the deep, gold-lined dimness of the choir-dome, into which the first horizontal ray of sunset light was now stealing—a light which would soon turn into miraculous splendour its whole expanse.

"It always seems to me like a cave set with gold and gems," said Blake, taking a seat beside her. "And, in reality, that is what it is, you know—a wonderful robbers' cavern. As somebody has said, it is the church of pirates—of the greatest sea-robbers the world has ever known, and they have adorned it with the magnificent mass of treasure they stole from the whole Eastern hemisphere."

"I wish they had stolen a little for me—one of those Oriental chains, for instance. But what pleases me best here is the light. It isn't the bright, vast clearness of St. Peter's that makes one's small sins of no sort of consequence; it isn't the sombreness of the Duomo at Florence, where one soon feels such a dreadful repentance that the new virtue becomes acute depression—it is a darkness, I admit, but of such a warm, rich hue that one feels sumptuous just by sitting in it. . . . like the women of Veronese. . . . But those Veronese pictures—after all, what do they tell us? Blue sky and balconies, feasts and brocades, pages and dogs, colours and splendour, and those great fair women with no expression in their faces—what does it all mean?"

"Simply beauty!"

"Beauty without mind, then."

"A picture does not need mind. But, to be worth anything, beauty it must have." . . .

She was silent for a while. The first sunset ray had now been joined by others, and together they had lighted up one-half of the choir-dome; its gold was all awake and glistening superbly, and the great mosaic figure enthroned there began to glow with a solemn, mysterious life. . . .

(*The Atlantic Monthly*). *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

Engelberg.

July 12th, 1883.

You see where I am? The same Alpine valley where I spent the summer two years ago. I hated to leave Venice—it was so beautiful; but I had a slight attack of illness, which showed me I needed higher air, so, a few days ago, off I started, and came over the new St. Gotthard Road, of which I can speak in high praise. I like it much better than the Mont Cenis route. The scenery is superb, cars much nicer; the tunnel is well-ventilated and only twenty-five minutes long. I may stay here until September and I may go higher, 6,000 feet up; I am now up 4,000 feet! I am very busy here; came up on purpose to write. There are plenty of people here, but so far, I am the only American, the others are English and German; it is not one of the American places.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

London.
March 29th, 1884.

The most magical place in the world is Rome. The most divine place, Venice (in May, June and July). The most interesting, without the least beauty, London. . . . The winter has been the "mildest on record." It has been far warmer than it ever was (in winter) on the Riviera, in Florence, in Sorrento, in Rome.* There has been no cold, not even frozen ground; no fog, no rain, no mud; best of all, no wind! All winter long the grass has been green in the parks, and the air has had that beautiful soft smoky look that I love. The flowers have been out for a month and over. I never imagined anything like it. I have grown very fond of London and have taken long walks in every direction. I am fond of walking in a city like Rome or London, because it is always safe. In the country, it is not safe for a lady alone, and half the time I prefer to be alone, when I prowl about this dear, dusky old town. I

* I must tell you . . . what a great satisfaction it was to me to have you take the view you did of my remaining in London, or at least in England, all winter, in case the climate agrees with me *and I feel like it*. There is certainly no one with so clear, calm, sensible a way of looking at things as you! Of course it is the thing for me to do—if it will be any comfort and change for me. But every one else writes against it! Fortunately, I have learned to do what I think best and let the rest go. If I tried to follow all the advice I get, I should soon be in an asylum. . . So far, it has not been cold at all. Dark—yes, foggy, yes; but not cold; so, as it is only the cold that makes me uncomfortable, I do very well here. You will laugh—but it is warmer here than it was at either Mentone, Rome, Sorrento, or Florence! The air is less harsh outside, and the houses are infinitely warmer. But of course I quite understand that many people could not stand the fog and the dark days. I am now able to go to the picture exhibitions; I enjoy them greatly; a glimpse of contemporary English art about which I knew very little. Mrs. Chadwick† and I are contemplating a visit to the Christmas pantomimes.
From a Letter to Mrs. Lawson Carter.

† Cornelia Floyd-Jones (Mrs. Admiral Chadwick).

have hunted up all the Dickens and Thackeray sites. The other day I found the sunken stone passage in the grounds of Lansdowne House, the scene of the murder in Trollope's "Phineas Redux."

But it is endless—I couldn't begin to tell you half . . . I cross the river; I go out to Hampstead and Highgate, the old "court suburb," Kensington, Chelsea, and down into "the city" to see Christ's Hospital and all sorts of places. Then there are always pictures to go and see—the Sir Joshua Reynolds collection at the Grosvenor is the finest ever made. . . . I have made almost no excursions. I did go down to Dulwich one beautiful day and see the college and excellent little gallery there. The first warm—I mean summer-warm—day, I am to go down the Thames to Greenwich, and then take the walk to Woolwich. But I am content with London itself. I couldn't finish the walks in it, in a year. . . .

I am always happy in England if for no other reason because the "lodging" system so exactly suits me. I abhor a public table! I have roast hare for dinner with bread (dreadful!) sauce; sometimes I have beefsteak pudding and then I think of Ruth Pinch. Five o'clock tea is my delight, and then I become French. I have "babas" to eat, and, on very grand occasions, "petits-fours." . . .

The whole city is in deep mourning to-day. I believe the Duke of Albany was very popular with the "people." I wanted to go down and hear the great bell of St. Paul's tolled. It is only rung, I believe, when there has been a death in the Royal Family.

From a Letter to Mrs. Sherman.

The Close,
Salisbury.
October 21*st*, 1884.

Nothing could be more ill-advised than my sitting down by gas-light to write to you, after writing all day; therefore I proceed to do it! . . . As I have always had a dream of spending a few weeks in an English Cathedral town, I selected Salisbury, as nearest to the coast after Canterbury. Here I am, and lodged in the most enchanting way, in the Close itself. The house is immensely ancient, and very plain in its appointments. It is the home of one of the cathedral vergers—the "pulpit verger," who makes a procession of himself before the Dean, when he (the Dean) walks majestically from his stall in the choir to the pulpit outside. In all the Close, only two people are allowed to take lodgers, my old verger, and the widow of another. You know, of course, the extreme beauty of the cathedral; it is as different as possible from Canterbury, being all one style—early English Gothic. Perfect as it is, with its beautiful spire, I am perverse enough to prefer Canterbury! But as to the Close, I give it up; this is more beautiful, though it has not the charming ruins of Canterbury. But why make comparisons? It is the bane of travellers. If I should write pages I could not tell you how lovely the Close is; so I won't try. Imagine me, however, taking my daily afternoon walk there (it is very large), under the magnificent trees, now all coloured a little, with the cathedral forming the end of every vista—

different views of it—and always that beautiful spire—the highest in England—far up in the blue. On Sunday, I attend service in the afternoon, and owing to the verger being my landlord, I have the loveliest seat in a carved stall all by myself, with the most dignified Canon behind me in his red hanging hood. The music is delightful and the organ superb. I sit in my carved seat after service is over, as long as the organist plays; sometimes twenty minutes or so.

My little rooms in this ancient house are very bright and warm, with open fires in each. My sitting-room looks out on an old garden, and on one side there is a small old brick house, as old as Shakespeare's time, I am sure, with leaden-framed panes, and old beams outside, etc. I ask, who lives there? "The Bishop's bell-ringer, ma'am." "Why the Bishop's, especially?" "Because he only rings the bell, ma'am, when the Bishop enters the cathedral." "How does he know when the Bishop is going there? The Bishop might go on a week-day or at any odd hour." "It is his duty, ma'am, to go every morning to the Palace, and inquire his Lordship's intentions." That will show you how deep in I am! I am over my head in all sorts of ecclesiastical customs, and derive no end of entertainment from it all. My verger has a number of curious old books on Salisbury, the cathedral, the town, etc., with old prints in them. I can tell you the whole history of "Old Sarum" now, as well as "New." I have been to Stonehenge*, but the other excursions I have

* *Vide* p. 285.

not time now to take—Wilton House with the Van Dycks, Longford Castle and Winchester. . .

I have been in England a year, and have only seen a little of Kent—that is, Dover, and Canterbury, and now Salisbury, and that, with London itself, (which I know well) is all—as I see very thoroughly the places I *do* see. My ecclesiastical lodgings here are much more "characteristic" and "local to the soil" than those at Dover. Being Michaelmas-time I have goose and apple sauce! Then I have partridge, pheasants, rabbits and young hares! "Bread sauce," of course, with everything!

I walk all over the neighbourhood in the late afternoon, always walking all round the beautiful Close the last thing before coming in. One day I walked out to the small ancient stone church where George Herbert officiated so long. It stands open all the time, and I went in and sat down. I used to know a number of his poems by heart in the old days, but as I sat there I could only recall the lines:

"Who sweeps a room, if by Thy Will,
Makes that, and the action, fine . . ."

* After dinner we walked to Salisbury Plain. On the broad downs, under the grey sky, not a house was visible, nothing but Stonehenge—which looked like a group of brown dwarfs in the wide expanse . . . We walked round the stones and clambered over them, to wont ourselves with their strange aspect and grouping and found a nook sheltered from the wind among them, where Carlyle lighted his cigar. *Emerson. English Traits.*

Note by Miss Woolson: My own memorable visit to Stonehenge with Henry James, September 7th, 1884. It was so cold that we could scarcely speak, and finally we became silent. On Salisbury Plain, the wind blew so that I thought the carriage would be overturned. The driver turned out of the road down into a gully where we were somewhat protected and there we waited half an hour with the wind roaring overhead. At last we reached Salisbury, dined on a Michaelmas goose in my lodgings in the Close, and then we finished the day (and his visit) by going to see some strolling players in a hall not much better than a barn. They gave "A School for Scandal."

What would your father say to a village with forty inhabitants only, having a church, a nice rectory, and rector with $2.500 a year? Endowment, of course.

"My Lord Bishop" is very old, and seldom goes out, but "The very Rev. the Dean," a handsome, dignified man, the three "Rev. and Venerable Archdeacons," the "Canons," the "Minor Canons," the "Sub-Dean," the "Vicars Choral" and the choristers are always about the Close.

These beautiful old "Canonical" houses, where all the Canons, etc. live, all round the Close, are a constant delight to my eyes. Several of them—fourteen or fifteen at least—are three or four hundred years old. As I walk around just before coming in, about 5.30, they are all having afternoon tea, the fire-light shines out and I can see in; and the comfortable rooms and solid furniture, and very comfortable-looking clergymen, young and old, with their wives and female kind all sitting about with tea-cups. . . they are a handsome, vigorous race, as a whole. . . .

I must tell you of my walk this afternoon. Two miles through the English meadows, across stiles, over little streams, on rustic bridges, and finally I reach, first the "Manor House," called the "Moat," then a red brick Rectory covered with vines, where they are playing lawn-tennis, and finally, the most picturesque little country church of grey stone, with a great Norman tower covered with ivy. It stands open, though no one is there. I go in, and look at

the old carved tomb of the Duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded in Salisbury, A.D. 1483; a curious piece of old sculpture.

In one of the old houses in the Close (Salisbury), Richard the Third was staying when he gave the order for the execution of the Duke. "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham."

I prowl about the old churchyard—which is most beautiful—and then wander back through the green meadows home again, toward the soaring spire. I go about to all the country churches, and perhaps some one will want to know, like the Austrian student who wrote to me when I was at Innsbruck; "Why are you always so pale, and why do you visit three churchyards in one afternoon?" . . .

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Leamington, Warwickshire.
September 22nd, 1885.

I am enchanted with Warwickshire. I like it better than any part of England I have yet seen, by far. Before Clara left, we took a number of excursions together: to Stratford-on-Avon, to Coventry*, to

* Do you remember our lovely drive to Coventry—with its three spires? And the marmalade and cresses with the tea? And "Mr. Toots"—whom we surprised there talking to the barmaid?

England is, to me, a lovely country, and if I were able I should like to spend all my remaining foreign summers there. I am afraid I shall never see "the beautiful Dee" (in Scotland). I grow less and less of a traveller each year. But you must certainly see it, and drive along the banks *for* me, and tell me all about it. I never want to "drive" along any banks, or anything else, you know! . . .

That mysterious legend "By especial appointment to the Queen"—which one sees so often in England inscribed over the doors of little shops in provincial High Streets, where the inns have names which . . . are as fantastic as anything in "Tartarin": the "White Horse," the "Crab and Lobster"; the "Three Choughs" and the "Five Alls."
From a Letter.

Warwick Castle, Kenilworth and Oxford. My day at Stratford was so complete and perfect in every respect that its memory is like a beautiful little picture, all by itself, which will live in my recollection distinctly, as long as I live. As a general thing I hate "glimpses" of places, just as I hate rapid travelling. But Stratford is so small, so rural; there is nothing to distract the attention. You wander from the house where he was born, down the rambling, quaint old street to his school, the remains of his second home, and so, along the lovely river walk to the old church where he is buried; and it seems such a complete and natural sequence! Of course, to have the picture perfect, the day must be charming also. Our day was, the perfection of the English September, warm, with the sun shining rather redly through haze. Before going back to Leamington for dinner, we had tea at the "Shakespeare Inn."

Since I have been alone, I have walked all about the near surrounding country, more and more fascinated, more and more delighted every day. There are such picturesque, sleepy little villages of "half-timbered" houses, thatched and covered with vines, and always a little ancient church, with grey Norman tower and rooks soaring about it. But all this has been described far better than I can do it in Hawthorne's "Our Old Home"; there are some perfect descriptions of Leamington and Warwick.

I can go by train to Warwick or Kenilworth in a few minutes; then I have my afternoon walk

either on the red battlements of Kenilworth in the sunset light, or in the beautiful gardens of Warwick Castle. Yesterday I drove for an hour and a half in the Park of Stoneleigh Abbey, about five miles from here. It was a perfect afternoon, and the magnificent old oaks and elms, the many deer, the Avon flowing through—all was to me extremely restful and lovely . . . I have a plan for spending a month in Oxford, as I fell desperately in love with it during the day we spent there. I am so delighted to be "in love" with some of these English places. It makes a balance-weight for my love of Italy, so that I shall not grow one-sided ! . . .

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Seymour Street,
Portland Square,
London.

February 23rd, 1886.

. . . I must tell you that I not only saw the great London mob—but was in it ! . . . I was coming down one of the little streets of Mayfair, that lead into Piccadilly, when I saw the great crowd pass along the latter street; as there were, of course, no windows across the mouth of my street, I did not see any stone-throwing. I noticed what a strange-looking, tumultuous throng it appeared to be, and I wondered what they were about; it never occurred to me that it was a mob. I thought it was one of the numerous processions that are always going

on in London, about something or other. So I waited about forty feet off, until the thickest part of the crowd had gone by, and then calmly pursued my way, and entered Piccadilly, turning eastward—as I was going to the Strand to buy a trunk. Where I entered—at Clarges Street—there are no shops, only the high walls before the town residences of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Ashburton; so I passed on, seeing as yet, no broken windows, but perceiving that the "procession" as I still supposed it to be, had banished the cabs and carriages that usually crowd Piccadilly. I noticed also that I was surrounded by workmen, all going in the opposite direction. They were in groups of eight and ten together, and while not in the least rude—as I made my way among them—they had yet a sort of "larking," hilarious aspect. At length I noticed that I was the only woman in sight! Next, as I still went eastward, I began to come to the shops, and then I saw the traces of the "mob." All the shutters were up, or half up, and over the tops of some of them peered the white faces of the shop people, looking oh! so frightened! The pavement was covered with broken glass, and fragments of all sorts of things that had been thrown. I was still surrounded by the workmen, but now I saw it was something serious, so I tried every shop door (though I did it quietly, so as not to attract attention) until I found one that opened, when, without ceremony, I went in. It was a picture store; the great plate glass windows all smashed, the pictures

injured, the shutters up. I said to the proprietor: "Can you tell me what is the matter?" "A mob, madam," he answered, "a horrible mob; they have been breaking all the windows and smashing everything all the way up from Trafalgar Square." I asked where they had gone now, and he said "To Hyde Park." My next remark was: "Perhaps I had better go home?" "*Decidedly*," was the impressive answer of the picture dealer. So I stepped out into the street again, and going through the first passage into Berkeley Square, where all was quiet, I took refuge under the gateway of Lansdowne House, and waited for a cab. Fortunately, I saw one and hailed it; then, not wishing to be taken through Bond Street, where is always danger of a block even on ordinary days, I said to the driver, "Cross Berkeley Square to Grosvenor Square, and through North Audley Street to Oxford Street," the exact route, as you may remember perhaps, taken by the mob, who did *not* go to Hyde Park, or at least, not until several hours later. As my cab crossed Grosvenor Square, the mob entered it, and as we flew along North Audley Street, they were just behind. Even I could hear the noise. I reached home safely, and not at all alarmed, I can truly say, excepting as usual, over my cab horse—a horse at any time seeming to me far worse than a mob. The next day I appreciated that I had had a most fortunate escape, as a number of ladies, not only in private carriages but in cabs, were stopped, and very roughly treated. That day and the next there was a black fog, so that I had to

have my parlour lamp lighted all day. I cannot describe to you the strange, sinister aspect of the large town filled with rumours of the mob, and all the street lamps lighted in the middle of the day. The scare was not over for several days, and Oxford Street, on the *third* day after the mob, looked like a street in a besieged city. I presume you have read of the great damage done, but to see it with one's own eyes makes a wonderful impression. I went over the mob's track on foot, as soon as possible, to see all the superb windows of the magnificent residences on the west side of Grosvenor Square entirely gone, and boarded up temporarily, until new plate-glass could be obtained. The weather through all has been the darkest I have ever seen in London, and you might imagine from the look of things that the last day was near. "Babylon" seemed doomed. In my opinion, English "Society" is dreadfully corrupt. I don't say it is worse than that of Paris or Rome, but in Paris and Rome the corruption is not concealed, and in England there is *always* an outside surface of morality and respectability. . . . Whether it is better to be wicked and cover it up, or to be wicked and proclaim it, I don't pretend to decide. I am merely a "looker on." . . .

The cold, dark weather, and the mobs make me, this time, willing to leave England. Generally I leave with a deep pang which lasts for weeks, as I am so very fond of the misty, green island. Fortunately, this time I am going to Italy—the country I love

best of all European ones. It comes next in my heart after Florida. . . .

From a Letter to Samuel Livingston Mather.

Florence.

April 30th, 1886.

. . . I left London nearly a month ago, and made a long, slow journey southward. I stopped over along the route, among other places, at Strassburg, to see the beautiful cathedral. It *is* beautiful—the exterior. As regards the interior, the Italian churches are, to me, always more interesting, because so crowded with marbles, and bas-reliefs, and carvings and all sorts of exquisite things. But they have not as a general rule, fine exteriors ; save the Duomo here, the cathedral at Milan, and St. Mark's, Venice.

I climbed up to the platform at the base of the spire, to see the valley of the Rhine ; the same view that I used to see from Baden from the other side. I had the most ridiculous adventure with a Frenchman, an elderly and irascible person. I met him first in the cathedral, where he was trying to see the celebrated clock with moving figures. The sacristan told him it was out of order and not exhibited. This enraged the Frenchman. " Since it is by far the most interesting thing you have here—in fact, what one comes to Strassburg to see, it is *outrageous* that you refuse to show it ! " he cried, including me in his audience, as I, too, had gone to the south transept where the clock is supposed to be. I went off to

another part of the building. Presently I heard, " Puisque c'est la chose la plus remarquable, Madame," etc. He had followed me, to get a fellow-traveller's sympathy, I suppose. I went up to the top of the cathedral. " Puisque c'est la chose—" ; there he was again, and again he began. I went down to the sculptured porch. In a few moments, " puisque," etc., and we had it all over again. I departed, and went to another street to look at some photographs. Over my shoulder I heard, " Ah, vous voilà encore," (but I thought it was he, not I, who was " voilà ") " puisque c'est la chose," so this time I answered him, and I suggested to him to go and mend it. He stared, and then burst into a laugh. Twice after that I met him in the street, and each time, he said : " Mend it ! Good ! "

I stayed two days in Lucerne to rest. But it rained one day steadily, and the next, snowed ! The snow was several inches deep when I left. The St. Gotthard is as wonderful as ever ; this is the third time I have been over the road. I will say, however, that this third time the great tunnel seemed to me shorter than it has seemed before. It snowed tremendously up to the top of the Pass, and there I saw the winter drifts eight and ten feet high ; it was so early that there was no sign of spring. But about four in the afternoon, " Italy " began to announce herself, as we slid down, down towards Lombardy. No more snow. Then the detached campaniles, then the vines, the pink houses, the white oxen and the blue, blue sky. At eight in the evening I reached

Milan. The next day, from Milan to Venice, was all that I longed for, all that I have dreamed of during the three years of absence. Como and Lugano had been lovely as I passed them at sunset the day before, but it was still rather too early in the season to see their full beauty; they looked a little cold. But their sister lake of Garda was enchanting as we skirted it for half an hour. Venice was unspeakably beautiful. It was moonlight, and warm as July at home, when my gondola left the railroad station, and shot out into the Grand Canal on its way to the hotel, which I had chosen as far from the station as possible. I think I felt compensated for all my years of toil just in that one half hour! All the palaces were as beautiful as ever, and everything as dreamlike. . . .

Florence is lovely. I am such an old resident now that I no longer go about with a Baedeker at nine o'clock in the morning. But I anticipate the greatest pleasure in re-visiting, one by one, and at my leisure, all my favourite pictures, statues, churches and palaces.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

From DOROTHY.

(Description of the Villa Castellani at Bellosguardo where Miss Woolson lived before she took the Villa Brichieri-Colombi, near by).

The Villa Dorio is a large, ancient structure of pale yellow hue; as is often the case in Tuscany, its façade rises directly from the roadway, so that

any one can drive to the door and knock by simply leaning from the carriage. But privacy is preserved all the same by the massive thickness of the stone walls, by the stern iron cages over the lofty lower windows, and by an entrance portal which resembles the gateway of a fortress. The villa, which in the shape of a parallelogram extends round an open court within, is large enough for five or six families; for in the old days, according to the patriarchal Italian custom, the married sons of the house with their wives and children were all gathered under its roof. In these later years its tenants have been foreigners, for the most part people of English and American birth—members of that band of pilgrims from the land of fog and the land of haste who, having once fallen under the spell of Italy, the sorcery of that loveliest of countries, return thither again and yet again. . . .

Mrs. Tracy had taken the entire place for a year: she could not occupy it all . . . for there were fifty rooms, besides five kitchens, a chapel and an orange-house; she had selected, therefore, the range of apartments upstairs which looked towards the south and west; and the long, frescoed, echoing spaces that remained were left to the ghosts. For there was a ghost who clanked chains! * . . . The

*. . . The great tower of Hawthorne's villa is near! The tower was the "Keep," and they fled there when attacked. There is also somewhere, an underground chapel! And a ghost haunts my bedroom. I have heard him! Miss Greenough (who has the apartment above me) began to explain "the Ghost," But I begged her not to. I adore "the Ghost" unexplained.

I wish I could send you an instantaneous glimpse of the view, as it looks this minute—with the "Arno wandering towards Pisa and the sea." . . .

Villa Dorio has more than one garden, and it has also vineyards, olive groves, and the fields of the podere or farm in the valley below, with their two fountains and the little chapel of the Holy Well. The north western garden is an enchanting spot. It is not large, and that adds to the charm, for its secluded nearness, so purely personal to the occupier, yet overhangs, or seems to, a full half of Tuscany; from the parapet the vast landscape below looks towards the sunset as wide and far-stretching as the hidden shelf, one's standing point is private and small. When one ceases to look at the view—if one ever does cease—one perceives that the nook has no formal flower-beds; grass, dotted with the pink daisies of Italy, stretches from the house walls to the edge, here and there are rose-bushes, pomegranates, oleanders, and laurel, but all are half wild. The encircling parapet is breast-high; but by leaning

Miss Blagden, an English authoress, used to live in these rooms; she was the most intimate friend of E. B. Browning, and every morning, "Isa" (Blagden) went down to Casa Guidi to see "Lizzie," and every afternoon "Robert" came up here to see "Isa."

Not far off is the villa where my uncle Fenimore spent two summers, sixty years ago. My cousins write that they were the happiest summers of his whole life.

The olives are bending the trees with their enormous crops this year, and the figs in my old garden are perfectly delicious. Come and get some!

From a Letter to Miss Emily Vernon Clark.
(1886).

Lady Hobart's villa "Montauto" is an enormous old place (13th century) with an old battlemented tower, and the splendid Bellosguardo view. The walls are so thick that it is cool, and there is a large garden. . . The evenings up on top of that old tower, with the vast landscape darkening slowly round . . . what an atmosphere for a novelist! Hawthorne wrote the "Marble Faun" there one summer, you know. Perhaps one could catch a breath of his spirit.

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

over one sees that on the outside the ancient stones go plunging down, in course after course, to a second level far below—the parapet being in reality the top of a massive retaining wall. . .

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Harper's Magazine*).

Villa Brichieri,
Bellosguardo.
(1887).

I have now been house-keeping here since Jan. 1st, and it is an immense success in every way. . . . The villa has but two stories, and stands at the top of the steep hill of "Bellosguardo," as one comes up from Florence. The situation is unrivalled, for owing to its position it commands not only the "sweet Val d'Arno," as Ruskin calls it, but all Florence with its domes and towers, and range upon range of the Apennines beyond. Everywhere, when I raise my eyes from either drawing-room (there are two), dining-room, bedroom, dressing-room or writing-room, I see the most enchanting landscape spread out before me; mountains, hills, river, city, villages, old castles, towns, campaniles, olive groves, almond trees and all the thousand divine "bits" that make up Italian scenery.

My apartment has nine rooms besides kitchen and servants' quarters. I have the most excellent cook: a man. He is really a chef. Everything is served in the most tempting way. He learned his art in Paris. I pay him ten dollars a month, and

am considered to pay a very high price. But I felt, living out here in the country, that it was important to have a good man-servant. He is over fifty, and as "handy" as a Yankee—mending everything that is broken or out of joint, and taking a great pride in having my house in perfect order.

Then I have an active little woman, Assunta; and the two form my force. . . All goes like clock-work, and I have no care at all. A few minutes in the evening I give to Angelo (the cook), and once a week I look over the accounts. Italian house-keeping is very easy—once you have learned it. . . . Once a week I am "at home"—as every one is at Bellosguardo on that day. When it is pleasant, all of us here are overwhelmed with callers—for the view is one of the lions of Florence and every one drives up to see it. When it is not pleasant, we are let alone—or left alone. The other days I have to myself, and spend the mornings in my little writing-room—which overhangs the Val d'Arno—and my afternoons rambling over these enchanting hills.* You will see from all this that I am very happy here. I am indeed . . . happier than I have been for years—with this enchanting landscape and a home of my own.

From a Letter to Mrs. Sherman.

* After a while we pass this stage of antiquity shops. But we never pass the Etruscans, or rather, I should speak for myself and say that I never passed them; I was perpetually haunted by them. There was one road in particular, a lonely track which led from Bellosguardo at Florence up a steep hill, and I was forever climbing this stony ascent because, forsooth, it was set down on an Italian map as "the old Etruscan way between Fiesole and Volterra," two strongholds of this mysterious people. I was sure that there were tombs with strangely painted walls; close at hand I made furtive archaeological pokes with my parasol. In Italy an Etruscan tomb seems the oldest thing in the world. *From Corfu and the Ionian Sea.*

Villa Brichieri,
Bellosguardo,
Florence.

March 1st, 1887.

I wish I could show you my view here. Take down "Aurora Leigh," turn to the seventh Book, and find the passage beginning "I found a house at Florence on the hill of Bellosguardo," etc., and you have a good description, save that poor Mrs. Browning—who almost never left her house down in the crowded town (Casa Guidi)—seems not to have been familiar with our second view here, namely the view down "the sweet Val d'Arno" toward the west. From the north and east sides of my villa I have the view described in "Aurora Leigh." But from my little writing-room on the south side, and from my bedroom, I have the Arno view, which I think the loveliest on earth. The wide soft valley is so peaceful, with its myriad sleepy white towns, and the gleam of the westward-going river; then, on each side, rise the velvet Apennines, their sides dotted with old castles, and towers and campaniles; and across the western end stand the strange abrupt Carrara mountains, far in the blue sky.

From a Letter to Miss Guilford.

We are a little excited at Bellosguardo just now because Prof. Willard Fiske of Cornell, is talking of buying the Villa Castellani, where Miss Greenough and the Bootts* live. . . . Eugene Schuyler

* *Vide* p. 301.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

AFTER A BUST BY RICHARD GREENOUGH.

[*To face p. 300*]

has been here twice, visiting Prof. Fiske. I think him *very* entertaining. . . .

The King does try so hard to do his duty and all his duty. This winter we are to have plenty of royalties, the King and Queen of Würtemberg have taken a villa on the other side of the valley; the Queen of Servia has a villa near Fiesole; and the poor German Crown Prince—such a handsome, stalwart man—has arrived in Venice with his family, and is to spend the winter in Italy—they say here, but I do not believe it, as Florence is so cold. . . .

I expect to have a very busy twelve months, and shall not have much time for letters. All the more reason why I want to receive them! . . . There has just been an addition to my family. A nightingale—a present. He is supposed to sing "ravishingly." I shall listen hard.

From a Letter to Mrs. Samuel Mather.

From A WAITRESS.

The next morning Gray . . . found himself awake at the abnormal hour of dawn; for in May and in Italy one can see the beginnings of light in the east soon after midnight. Long before four o'clock he

* Constance Fenimore Woolson.

French *Constancy*, a marsh; and "*I*" beyond,
Nor "*I*" alone. Still "*more*" yet not the whole;
Only in part a name, which to complete.
Some think can only be a *Cooper's* role.
No, rather the embroiderer's. So let
A skilful hand produce the tambour frame.
Set the *Wools on*, and end with them the name.
A name they'll ne'er dishonour. Far from that!
They'll add to it, increase its world-wide fame.

Bellosguardo, 1887. *Francis Boott.*

was dressed and out. He had a fancy to see the dew on the blossoms, to watch the sun rise above the Apennines, and touch, one by one, the grey towers with which in that part of Tuscany all the hills are crowned. . . . He walked up the road for a short distance; then he turned into a winding lane. Here he saw the thick dew on the hedges and fields, but only one bird; with great care Dennison had kept three birds' nests in the garden of Casa Colombina*; but they were probably the only nests for miles. Presently the sun rose above the eastern mountains, its first rays illumining distant, high-up villages which are invisible later in the day. Then came the gleam of the towers. Some of these stand alone, like the Tower of the Dove; two belong to ruined castles; but the majority are now attached to villas which were built later, or rather the villas have attached themselves to the towers. These villas, now old in their turn, are for the most part large, solid, blank-looking structures, yellow in hue, with a dignified group of cypresses near by. . . .

(*Harper's Magazine*). *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

Villa Brichieri,

Bellosguardo, Florence.

Can I possibly—with my stupid steel pen—tell you anything new about the villa that Connie's brilliant gold pen has not already told so well? And yet, I must write about it—I cannot keep silent. It is all so beyond what I had expected, so much more beautiful. But I must take you a

* The Church is called the Columbina, a Dovecote, after a Villa near it, the birthplace, in 1821, of Florence Nightingale.
Horner. "Walks in Florence."

little way back to let you see what went before, and to prepare you to share in our delight. It poured every moment in Liverpool; and in London it was cold and dark and dear (you can take that word in any sense you please). We left London early Wednesday morning, and met an angry sea at the channel, but we kept on. We could not enjoy or see much, for we used our three umbrellas as protectors against the very *actively* ill ones! At Calais we took the sleeping car for Basle, and, although we had a large compartment to ourselves, we . . . never slept at all. I vowed it should be my last night of travel. Mr. James arranged this trip, and all men (I have learned) really *love* a sleeping car. We had the daylight for the wonderful scenery and engineering of the St. Gotthard road, and wonderful it was. But we saw it through snow and sleet. . . I can never express what the coming from the rain, fog, cold and snow into the soft air of Italy was to us. We stopped at Milan for the night, and it was summer! We dropped off our steamer wraps gladly, and I felt some of the frozen wrinkles of my poor old face melting away. We wandered about the streets in the soft twilight until after 9 p.m. . . . The two thousand statues on the cathedral evidently remembered us, and gave us welcome. They looked surprised to see how much Clare had grown! In the morning, before our train started, we had a charming drive; and then all day, we came by train through this beautiful country; fresh flowers, fruit, picturesque costumes—all delightful.

We reached Florence at nine in the evening, and nothing more charming can be imagined than our welcome. As we drove up in the moonlight to the villa, on Connie's terrace stood Angelo, in his white cap, jacket and apron, holding a lamp, and behind him two Italian maids, smiling, and behind, on the threshold, stood Connie; and the little dog, Pax, jumped and barked his frantic welcome. The whole scene was a delightful picture of "welcome." Angelo sent us down from his queer little sky kitchen a delicious little supper, and we talked and talked before Connie's wood fire far into the night.

Yesterday, we went all over Lady Hobart's villa. She has Hawthorne's villa where he wrote "The Marble Faun." We wander about these beautiful hills and talk, and we come in and go out on the balcony, look at the view, have a cup of delicious tea, and talk. . . And we sit in Connie's pretty parlour, before an open wood fire in the evening, and talk!

And we go to bed talking; and we wake up and talk! Can you not imagine how much we have to say?

We are living like queens, and we shall be thoroughly spoiled. We have the lower floor of the villa, a delightful parlour and large bedroom, with open wood fires. . . Our villa is historic, it is the only one that Mrs. Browning entered, and in my parlour is a sofa upon which she sat once for three hours, as she looked off upon the same view that we exclaim over every day, and where she thought of that lovely description of it in "Aurora Leigh" beginning, "I found a house at Florence on the hill of Bellosguardo." In the face of this perfect description, I attempt nothing in that line. Besides the "Browning shrine," as I call the sofa, this part of the villa was occupied for seventeen years by Miss Alexander whom Ruskin has written so much about. We have her desk to write upon, and also the writing desk that Mr. Henry James used when he lived in these rooms. Do you wonder that my excited, trembling fingers can hardly hold a pen or write a word in such surroundings? Added to all this is the fact that our part of the villa was built before Columbus discovered "the land of the free and the home of the brave"! I have to pinch myself sometimes when I realize that I am living in rooms built before America *was*. The other day we attended a "tea" in the Andrea del Sarto house, and as we walked about and talked, we could also look at the queer old frescoes supposed to have been done by his pupils. Then I have twice visited the Romola House, and I have often dropped in and taken a cup of tea with the Miss Horners of "Walks in Florence" fame. Everywhere one calls, one enters, old palaces and sees queer old knockers, and *such* antique furniture and carving—it is all quite like a bric-â-brac shop!

The view from Connie's rose terrace and wide balcony is superb; the whole of Florence at our feet; Giotto's Campanile, the Cathedral, Palazzo Vecchio and all the rest, like gems in the landscape. And the interior of the villa is so pretty—such views from every window! Then the half has never been told of the cook, Angelo. He walks all the way to Florence every morning at five and buys the freshest and nicest things, and then carries them up himself. He does all the cooking (which is really worthy of Delmonico) and he washes windows, and does anything. A bell is hung from Connie's bed to his room, and so, he is cook by day and watchman by night, and Connie only pays him a *month*

what *we* pay in America a week, for poor service at that. And the rent of this whole delightful, furnished villa, commanding one of the most beautiful views in the world, is less than half what I pay for *two inferior* rooms in New York! . . .

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Mather.

Villa Brichieri,
Bellosguardo, Florence.
(1889).

. . . I suppose to the last moment of my life I shall never be able to hurry one line of my literary work—no matter how much I should like to do so. No matter how hot it is, nor how many mosquitoes, *that* must still move with the same absolute slowness and regularity. . . . What a long sigh I shall give when the last line has gone.* After I finish the proof, I shall do a little in the way of preparing the house for the people who will be coming to tramp through it, day by day, sent by the Brichieris, who will pull every wire to rent it again. . . . All the Boott† and Duveneck‡ things have departed—except Mrs. Browning's chair, which Duveneck has presented to me. . . . Duveneck . . . urges my going to Paris, and promises to do everything if I come. Miss Poynter§ wants me to go to Tours with her and see all the old Châteaux. I much wish to see Chartres, Rouen and Amiens, and also Rheims and Laon; also the "Church of Brou"—Matthew Arnold's—at Bourg. I have always

* "Jupiter Lights."

† Francis Boott, for many years a resident of Bellosguardo and the author of many well-known songs.

‡ Frank Duveneck, the distinguished artist.

§ E. Frances Poynter, author of "My Little Lady," etc., and sister of Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.

been trying to get there from Geneva, but have never accomplished it. . . .

Miss Greenough* is feeble. Her 80th birthday came on the 22nd. Her cook, whose name is Angelo like that of mine, died suddenly of heart failure last week, and Mary H. was much distressed lest Miss Greenough should find it out. Especially when, according to Italian custom, the confraternity came with torches to take him away. But all passed off safely ; they set the clock forward, had dinner earlier, and brought in lamps earlier, so that the light within the house kept her from seeing the glare of the torches outside. Then to keep her from hearing the tramp of feet, Mary H. talked and talked. She told me the next day that she had never talked so steadily in her life! . . . However, all went safely, and poor Angelo was carried away, covered with flowers, and followed by all the cooks of Florence, carrying torches, with a big banner. . . .

It is tiresome weather now. I shall be glad of a change. I went out and looked at the lunch table to-day, and felt, suddenly, that I could eat nothing. I sent for Angelo, and came back to the writing-room. Presently Angelo appeared.

" Angelo, I don't like those things I ordered for lunch, and I don't know what I *do* want. You must think of something yourself. When it is ready, Paolina can call me."

" Oui, Mademoiselle." He disappears.

* Miss Greenough, a member of the Greenough family of Boston and for many years a resident of Bellosguardo.

In twenty minutes I am called. To the dining-room I go, and find the whole table freshly set, and a completely fresh lunch, freshly cooked, of three courses and a sweet, beautifully served.

Such is the advantage of having a real "cook"—one who knows his art. I am never so "fussy" except when I am tired. . . . But I must stop now and go back to "Jupiter." . . .

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

From CORFU AND THE IONIAN SEA. (1889—1890).

Not long before Christmas, last year, I found myself travelling from Ancona down the Adriatic coast of Italy by the fast train called the Indian Mail. There was excitement in the very name, and more in the conversation of the people who sat beside me at the table of a queer little eating-house on the shore, before whose portal the Indian Mail stopped late in the evening. We all descended and went in. A dusky apartment was our discovery, and a table illuminated by guttering candles that flared in the strong currents of air. Roast chickens were stacked on this table in a high pile, and loaves of dark-coloured bread were placed here and there, with portly straw-covered flasks of the wine of the country. No one came to serve us; we were expected to serve ourselves. A landlord, who looked like an obese Don Juan, was established behind a bench in a distant

corner, where he made coffee with amiability and enthusiasm for those who desired it. It was supposed that we were to go to him, before we returned to the train, and pay for what we had consumed; and I hope that his trust in us was not misplaced, for, with his objection to exercise, and his dim little lamp, which illuminated only his smiles, there was nothing for him but trust. The Indian Mail carries passengers who are outward bound for Constantinople, Egypt, and India; his confidence rested perhaps in the belief that persons about to embark on such dangerous seas would hardly begin the enterprise by crime. To other minds, however, it might have seemed the very moment to perpetrate enormities. As we attacked the chickens, I perceived in the flickering glare that all my companions were English. Everybody talked, and the thrill of the one American increased as the names of the steamers waiting at Brindisi were mentioned—the "Hydaspes," the "Coromandel," the "Cathay," the "Mirzapore"; towards what lands of sandal-wood, what pleasure domes of Kubla-Khan, might not one sail on ships bearing those titles! The present voyagers, however, were all old travellers; they took a purely practical view of the Orient. Nevertheless, their careless "Cairo," "Port Said," "Bombay," "Ceylon," "Java," were as fascinating as the shining balls of a juggler when a dozen are in the air at the same moment. My right-hand neighbour, upon learning that my destination was Corfu, good-naturedly offered the information that the voyage was an easy one. . . .

After this outburst of talk, we all climbed back into the waiting train and went flying on towards the south, following the lonely, wild-looking coast, with the wind from the Adriatic crying over our heads like a banshee. It was midnight when we reached Brindisi. . . . At present this, the ancient Brundusium, is the jumping-off place for the traveller on his way to the East ; here, he must leave the land and trust himself to an enigmatical deep. . . . At Brindisi, I became the prey of five bare-legged boatmen, who, owing to the noise of the wind and the water, communicated with each other by yells. The Austrian-Lloyd steamer from Trieste, outward bound for Constantinople, which carried the friends I was expecting to meet, was said to be lying out in the stream, and I enjoyed the adventure of setting forth alone on the dark sea in search of her, in a small boat rowed by my Otranto crew. During the transit there was not much time to think of Brundusium with its memories of Horace and Virgil. . . .

Early the next morning, awakening on a shelf in a red velvet cupboard, I was explaining to myself vaguely that the cupboard was a dream, when there appeared through the port-hole a picture of such fairy-tale beauty, that the dream became lyrical—it began to sing :

" Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live ! "

At last those famous lines were actualities, for surely this was the sea of the Jumblies, and those heights without doubt, were " the hills of Chankly

Bore." (There are people, I believe, who do not care for the Jumblies. There are persons who do not care for "Alice in Wonderland," nor for Brer Rabbit, when he played on his " trangle " down by the brook).

The sea which I saw was of a miraculously blue tint; in the distance the cliffs of a mountainous island rose boldly from the water, their colour that of a violet pansy; a fishing boat with red sails was crossing the foreground; over all glittered an atmosphere so golden that it was like that of sunset in other lands, though the sky, at the same time, had unmistakably the purity of early morning. Later, on the deck, during the broadly practical time of after breakfast, this view, instead of diminishing in attraction, grew constantly more fair. The French novelist, Paul Bourget, describes Corfu as " so lovely that one wants to take it in one's arms!" Another Frenchman who was not given to the making of phrases, no less a personage than Napoleon Bonaparte, has left upon record his belief that Corfu has " the most beautiful situation in the world." What, then, is this beauty? What is this situation?

First, there is the long and charming approach with the snow-capped mountains of Albania looming up against the sky at the end; then comes the land-locked harbour; then the picturesque old town, its high stone houses, all of creamy hue, crowded together on the hill-side above the sea-wall, with here and there a bell-tower shooting into the blue. Below is the busy, many-coloured port. Above towers the dark double fortress on its rock. And, finally, the

dense, grove-like vegetation of the island encircles all, and its own mountain-peaks rise behind, one of them attaining a height of three thousand feet. There are other islands of which all this, or almost all, can be said—Capri, for instance. But at Corfu there are two attributes peculiar to the region; these are, first, the colour, second, the transparency. Although the voyage from Brindisi hardly occupies twelve hours, the atmosphere is utterly unlike that of Italy; there is no haze, all is clear. Some of us love the Italian haze (which is not in the least a mist), that soft veil which makes the mountains look as if they were covered with velvet. But a love of this softness need not, I hope, make us hate everything that is different. Greece (and Corfu is a Greek island) seemed to me all light—the lightest country in the world. In other lands, if we climb a high mountain and stand on its bald summit at noon, we feel as if we were taking a bath in light; in Greece we have this feeling everywhere, even in the valleys. Euripides described his countrymen as "forever delicately tripping through the pellucid air," and so their modern descendants trip to this day. This dry atmosphere has an exciting effect upon the nervous energy, and the faces of the people show it. . . . The mountains, the hills, the fields, are sometimes bathed in lilac. Then comes violet for the plains, while the mountains are rose that deepens into crimson. At other times salmon pink and purple tinges are seen, and ochre, saffron and cinnamon brown. This description applies to the whole of Greece, but among the

Ionian Islands the effect of the colour is doubled by the wonderful tint of the surrounding sea. Imagine the bluest blue you know—the sky, lapis lazuli, sapphires, the eyes of some children, the Bay of Naples—and the Ionian Sea is bluer than any of these. And nowhere else have I seen such dear, queer little foam sprays. They are so small and so very white on the blue, and they curl over the surface of the water even when the sea is perfectly calm, which makes me call them queer. You meet them miles from land, and all the shores are whitened with their never-ceasing play. It is a pigmy surf.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when our steamer reached her anchorage before the island town. Immediately she was surrounded by small boats whose crews were perfectly lawless, demanding from strangers whatever they thought they could get, and obtaining their demands because there was no way to escape them except by building a raft. Upon reaching land, one forgets the extortion, for the windows of the hotel overlook the esplanade, and this open space amiably offers to persons who are interested in first impressions a panoramic history of two thousand five hundred years in a series of striking mementos. . . .

From our windows, then, we could note, first, the Citadel, high on its rock, three hundred feet above the town. The oldest part of the present fortress was erected in 1550, but the site has always been the stronghold. Corinthians, Athenians, Spartans, Macedonians and Romans have in turn held the

island, and this rock is the obvious keep. Later, came five hundred years of Venetian control, and I am ashamed to add that the tokens of this last-named period were to me more delightful than any of the other memorials. I say "ashamed," for why should one be haunted by Venice in Greece? With the Parthenon to look forward to, why should the Lion of St. Mark sculptured on Corfu façades be a thing to greet with joy? . . . These memorials have as companions various tokens of the English occupation, which, following that of Venice, continued through forty-nine years. . . . Before this there had been a short period of French dominion; but the esplanade, so far as I could discover, contains no memorial of it, unless Napoleon's phrase can stand for one—and I think it can. The souvenirs of the British rule are conspicuous. The first is the palace built for the English governor—a functionary who bore the sonorous official name of Lord High Commissioner, a title that was soon shortened to the odd abbreviation—"The Lord High." . . . The period of English rule is further kept in mind by monuments to the memory of three of the Lords High—a statue, an obelisk, and (of all things in the world!) an imitation of a Greek temple. The esplanade also contains the one modern monument erected by the Corfiotes themselves—a statue of Capo d'Istria. John Capo d'Istria, a native of Corfu, was the political leader of Greece when she succeeded in freeing herself from the Turkish yoke. The story of his life is a part of the exciting tale of the Greek Revolution. . . . Capo d'Istria, a name which might

have been invented for a Greek patriot! . . . These various monuments of the esplanade do not, however, make Corfu in the least modern. They are unimportant when compared with the old streets which meander over the slopes behind them, fringed with a net-work of stone lanes that lead down to the water's edge. It has been said that the general aspect of the place is Italian. It is true that there are arcades like those of Bologna and Padua; that some of the by-ways have the look of a Venetian Calle, without its canal; and that the neighbourhood of the gay little port resembles on a small scale the streets which border the harbour of Genoa. In spite of this we have only to look up and see the sky; we have only to breathe and note the quality of the air, to perceive that we are not in Italy. Corfu is Greek, with a coating of Italian manners; and it has also caught a strong tinge from Asia. Many of the houses have the low door and masked entrance which are so characteristic of the East; at the top of the neglected stairway, as far as possible from public view, there may be handsome, richly furnished apartments, but if such rooms exist, the jealous love of privacy keeps them hidden. This inconspicuous entrance is as universal in the Orient as the high wall shutting off all view of the garden and park, is universal in England.

. . . Corfu has a martyr . . . who is sincerely honoured—St. Spiridion, or, as he is called in loving diminutive, Spiro. Spiro, who died fifteen hundred years ago, was bishop of a see in Cyprus, I believe. He was tortured during the persecution of the Chris-

tians under Diocletian. His embalmed body was taken to Constantinople, and afterwards, in 1489, it was brought to Corfu by a man named George Colochieretry. Some authorities say that Colochieretry was a monk; in any case, what is certain is that the heirs of this man still own the saint—surely a strange piece of property—and derive large revenues from him. St. Spiro reposes in a small dim chapel of the church which is called by his name; his superb silver coffin is lighted by the rays from a hanging lamp which is suspended above it. When we paid our visit, people in an unbroken stream were pressing into this chapel, and kissing the sarcophagus repeatedly with passionate fervour. The nave also was thronged; families were seated on the pavement in groups, with an air of having been there all day; probably Christmas is one of the seasons set apart for an especial pilgrimage to the martyr. Three times a year the body is taken from its coffin and borne round the esplanade, followed by a long train of Greek clergy, and of the public officials of the town; upon these occasions, the sick are brought forth and laid where the shadow of the saint can pass over them. "Yes, he's out to-day, I believe," said a resident to whom we had mentioned this procession. He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone. After seeing it three times a year for twenty years, the issuing forth of the old bishop into the brilliant sunshine to make a solemn circuit round the esplanade, did not, I suppose, seem so remarkable to him as it seemed to us.

There is another saint—a woman (her name I

have forgotten) who also reposes in a silver coffin in one of the Corfu churches. At first we supposed that this was Spiro. But the absence of worshippers showed us our mistake. This lonely witness to the faith was also a martyr; she suffered decapitation. "They don't think much of *her*," said the same resident. Then explanatorily, "You see—she has no head." This practically-minded critic, however, was not a native of Corfu. The true Corfiotes are very reverent, and no doubt they honour their second martyr upon her appointed day. But Spiro is the one they love. The country people believe that he visits their fields once a year to bless their olives and grain, and the Corfu sailors are sure that he comes to them, walking on the water in the darkness, when a storm is approaching . . . it is believed by the devout that sea-weed is often found about the legs of the good bishop in his silver coffin, after his return from these marine promenades. There is something very charming in this story and I shall have to hold back very hard to keep myself from alluding (and yet I do allude) to a shrine I know at Venice; it is far out on the lagoon and its name is Our Lady of the Sea-weed. The last time my gondola passed it, I saw that, by a happy chance, the high tide had left sea-weed twined about it in long floating wreaths, like an offering.

The name of the national religion of Greece is the Orthodox Church of the East, or, more briefly, the Orthodox Church. Western nations call it the Greek Church, but they have invented that name

themselves. The Orthodox Church has rites and ceremonies which are striking and sometimes magnificent. I have many memories of the churches of Corfu. . . . My impressions are of a series of magnified jewel-boxes. There was not much daylight; no matter how radiant the sunshine outside, within all was richly dim, owing to the dark tints of the stained glass. The soft light from the wax candles drew dull gleams from the singular metal-incrusted pictures. These pictures, or icons, are placed in large numbers along the walls and upon the screen which divides the nave from the apse. They are generally representations of the Madonna and Child in répoussé work of silver, silvered copper or gilt. Often the face and hands of the Madonna are painted on panel; in that case the portrait rises from metal shoulders, and the head is surrounded by metal hair. The painting is always of the stiff Byzantine school, following an ancient model, for any other style would be considered irreverent, and nothing can exceed the strange effect produced by these long-eyed, small-mouthed, rigid, sourly sweet virgin faces coming out from their silver-gilt necks, while below, painted taper fingers of unearthly length encircle a silver Child, who in His turn, has a countenance of panel, often all out of drawing, but hauntingly sweet. . . . The churches have no seats. I generally took my stand in one of the pew-like stalls which project from the wall, and here, unobserved, I could watch the people coming in and kissing the icons. This adoration, commemoration, reverence or what-

ever the proper word for it may be, is much more conspicuous in the Greek places of worship than it is in Roman Catholic churches. Those who come in make the round of the walls, kissing every picture, and they do it fervently, not formally. The service is chanted by the priests very rapidly, in a peculiar kind of intoning. The Corfu priests did not look as if they were learned men, but their faces have a natural and humane expression which is agreeable. In the street, with their flowing robes, long hair and beards and high black caps, they are striking figures. The parish priest must be a married man, and he does not live apart from his people, but closely mingles with them upon all occasions. He is the papas or pope, as it is translated, and a lover of Tourguenieff who meets a pope for the first time at Corfu is haunted anew by those masterpieces of the great Russian—the village tales across whose pages the pope and the popess come and go, and seem, to American readers, such strange figures.

In the suburb of Castrades is the oldest church of the island. It is dedicated to St. Jason, the kinsman of St. Paul. . . . When I paid my visit, there were so many vines and flowers outside and such a blue sky above, that the little Byzantine temple had a cheerful, irresponsible air. . . . The interior was bare—flooded also with white daylight—so white that one blinked. And in this whiteness, my mind suddenly returned to Hellas. For Hellas had been forgotten for the moment, owing to the haunting icons in the dark churches of the town. Those silver incrusted

images had brought up a vision of the uncounted millions to-day in Turkey, Greece and Russia who bow before them, the Christians of whom we know and think comparatively so little. But now all these Eastern people vanished as silently as they had come, and the past returned—the past whose spell summons us to Greece. For conspicuous in the white daylight of St. Jason's were three antique columns, which, with other sculptured fragments set in the walls, had been taken from an earlier pagan temple to build this later church. And the spell does not break again in this part of the island. Not far from St. Jason's is the tomb of Menekrates. . . . It bears round its low dome a metrical inscription in Greek to the effect that Menekrates, who was the representative at Corcyra (the old name for Corfu) of his native town, Eanthus, lost his life accidentally by drowning; that this was a great sorrow to the community, for he was a friend of the people; that his brother came from Eanthus and with the aid of the Corcyreans, erected the monument. There is something impressive to us in this simple memorial of grief set up before the days of Aeschylus, before the battle of Marathon—the commemoration of a family sorrow in Corfu two thousand five hundred years ago. . . .

At Corfu one is over one's head in the Odyssey . . . for Corfu is the Scheria of the Odyssey, the home of King Alcinous. Not far beyond the tomb of Menekrates, we have a view of a deep bay. On the opposite shore of this bay enters the stream upon whose bank Ulysses first

met the delightful little maiden—"the beautiful stream of the river, where were the pools unfailing, and clear and abundant water." Of late the belief that Corfu is the Scheria of the Odyssey has been attacked. . . . But any one who has seen the gardens and groves of this lovely isle, who has watched the crystalline water dash against the rocks at Palaeokastrizza, who has strolled down the hill-side at Pelleka, or floated in a skiff off the coast at Ipso—any such person will say that Corfu is at least an ideal home for the charming girl who played ball and washed the clothes on the shore, king's daughter though she was. . . . One wishes that this primitive princess could have had another name. Nausicaa; no matter how one pronounces the syllables, they are not melodious. Why could she not have been Aglaia, Daphne, or Artemedora? Standing at Canone, and looking across at her shore, one is vexed anew that she should have given her heart, or even her fancy, to Ulysses—a man who was always eating. . . .

One wonders whether the princesses of to-day (who no longer dry clothes on the shore) amuse their leisure hours with Homer's recitals concerning their predecessors? One of them, at any rate, has chosen Corfu as a place of sojourn; the Empress of Austria, after paying many visits to the island, has now built for herself a country residence . . . not far from Nausicaa's stream. . . . I don't know why there should be something so delightful, to one mind at least, in the selection of this distant Greek island as

the resting-place of a queen, who takes the long journey down the Adriatic, year after year, to reach her retreat. The preference is perhaps due simply to a fondness for a sea-voyage, and to the fact that a yacht lying at Trieste lies practically at Vienna's door. Lovers of Corfu, however, will not be turned aside by any of these reasons; they will continue to believe that the choice is made for beauty's sake; they will extol this perfect appreciation; they will praise this modern Nausicaa; they will purchase her portrait in photographed copies. When they have one of these representations, they can note with satisfaction the accordance between its outlines and a taste in islands which is surely the best in the world. . . .

I have never seen faces more sharply intelligent than those of the Greek men of to-day. I speak of men who have had some advantages in the way of education. . . . The men are, as a general rule, handsome. But they are not in the least after the model of the Greek god, as he exists in art and fiction. This model has an ideal height and strength, massive shoulders, a statuesque head with closely curling hair, and an unruffled repose. The actual Greek possesses a meagre frame, thin face with high cheek-bones, a dry, dark complexion, straight hair, small eyes, and as for repose—he has never heard of it; he is overwhelmingly, never-endingly restless. With this enumeration my statement that he is handsome may not appear to accord; nevertheless, he is a good-looking fellow; his spare form is often tall; the quickly-turning eyes are wonderfully brilliant; the

dark face is lighted by the gleam of white teeth, the gait is very graceful, the step light. The Albanian costume which was adopted after the revolution as the national dress for the whole country, is amazing. We have all seen it in paintings and photographs, where it is merely picturesque. But when you meet it in the streets every day, when you see the wearer of it engaged in cooking his dinner, in cleaning fish, in driving a cart, in carrying a hod, or hanging out clothes on a line, then it becomes perfectly fantastic. The climax of my own impressions about it was reached, I think, a little later, at Athens, when I beheld the guards walking their beats before the King's palace. . . . They are soldiers of the regular army, and they held their muskets with military precision as they marched to and fro, attired in ordinary overcoats (it happened to be a rainy day) over the puffed-out white skirts of a ballet-dancer. . . . In spite of their skirts, the Greeks have as martial an air as possible; an old Greek who is vain (and they are all vain) is even a fierce-looking figure. . . . The Greek men are vain and with cause; if the women are vain, it must be without it; we did not see a single handsome face among them. It was not merely that we failed to find the beautiful low forehead, full temple, straight nose and small head of classic days; we could not discover any marked type, good or bad. . . . I speak, of course, generally and from a superficial observation. . . . But after noting this population for two weeks and more, the result remained the same; the men who came under our notice were handsome, and the women were not. . . .

The island of Corfu is about forty miles long. Its breadth in the widest part is twenty miles. The English, who have a genius for road-making which is almost equal to that of the Romans, have left excellent highways behind them. It is easy, therefore, to cross the island from end to end. In arranging such an expedition, that exhaustive dialogue about buying a carriage, which (to one's bewilderment) occupies by far the most important place in all the Manuals of Conversation for the Traveller, might at last be of some service.

"Have you a carriage?" it begins (in six languages). "Yes; I have berlins, vis-à-vis, gigs, calashes, and cabriolets" (what vehicles are these?) "Are the axle-trees, the nave, the spokes, the tires, the felloes and the splinter-bars in good condition?" it goes on in its painstaking polyglot. Possibly one might be called upon to purchase splinter-bars in a remote island of the Ionian Sea.

Seated then, in a berlin, or perhaps in a calash, one goes out at least to visit the olive groves, if not to cross the island. These groves are not the ranks of severely pruned, almost maimed, trees which greet the traveller in parts of southern Europe—groves without shade, without luxuriance. . . At Corfu one strolls through miles of wood whose foliage is magnificent; it is possible to lounge in the shade, for there is shade, and to draw a free breath. . . . It is difficult, probably, for people from the New World to look upon a forest as something sacred, guarded,

private ; we have taken our pleasure " in the woods " all our lives whenever we have felt so inclined ; we do not intend to do any harm there, but we do wish to be free. In the olive groves of Corfu, the wish can be gratified. Their aisles are wonderful in every respect ; in the size of the trees, in the picturesque shapes of the gnarled trunks, in the extent of the long vistas where the light has the colour which some of us know at home—that silvery-green under the great live-oaks at the South, when their branches are veiled in the long moss.

But Athens was before us ; we must leave the groves ; we must leave Nausicaa's shore. We did so at last in the wake of a departing storm. For several days the wind had been tempestuous. The signal which is displayed from the citadel had become a riddle ; it is an arrangement of flags by day, and of lanterns by night, and no two of us ever deciphered it alike. If the order was thus and so, it meant that something belonging to the Austrian-Lloyd Company was in sight ; if so and thus, it meant the Florio line ; if neither of these, then it might possibly be our boat—that is, the Greek coasting steamer, which we had decided to take because we had been told that it was the best. I have never fathomed the mystery as to why our informant told us this ; if he had been a Greek, it would have been at least a patriotic misrepresentation. We were dismayed when we reached the rough tub. But, after all, in one sense she was the best, for she dawdled in and out among the islands, never in the least hurry, and stopping to gossip with

them all ; this gave us a good chance to see them, if it gave us nothing else. I have said " when we reached her," for there were several false starts. We rose in the morning in a mood of regretful good-bye, expecting to be far away at night ; and at night, with our good-bye on our hands, we were still in our hotel. But it is only fair to add that with its garlands of flowers and myrtle for the Christmas season, with its queer assemblage of Levantines in the dining-room, with its bath-room in the depths of the earth, to which one descended by stairway leading down underground, with its group of petticoated Greeks in the hall, and, in its rooms of honour above, a young Austrian princess of historic name and extraordinary beauty—with all this, and its cheerful lies, its smiling, gay-hearted irresponsibility, the Corfu inn was an entertaining place.

The Greek steamer came at last. She had been driven out of her course by the gale, so said the pirate, ostensibly retired from business, who superintended the embarkations from the hotel. This lithe freebooter had presented himself at frequent intervals during the baffling days when we watched the signal, and he always entered without knocking. He could not grasp the idea, probably, that ceremonies would be required by persons who intended to sail on the coaster. When we reached this bark ourselves, later, we forgave him—a little. Her deck was the most democratic place I have ever seen . . . there were no reserved portions, no prohibitions ; the persons who had paid for a first-class ticket had the same rights

as those which were accorded to the steerage travellers and no more; and as the latter were numerous, they obtained by far the larger share, eating the provisions which they had brought with them, sleeping on their coverlids, playing games and smoking in the best places. There was no system and little discipline; the sailors came up and washed the deck whenever and however they pleased, and we had to jump for our lives and mount a bench to escape the stream from the hose, as it suddenly appeared without warning from an unlooked-for quarter. The passengers, who came on board at various points during a cruise of several days, brought with them light personal luggage, which consisted of hens tied together by the legs, a live sheep, kitchen utensils and bedding—all of which they placed everywhere and anywhere, according to their pleasure. A Greek dressed in the full national costume accompanied us all the way to Missolonghi so closely that he was closer than a brother; save when we were locked in our small sleeping cabins below (the one extra possession which a first-class ticket bestows), we were literally elbow to elbow with him. And his elbows were a weapon, like the closed umbrella held under the arm in the crowded street—that pleasant habit of persons who are not Greeks. The Greek elbow was clothed in a handsome sleeve covered with gold embroidery, for our friend was a dandy of dandies. His petticoats and his shirt were of fine linen, snowy in its whiteness; his small waist was encircled by a magnificent Syrian scarf; his cream-coloured leg-

gings were spotless, and his conspicuous garters new and brilliantly scarlet. He was an athletic young man of thirty, his good-looks marred only by his over-eager eyes and his restlessness. It was his back which he presented to us, for his attention was given entirely to a party of his own friends, men and women; he read aloud to them from a small newspaper (they all had newspapers and read them often); he stood up and argued; he grew excited and harangued; then he sat down, his inflated skirts puffing out over his chair, and went on with his argument, if argument it was, until, worn out by the hours of his eloquence, some of his companions fell asleep where they sat. His meals were astonishingly small. As everything went on under our eyes, we saw what they all ate, and it was unmistakable testimony to the Greek frugality. Our companion had brought with him from Corfu, by way of provisions for several days, a loaf of bread about as large as three muffins in one, a vial containing capers, a grape leaf folded into a cornucopia and filled with olives, and a pint bottle of the light wine of the country. The only addition that he made to this store was a salted fish about four inches long, which he purchased daily from the steward. There was always a discussion before he went in search of this morsel, which represented, I suppose, the roast meat of his dinner, and when he returned after a long absence, bearing it triumphantly on the palm of his hand, it was passed from one to the next, turned over, inspected and measured by each member of

the group, amid the most animated, eager discussion. When comment was at last exhausted, the superb orator seated himself (always with his chair against our knees), and placed before him on a newspaper spread over the bench, his precious fishlette divided into small slices, with a few capers and olives arranged in as many heaps as there were portions of fish, so that all should come out even. Then with the diminutive loaf by his side, and the bottle of wine at his feet, he began his repast, using the point of his pocket knife as a fork and intently watched by all his friends, who sat in silence, following with their eyes each mouthful on its way from the newspaper to his lips. They had previously made their own repasts in the same meagre fashion, but perhaps they derived some small additional nourishment from watching the mastication of their friend. When his fish had disappeared, accompanied by one slender little slice of bread, our neighbour lifted the wine-bottle and gave himself a swallow of wine; then after a pause of a minute or two, another. This was all. The bottle was recorked, and with the remaining provisions, put carefully away. All foreign residents in Greece, whether they like the people or dislike them, agree in pronouncing them extraordinarily abstemious. Drunkenness hardly exists among them. . . .

Ten miles south of Corfu, one meets the second of the Ionian Islands, Paxo, with the tiny, severe Anti-Paxo lying off its southern point, like a summary period set to any romantic legend which the larger

isle may wish to tell. As it happens, the legend is a striking one and we all know it without going to Paxo. . . . "Here, about the time that our Lord suffered His most bitter Passion, certain persons sailing from Italy to Cyprus at night, heard a voice calling aloud: 'Thamus, Thamus!' Who, giving ear to the cry (for he was pilot of the ship), was bidden when he came near to Pelodes (the Bay of Butrinto) to tell that the great god Pan was dead. . . which he, doubting to do, for that when he came to Pelodes there was such a calm of wind that the ship stood still in the sea, unmoved, and he was forced to cry aloud that Pan was dead. Whereupon there were such piteous outcries and dreadful shrieking as hath not been the like. By the which Pan of some is understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was at that time by Christ conquered, for at that moment all oracles surceased, and enchanted spirits that were wont to delude the people, henceforth held their peace." . . .

Anti-Paxo is one of the oddest spots I have seen. It is a small, bare, stone plain, elevated but slightly above the surface of the water. The rock is of a tawny hue, and there is a queer odour of asphaltum. At certain seasons of the year it is covered so thickly with quail "that you could not put a paper-cutter between them." There were no quail when we passed the rock. The sun shone on the flat surface, bringing out its rich tint against the azure of the sea, and in its strange desolation, it looked like a picture which might have been painted by a man of genius

who had gone mad in his passion for colour. . . . Abreast of Paxo, on the mainland, is the small village of Parga. The place has its own tragic history. . . but I am afraid that its principal association in my mind is the frivolous one of a roaring chorus: "Robbers all at Parga." . . . It is Hobhouse who tells the story. "In the evening, preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. After eating, they began to dance round the fire to their own singing with an astounding energy." One of their songs begins: "When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us." Then comes the chorus.

"Robbers all at Parga!
Robbers all at Parga!" . . .

At Parga we met the Byronic legend, which from this point hangs over the whole Ionian Sea. Parga is not far from the castle of Suli, and with the word "Suliote" we are launched aloft into the resplendent realm of Byron's poetry, which seems as beautiful and apparition-like as the Oberland peaks viewed from Berne—shining cliffs so celestially and impossibly fair, far up in the sky. The country near Parga is described at length in the second canto of "Childe Harold."

The third island of the Ionian group is Santa Maura, the Leucadia of the ancients. It looks like a chain of mountains set in the sea. Here there are earthquakes, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu would have expressed it. The story is that at Santa Maura and at Zante there is a severe shock once in twenty years, and a "small roll" twice in every three

months. . . . The impression of Santa Maura which remains in my own mind, however, does not concern itself with earthquakes, unless indeed one means moral ones. I see a long, lofty promontory ending in a silvery headland. I see it flushed with the rose-tints of sunset, high above a violet sea. Of course I was looking for it; every one looks for the rock from which dark Sappho flung herself in her despair. But even without Sappho it is a striking cliff; it rises perpendicularly from deep water, and it is so white that one fancies that it must be visible even upon the darkest night. All day its towering, opaline crest serves as a beacon from afar. . . . "Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe," Byron calls it. But it does not look woeful. One fancies that exaltation must flood the soul of the human creature who springs to meet Death from such a place. . . .

As the steamer crossed from Santa Maura to Cephalonia, we had a clear view of little Ithaca, the Ithaca which Ulysses loved "not because it was broad, but because it was his own." Except Paxo, Ithaca is the smallest of the sister islands. The guide-book declares "no steamer touches at Ithaca, but there is frequent communication by caïque" . . "Communication by caïque" is surely a phrase of delight; it brings up not only the Ionian, but the Aegean Sea. It carries the imagination onward to the Bosporus itself.

Sir William Gell and Dr. Schliemann between them have discovered at Ithaca all the sites of the Odyssey—even to the stone looms of the nymphs . . .

We need no guide for Penelope; we can materialize her, as the spiritualists say, for ourselves. Hers is a very modern character. One knows without the telling that she had much to say, day by day, about her sufferings, her feelings, her duty and her conscience—above all things, her conscience. Her confidantes in that upper room were probably extremely familiar with her point of view, which was that if she should choose any one of her suitors, or if she should cruelly drive the whole throng away, suicide on an overwhelming scale would inevitably be the result. It would amount to the depopulation of the entire archipelago! Would any woman be justified in causing such wide-spread despair as that?

The next island, Cephalonia, is the largest of the Ionian group. There is much to say about it, but I must not say it here. The truth is that one sails past these sisters as slippery Ulysses sailed past the sirens; they are so beautiful that one must tie one's hands to the mast (or the bench) to keep them from writing a volume on the subject. But I must permit myself a word about Sir Charles Napier. Sir Charles was Governor of Cephalonia during the British Protectorate and he . . . constructed good roads throughout his rough, mountainous domain. "I wish I could be buried at the little chapel on the top of the mountain," he said to one of his friends. "At the last day, many a poor mule's soul will say a good word for me, I know, when they remember what the old road was." One regrets that this wish was not carried out. But as for the souls of the poor

mules, I, for one, am sure that they will remember him.

At Zante, for some unexplained cause, the classic associations suddenly vanished; Homer faded, Theocritus followed him, Pliny and Strabo disappeared. The later memories, too: Lord Guildford and his university, Byron and his Suliotes, Napier and his mules—all these left us. We were back in the present; we must have some Zante flowers and Zante trinkets; we thought of nothing but going ashore. By pushing a bench with semi-unconscious violence against the Greek, we succeeded in making him move a little, so that we could rise; then we landed (but not in a caïque), and went roaming through the yellow town. Zante is the most cheerful looking place I have ever seen. The bay ripples and smirks; it is so pretty that it knows it is pretty, and it smirks accordingly. The town, stretching, with its gaily tinted houses, round a level semi-circle, at the edge of the water, smiles, as one may say, from ear to ear. And this joyful expression is carried up the hill by charming gardens, orange groves, and vineyards, to the Venetian fort at the top, which, as we saw it in the brilliant sunshine, with the birds flying about it, seemed to be throwing its cap into the sky with a huzza.

"O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

sang Poe, borrowing his chimes this time, however, from an Italian song. "Zante, Zante,—fior di Levante!"

This flower of the Levant exports not flowers, but fruit. The currants, which had vaguely presented themselves at Santa Maura and Cephalonia, now came decisively to the front. . . All the Ionian islands, except Corfu, export currants, but Zante throws them out to the world with both hands. . .

Zante is the sixth of the islands, and as the steamer leaves her, still smiling gaily over her dimpling bay, it seems proper to cast at least one thought in the direction of her seventh sister, upon whom we are now turning our backs. . . . Birthplace of Aphrodite, Cythera of the Ancients, though it is, I have never met any one who has landed there in actual fact (I do not include dreams) . . . A photograph of the minds of travellers, as their eyes rest upon this celebrated isle, would be interesting. . . . I know what the apparition in my own mind would be—that picture in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence: Botticelli's "Birth of Venus." I should inevitably behold the fifteenth-century goddess coming over the waves in her very small shell; I should see her high cheek-bones, her sad eyes, her discontented mouth, her lank form with the lovely slender feet, and her long thick hair; . . . On the shore, too, would appear that galloping woman, who, clothed in copiously gathered garments which are caught up and tied in the wrong places, brings in haste a flowered robe to cover her melancholy mistress. Such are the idle fancies that come as one watches the track of churned water, like a broad ribbon, stretching from the steamer's stern—water

forever fleeing backward as the boat advances. Scallops of foam sweep out on each side; their cool fringe dips under a little as the wavelet which comes from the opposite direction lifts its miniature crest and curls over in a graceful sweep.

The voyage northward to Missolonghi is beautiful. The sea was dotted with white wings. The Greeks are bold sailors; one never observes here the timidity, the haste to seek refuge anywhere and everywhere which is so conspicuous along the Riviera and the western coast of Italy. Throughout the Ionian archipelago, and it was the same among the islands of the Aegean, it was inspiring to note the smallest craft, far from land, dashing along under full sail, leaning far over as they flew.

Missolonghi is a small abortive Venice, without the gondolas; it is situated on a lagoon, and a causeway nearly two miles long leads to it, across the shallow water. Vague and unimportant as it is upon its muddy shore, it was the soul of the Greek revolution. It has been through terrible sieges. During one of these, Marco Botzaris was in command, and his grave is outside the western gate. . . After the death of Botzaris, Byron took five hundred of the chieftain's needy Suliotes and formed them into a body-guard, giving them generous pay. This is but one of many instances. It is the fashion of the day to paint Byron in the darkest colours. But when you stand in the squalid, unhealthy little street where he drew his last breath, you realize that he came here voluntarily, that he offered his life if

need be, and in the end, gave it, to the cause which appealed to him; he did not stay safely at home and write about it. He died nearly seventy years ago, but at Missolonghi he is very real and very present still—with his red coat, and his bravery and penetration. Napier said that of all the Englishmen who came to assist the Greek revolution, Byron was the one who comprehended best the character of the modern Greek. "All the rest expected to find Plutarch's men."

It is another fashion of the moment to put aside as of small account the glittering cantos which stirred the English-speaking world in the early days of this century. But it is not while the wild, beautiful Albanian mountains are rising above your head that you think meanly of them. "Remember all the splendid things he said of Greece," says some one. When you are in Greece, you do remember.

The only brigands we saw we met at Patras. Missolonghi is on the northern shore of the bay; to reach Patras the steamer crosses to the Peloponnesus side. It was a dark night and I don't know where we stopped, but it must have been far from land. The barges which came to meet us were rough craft, with loose boards for seats and water in the bottom. We obtained places in one of them, and after twenty minutes of pitching up and down, shouting, tumbling about, and splashing, the crew bent to their big oars, and we started. Swaying lights glimmered through the darkness here and there; they came from vessels at anchor in the roadstead.

We plunged and rolled, apparently making no progress, but at last a long, wet breakwater dimly seen, appeared on the right, and finally we perceived the lights of the landing-place, which is the water-side of one of the squares of the town. Our crew jumped out in the surf, and drew the heavy boat up to the steps of the embankment. Here were assembled the brigands. There were a hundred of them at least, all yelling. Probably they were astonished to see ladies landing from the Greek coaster. This was part of our original misconception in the selection of that steamer (a mistake, however, which had turned out to be such a picturesque success) ; . . . But at the moment, as we were pulled first to the right by men who wished to carry us and our travelling-bags in that direction, and then to the left by others who had attacked the first party, felled them, and captured their prey—at the moment when we were closely pressed by a throng of wild-looking, dancing, shrieking figures, dressed in strange attire, and carrying pistols, it was not a little alarming. The fray had lasted six or seven minutes and there were no signs of cessation, when there appeared on the edge of the throng, a neatly dressed little man in spectacles. He made his way within, and rescued us by the simple process of repeating something that sounded like " la, la, la, la, *la!* La, la, la, la, *la!*" Breathless, freed, we stood saved in the square, while our preserver went back and captured our bags, bringing them out and depositing them gently, one after the other, on the ground by our side. We then waited until a hand-

cart trundled by a petticoated porter, appeared, when the little man led us quietly to the custom-house near by, where, after some delay, we obtained our luggage, which was piled upon the cart. Followed by this cart, we walked across the square to the hotel. Throughout the whole of this process, which lasted twenty minutes, the brigands surrounded us in a close, scowling circle that moved as we moved. When its line drew too near us the little man walked round the ring—"La, la, la, la, *la!* La, la, la, la, *la!*" and it widened slightly, but only slightly. We reached refuge at last and escaped into a lighted hall. It was a real escape and the hotel seemed a paradise. It was not until the next day that we recognized it as a mortal inn, with the appearance of the well-known tepid soup in the dining-room; but the coffee was excellent. And this showed that there was a German influence somewhere in the house; it proved to emanate from our preserver, who was also the landlord and an exile from the Rhine. I think he was homesick. But at least he had learned the dialect of his temporary abode, and also the way to treat the last remnants of the pirate and brigand days, as its spirit reappears now and then, though faintly, among the hangers-on of a Greek port town. . . .

When we left Patras we left the Ionian Sea, and I ought, therefore to bring these slight records to a close. But it was the same blue water, after all, that was washing the shores of the long, lake-like gulf beyond, and the impression produced by its pure,

early-world tint, lasts as far as Corinth; here one turns inland, and the next crested waves which one meets, are Aegean. They rouse other sensations.

There is now a railroad from Patras to Athens. On the morning when we made the transit there was given to us for our sole use a saloon on wheels. . . In its centre was a long table, and a cushioned bench ran round its four sides; broad windows gave us a wide view of the landscape as we rolled rather slowly along. The track follows the gulf all the way to Corinth, and we passed through miles of vineyards. But I did not think of currants here; there is, indeed, only one thing to think of, and the heart beats quickly as Parnassus lifts its head above the other snow-clad summits. . . We ought to have been crossing the gulf in a Phoenician boat, which needs no pilot, or, at the very least, in a bark with an azure prow. But even upon an iron track, through utilitarian currant fields, the spell descends again when the second peak becomes visible at the eastern end of the bay:

"Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee,
But where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea—"

How many times, in lands far from here, had I read these lines for their mere beauty, without hope of more!

And now before my eyes was Helicon itself.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

(*Harper's Magazine*).

I really feel about these delightful, wonderful and strange things we are seeing and hearing (the hearing is no small part of it, I assure you, what with the salutations in the streets, the calls to prayer, and the howling dervishes), that I must tell you about it all. . . .

Our first real sight and taste of the Orient commenced as we took our steamer for Corfu, for on the right of us was the steamer loading for Bombay, and on our left, one for Egypt—and flags with crosses, crescents and peculiar designs floated at the different masts. Our steamer was the Austrian Lloyd "Diana," and for our travelling companions we had the Count and Countess Esterhazy: she so young and pretty and graceful, and he one of the distinguished, aristocratic kind. All the other passengers were Greeks, Hungarians, and Turks! Such queer faces, languages and all else. . . At Brindisi, Connie joined us . . . The next morning, before getting out of my berth, I saw from the window the beautiful white tops of the Albanian Mountains, and we kept on "Oh-ing," and "Ah-ing," all the time we were dressing. Corfu rose up out of the intense blue water before us, its queer little sky fort (built by the English, when they for so many years governed Corfu), seeming to try to reach the equally blue heaven above. All that has been said of the lovely Greek mountains is true—they seem like *velvet*, and fall down from the rocky cliffs into hundreds of beautiful valleys and olive groves, ending close to the water. . . We were soon in our little boat, bobbing toward that lovely island, called by the Ancients, "the heavenly isle." We had decided to spend our Christmas at Corfu, so we took pleasant rooms at the Hotel St. George, got out our Christmas presents, and made the day seem as much like Christmas as the warm sun, the roses and strange sights allowed. All was strange except the familiar church service. As we sang "O, come all ye faithful," and "Hark, the herald angels sing," we felt very near to all those we loved. The English service is held in part of an old Greek church, and the English soldiers and sailors sang with all their power, making the music excellent.

When you add to the natural beauties of Corfu, the historical and romantic interests, a person as enthusiastic as I am felt dizzy under it all. C. kept names. dates and facts pretty clear, and it was an immense addition to my pleasure. I like my little Benedict guide a great deal better than Baedeker or Murray!

We spent one afternoon in wandering about the pretty grounds of the Palace where the Austrian Empress loves to stay, and I do not wonder—it was all so quiet and peaceful, with such a beautiful view from her window. (How all the Bavarian royalties love beautiful scenery!)

While we were at Corfu, Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene were at the Palace, and before them, anchored in the beautiful bay, was their yacht waiting to take them when and where they wished to go.

We took a Greek boat from Corfu to Athens, coasting about among the islands of Greece, the "seven-stepping-stones to Greece,"—and although the boat was poor, the trip was delightful, giving us an opportunity to see all those beautiful islands. And as I looked at them, how I remembered my schooldays when I used to take a heavy wooden pointer in hand and point on the map to these very islands—never, never thinking that I should ever see them!

The Greek boat gave us a fine opportunity also of getting "close to the people of the country," and we found it very entertaining to watch them. As the Greeks allow no class distinctions (and for this reason would not have one of themselves to govern them, but had a king come from away) so all the passengers, first, second and third class, were together, and we had shepherds in their white cloaks and hoods, the irresistibly funny Greek soldiers in their ballet skirts, the priests, holding their beads and saying a short, quick prayer between their laughter and conversation with their friends, and then, dropping one more bead on their string, keeping on praying and talking again! All this was very amusing to watch until lunch time came; but when they took out cheese, bread, raw fish, and every known and unknown thing to eat, unloading their pockets, hoods and bundles and spreading the things all over everywhere, it was not quite so pleasant, and we were glad to reach Patras, our stopping point. Here the Greeks gathered in masses to meet us, to assist us, or to *murder* us—I could not feel sure which! I really do believe that we should have been torn to pieces had not the landlord of the hotel protected us and fought for us. The scene, the next morning, when we started off by train to Athens, should have been painted. The wild men who took our trunks to the train, demanded more money than the landlord would allow us to pay, and there those creatures stood and *howled*, and shook their fists and stormed until the train started. In the meantime we had

been conducted to our compartment by the hotel men, who stood guard on both sides of the carriage until we were off! And the conductor at each stop locked the doors of the compartment to keep us safe! I can't say that I liked it. I have travelled all over the world, and this was the first time I ever felt fear (except in England, when travelling after dark). The day's ride, however, along the Gulf of Corinth, was beautiful, and we enjoyed every moment. Our arrival at Athens was a repetition of our arrival at Patras, and the hotel porters alone saved us from the mob; but, oh!—after we had once seen the Acropolis, we forgot the savages, and we would have gladly and bravely faced the wild men a hundred times, in order to see the splendid ruins!

I can understand why people's noses turn up when looking at the Roman ruins, after these beautiful Greek ruins. Don't dream that I shall attempt to describe them. I suppose that more ink has been shed on this one subject than would fill the Black Sea. But it is such a temptation to write, with these beautiful ruins before you. Athens was not only not disappointing; it was entirely beyond my highest dreams; nothing can be more beautiful than these ruins, nothing more sad than these perfect pieces of what was once so grand and complete. For the first time I boiled with indignation over the *stealings* of Lord Elgin. I never before understood how dreadful it was—his taking away those marbles. I shall certainly never look at them again in the British Museum, unless it be to take a whispered message to the poor marble maiden there from the surviving sisters in the Acropolis! The story is that at night in the Acropolis, you can hear the pathetic wail of the other marble maidens for their lost sister. Here again, at Athens, C's. head was clear as to past history. She knew where these old Greek heroes came from, what they did when they got here (or there) and *all the rest of it*. I discovered an excellent way of deceiving everybody—those who knew and those who did not know. I would bite my lip, shake my head and murmur "Pericles," "Themistocles," or some other old Greek hero's name, and then add: "Is it possible?" Those who knew supposed me to be thinking of some particular bit of history forgotten by them, so they said nothing; those who did not know were overcome by the glib way in which I rolled off the names.

I feel unhappy not to tell you more about the Acropolis. If I selected my choicest words, you could not see the intense blue sky, with the exquisite arches, figures and

columns outlined against it. How I longed to have everybody I cared for there to see it all!

As the fever was upon us to travel to new and strange lands, we decided to keep on to Egypt, and we left Athens for Alexandria. But before I take you on this sea voyage, I must tell you that we saw the Princess Sophie and the Crown Prince several times . . . and the little Sophie does not look as though she had inherited any of her mother's propensities for "reforming countries," so I presume that all will go well. They say the young Greeks are devoted to the young couple now.

We were fascinated by the Greek soldiers; their white skirts are exactly like those of ballet dancers, and their little jackets covered with gold buttons and often with gold braid—their full white sleeves (like Bishops' sleeves) make them so picturesque. When a whole company march by with their *over*coats on *over* these skirts, and carrying guns, you can imagine how very funny it would be. In Greece, all the soldiers and men lace themselves in, and the women, never.

The custom of "accompanying" their dead to the grave, of which I have often read, struck me as so painful. The body is carried through the streets, uncovered, and everybody looks. There is something so painful in seeing the dead face decorated with flowers, the sun pouring down upon it, or the rain, or the wind and dust—as the weather was—and the people laughing and talking at the street-corners, stopping but a moment to look, standing on tip-toes to see the poor white face better. All this was shocking, I thought. Ages ago, I daresay, the custom was solemn. . .

And now, after keeping you on the gangway of the steamer for Alexandria, we will pull up the anchor and start, although I have not said the quarter yet about Greece! The power of condensing is not mine. I did not have it in my youth, and I am too old to learn anything now. . .

The voyage was a very pleasant one . . . bright moonlight nights, strange, interesting passengers; among them an Egyptian princess and her servants. . . The Captain pointed out to us all the islands; we were so sorry to pass the Island of Melos after dark, not that this island is as pretty as many of the others, but I would like to have seen the island where that beautiful Venus was dug up. I wonder if she is not homesick for her lovely Grecian home?

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Mather.

CAIRO.*

"The way to Egypt is long and vexatious"—so Homer sings, and so also have sung other persons more modern. A chopping sea prevails off Crete, and whether one leaves Europe at Naples, Brindisi or Athens, one's steamer soon reaches that beautiful island, and consumes in passing it an amount of time which is an ever-fresh surprise. Crete, with its long coast-line and soaring mountain-tops, appears to fill all that part of the sea. However, as the island is the half-way point between Europe and Africa, one can at least feel, after finally leaving it behind, that the Egyptian coast is not far distant. This coast is as indolent as that of Crete is aggressive; it does not raise its head. You are there before you see it or know it; and then, if you like, in something over three hours more you can be in Cairo. . . .

If one must have in his nature somewhere a trace of the poet to love Venice, so one must be at heart something of a painter to love Cairo. Her

* . . . I have now gone to work again as they are anxious for another novel (at Franklin Square) and before beginning it, I must exorcize the ghosts of Cairo and Corfu, by finishing some "Impressions" of those two fascinating places, which I began while still in Egypt. These "Impressions" have bothered me dreadfully. The notes and manuscripts I wrote in Cairo would make a large book instead of two magazine articles. It has been difficult to select what to leave out, since every item about Cairo is, to me at least, intensely interesting . . . On the whole, Cairo is the most beautiful and fascinating place I have yet seen. One does not love it in the tender way one loves Italy. But one is (or at least I am) completely absorbed in its strange charm. It is, I suppose the Oriental colour; and this is probably the reason I admire Venice so much; it, too, is very Oriental. I have spent two weeks here, writing about Cairo for nine hours a day. You must read the poor, curtailed "Impressions" when they come out sometime in "Harper's."

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.
Cheltenham, England, June 13th, 1890.

colours are so softly rich, the Saracenic part of her architecture is so fantastically beautiful, the figures in her streets are so picturesque, that one who has an eye for such effects, seems to himself to be living in a gallery of paintings without frames, which stretch off in vistas, melting into each other as they go. If, therefore, one loves colour, if pictures are precious to him, are important, let him go to Cairo.

MOSQUES.

It must be remembered that Cairo is Arabian. . . The Nile is mythical, Pharaonic, Ptolemaic; but Cairo owes its existence solely to the Arabian conquerors of the country, who built a fortress and palace here in A.D. 969. Very Arabian is still the call to prayer which is chanted by the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques several times during the day. We were passing through a crowded quarter near the Mooski one afternoon in January, when there was wafted across the consciousness a faint, sweet sound. It was far away, and one heard it half impatiently at first, unwilling to lift one's attention even for an instant from the motley scenes nearer at hand. But at length, teased into it by the very sweetness, we raised our eyes, and then it was seen that it came from a half-ruined minaret far above us. Round the narrow outer gallery of this slender tower a man in dark robes was pacing slowly, his arms outstretched, his face upturned to heaven. Not once did he look below, as he continued his

aerial round, his voice giving forth the chant which we had heard—"Allah akbar; Allah akbar; la Allah ill'Allah. Allah Heyya alassalah!" (God is great; God is great; there is no God but God; and Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer).

Again, another day, in the old Touloun quarter we heard the sound, but it was much nearer. It came from a window but little above our heads, the small mosque within the quadrangle having no minaret. This time I could note the muezzin himself. As he could not see the sky from where he stood, his eyes were closed. I have never beheld a more concentrated expression of devotion than his quiet face expressed; he might have been miles away from the throng below, instead of three feet, as his voice gave forth the same strange, sweet chant. The muezzins are often selected from the ranks of the blind, as the duties of the office are within their powers; but this singer at the low window had closed his eyes voluntarily. The last time I saw the muezzin was towards the end of the season, when the spring was far advanced. Cairo gaiety was at its height, the streets were crowded with Europeans returning from the races, the new quarter was as modern as Paris. But there are minarets even in the new quarter, or near it; and on one of the highest of these turrets, outlined against the glory of the sunset, I saw the slowly pacing figure, with its arms outstretched over the city—"Allah akbar, Allah akbar; come, come to prayer." . . .

Three hundred mosques, probably, out of the

four hundred, still remain untouched, and many of these are adorned with a delicate beauty which is unrivalled.

I know no quest so enchanting as a search through the winding lanes of the old quarters for these gems of Saracenic taste. . . The street is so narrow that your donkey fills almost all the space ; passers-by are obliged to flatten themselves against the walls in response to the Oriental adjurations of your donkey-boy behind : " Take heed, O maid ! " " Your foot, O chief ! " Presently you see a minaret—there is always a minaret somewhere ; but it is not always easy to find the mosque to which it belongs, hidden, perhaps, as it is, behind other buildings in the crowded labyrinth. At length you observe a door with a dab or two of the well-known Saracenic honey-comb work above it ; instantly you dismount, climb the steps, and look in. You are almost sure to find treasures, either fragments of the pearly Cairo mosaic, or a wonderful ceiling or gilded Kufic inscriptions and arabesques, or remains of the ancient coloured glass which changes its tint hour by hour. Best of all, sometimes you find a space open to the sky, with a fountain in the centre, the whole surrounded by arcades of marble columns adorned with hanging lamps (or rather, with the bronze chains which once carried the lamps), and with suspended ostrich eggs—the emblems of good luck. . . .

One day . . . as my donkey was taking me under a stone arch, I saw on one side a flight of steps which seemed to say " Come." At the top of the steps I

found a picture. It was a mosque of the early pattern, with a large square court open to the sky. In the centre of this court was a well under a marble dome, and here grew half a dozen palm trees. Across the far end extended the sanctuary, which was approached through arcades of massive pillars painted in dark red bands. The pulpit was so old that it had lost its beauty, but the entire back wall of this Mecca side was covered with beautiful tiles of the old Cairo tints (turquoise-blue and dark blue), in designs of foliage with here and there an entire tree. This splendid wall was in itself worth a journey. A few single tiles had been inserted at random in the great red columns, reminding one of the majolica plates which tease the eyes of those who care for such things—set impossibly high as they are—in the campaniles of old Italian churches along the Pisan coast. . . .

The mosques of Cairo are not beautiful as a Greek temple or an early English cathedral is beautiful; the charm of Saracenic architecture lies more in decoration than in the management of massive forms. The genius of the Arabian builders manifested itself in ornament, in rich effects of colour; they had endless caprices; endless fancies and expressed them all—as well they might, for all were beautiful. The same free spirit carved the grotesques of the old churches of France and Germany.

But the Arabians had no love for grotesques; they displayed their liberty in lovely fantasies. Their one boldness as architects was the minaret. It is

probably the most graceful tower that has ever been devised. . . Invariably slender, it decreases in size as it springs toward heaven, carrying lightly with it two or three external galleries, which are supported by stalactites, and ending in a miniature cupola and crescent.

SAIS.

The hareem carriage of a man of importance has not only its eunuch, but also its sais, or running footman; often two of them. These winged creatures precede the carriage; no matter how rapid the pace of the horses, they are always in advance, carrying, lightly poised in one hand, high in the air, a long, lance-like wand. Their gait is the most beautiful motion I have ever seen. The Mercury of John of Bologna; the younger gods of Olympus—will these do for comparison? One calls the sais winged, not only because of his speed, but also on account of his large white sleeves, which, though lightly caught together behind, float out on each side as he runs, like actual wings. His costume is rich—a short velvet jacket thickly embroidered with gold; a red cap with a long silken tassel; full white trousers which end at the knee, leaving the legs and feet bare; and a brilliant scarf encircling the small waist. These men are Nubians, and are admirably formed; often they are very handsome. Naturally, one never sees an old one, and it is said that they die young. Their original office was to clear a passage for the carriage through the narrow, crowded streets; now that the streets are broader, they are not so frequently seen.

BAZAARS.

One spends half one's time in the bazaars, perhaps; one admires them and adores them; but one feels that their attraction cannot be made clear to others by words—nor can it be by the camera. . . Their charm comes from colour, and this can be represented by the painter's brush alone. But even the painter can render it only in bits. From a selfish point of view, we might, perhaps, be glad that there is one spot left on this earth whose characteristic aspect cannot be reproduced either upon the wall or the pictured page, whose shimmering vistas must remain a purely personal memory. We can say to those who have in their minds the same fantastic vision—"Ah, *you* know!" But we cannot make others know. For what is the use of declaring that a collection of winding lanes, some of them not over three feet broad, opening into and leading out of each other, unpaved, dirty, roofed far above where the high stone houses end, with a lattice-work of old mats—what is the use of declaring that this maze is one of the most delightful places in the world? There is no use; one must see it to believe it.

We approach the bazaars by the Mouski, a street which has lost all its ancient attraction. . . . But near its end the enchantment begins, and whether we enter the flag bazaar, the lemon-coloured slipper bazaar, the gold-and-silver bazaar, the bazaar of the Soudan, the bazaar of silks and embroideries, the bazaar of Turkish carpets, or the lane of perfumes—

felicitously named by the donkey-boys the smell bazaar—we are soon in the condition of children before a magician's table. . . .

But, as has already been said, it is useless to describe. All one can do is to set down a few impressions. One of the first of these is the charming light . . . the light in Cairo sometimes seems too omnipresent; then, for refuge, one can go to the bazaars. The sunshine is here cut off horizontally by thick walls, and from above it is filtered through mats whose many interstices cause a chequer of light and shade in an infinite variety of unexpected patterns on the ground. This ground is watered. Somehow the air is cool; coming in from the bright streets outside is like entering an arbour. . . In addition to the light, another thing one notices is the amazing way in which the feet are used. In Cairo one soon becomes as familiar with feet as one is elsewhere with hands; it is not merely that they are bare; it is that the toes appear to be prehensile like fingers. In the bazaars, the embroiderers hold their cloth with their toes; the slipper-makers, the flag-cutters, the brass-workers, the goldsmiths, employ their second set of fingers almost as much as they employ the first. Both the hands and feet of these men are well-formed, slender and delicate, and, by the rules of their religion, they are bathed five times each day. . .

The populace trudges through the narrow lanes, munching sugar-cane whenever it can get it. Another favourite food is the lettuce plant; but the leaves which we use for salad, the Egyptians throw away;

it is the stalk that attracts them. Lettuce stalks are not rich food, but the bazaars of the people who eat them, convey, on the whole, an impression of richness, this is owing to the sumptuousness of the prayer carpets; the gold embroideries, the gleaming silks, the Oriental brass-work with sentences from the Koran, the ivory, the ostrich plumes, the little silver bottles for kohl; the inlaid daggers, the turquoises and pearls, and the beautiful gauzes—a few of them embroidered with the motto: "I do this for you," and on the reverse side, "And this I do for God." To some persons, the far-penetrating, mystic sweetness from the perfume bazaar adds an element also. Here sit the Persian merchants in their delicate silken robes; they weigh incense on tiny scales; they sort the gold-embossed vials of attar of roses; their taper fingers move about amid whimsically small cabinets and chests of drawers filled with ambrosial mysteries. There is magic in names; these merchants are doubly interesting because they come from Ispahan! Scanderoun—there is another; how it rolls off the tongue! We do not wish for exact geographical descriptions of these places; that would spoil all. We wish to chant like Kit Marlowe's Tamburlaine (and with similar indefiniteness):

"Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And march in triumph through Persepolis?
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
—to Babylon, my lords, to Babylon!"

When we leave Cairo, we cannot take with us

the light of these labyrinths; we cannot take their colours; but one traveller, last May, having found in an antiquity shop an ancient perfume-burner, had the inspiration of bargaining with these Persians, seated cross-legged in their aromatic niches (said traveller on a white donkey outside), for small packages of sandal and aloes wood, of myrrh, of frankincense and ambergris, of benzoin, of dried rose-leaves, and of other Oriental twigs and sticks, for the purpose of summoning up later, and in less congenial climes, perhaps, the spicy atmosphere, at least, of the Cairo bazaars. What would be the effect of breathing always this fragrant air? Would it give a richer life, would it tinge the cheek with warmer hues? These merchants have complexions like cream-tinted tea-roses; their dark eyes are clear and all their movements graceful; they are very tranquil, but not in the least sleepy; they look as if they could take part in subtle arguments and pursue the finest chains of reasoning. Would an atmosphere perfumed by these Eastern woods clarify and rarefy our denser Occidental minds?

THE COPTS.

The most interesting of the Coptic churches are at Old Cairo, a mother suburb, where the first city was founded by the conquering Arabian army. Here, ensconced amid hill-like mounds of rubbish, concealed behind mud walls, hidden at the end of blind alleys, one finds the temples of these native Christians who are the descendants of the converts of St.

Mark. The exterior walls have no importance. In truth, one seldom sees them, for the churches are within other structures. Some of them form part of old fortified convents; one is reached by passing through the dwelling rooms of an inhabited house, another is upstairs in a Roman tower. You arrive somehow at a door. When this is opened, you find yourself in a church whose general aspect is rough, and whose aisles are adorned with dust and sometimes with dirt. But these temples have their treasures. Chief among them are the high choir screens of dark wood, elaborately carved in panels, and decorated with morsels of ivory which have grown yellow from age. The designs are Saracenic, but these geometric patterns are interrupted every now and then by Christian emblems and by the Coptic cross. The style of this wood-carving is unique; no other sculpture resembles it. If it does not quite attain beauty, it is at least very odd and rich. There are also carved doors representing Scriptural subjects, marble pulpits, singular bronze candlesticks, brass censers adorned with little bells, silver-gilt gospel-cases, embroidered vestments, silver marriage diadems, ostrich eggs in metal cases, and old Byzantine paintings, often representing St. George, for St. George is the patron saint of the Copts.

These people esteem themselves to be the true descendants of the ancient Egyptians, as distinguished from the conquering race of Arabians who have now overrun their land. It is a comical idea, but they call upon us to note their close resemblance to the

mummies. Early converts to Christianity, they have remained faithful to their belief amid the Mohammedan population all about them. It must be mentioned, however, that they had been pronounced heretics by the Council of Chalcedon, before the Arabian conquest; for they had refused to worship the human nature of Christ, revering His divine nature alone. They are the guardians of the Christian legends of Egypt. In a crypt under one of their churches, they show two niches. One, they say, was the sleeping place of Joseph, and the other of the Virgin and Child, during the flight into Egypt. Near Heliopolis is an ancient tree, under whose branches the Holy Family are supposed to have rested when the sunshine was too hot for further travelling.

There are between four and five hundred thousand Copts in Egypt. . . The Copts are the book-keepers and scribes; they are also the jewellers and embroiderers. Their ancient tongue has fallen into disuse, and is practically a dead language. They now use Arabic, like all the rest of the nation; but the speech survives in their church service, a part of which is still given in the old tongue, though it is said that even the priests themselves, do not always understand what they are saying, having merely learned the sentences by heart, so that they can repeat them as a matter of form. . .

They are not in appearance an attractive people. Their convents and churches, at least in Cairo and its neighbourhood, are so hidden away, inaccessible, and dirty, that they are but slightly appreciated by

the majority of travellers, who spend far more of their time among the mosques of Mohammed. But both the people and their ancient language are full of interest from an historical point of view. They form a field for research which will give some day rich results. A little has been done and well done ; but much still remains hidden.

THE FRENCH ON THE EAST.

The French, as a nation, are not travellers ; they have small interest in any country beyond their own borders. A few of their writers have cherished a liking for the East, but it has been what we may call a home-liking. They give us the impression of having sincerely believed that they could, owing to their extreme intelligence, imagine for themselves (and reproduce for others) the entire Orient from one fez, one Turkish pipe, and a picture of the desert. Gautier, for instance, has described many Eastern landscapes which his eyes have never beheld. Pictures are indeed, much to Frenchmen. . . . French volumes of travel in the East, are written as much with exclamation points as with the letters of the alphabet. . . .

GENERAL GORDON.

In the little English church is a wall tablet of red and white marble—the memorial of a great Englishman. . . . St. George of Khartoum, as he has been called. If objection is made to the bestowal

of this title, it might be answered that the saints of old lived before the invention of the telegraph, the printer, the newspaper and the reporter; possibly they, too, would not have seemed to us faultless if every one of their small decisions and all their trivial utterances had been subjected to the electric light publicity of to-day. Perhaps Gordon was a fanatic, and his discernment was not accurate. But he was single-hearted, devoted to what he considered to be his duty, and brave to a striking degree. When we remember how he faced death through those weary days we cannot criticize him. The story of that rescuing army which came so near him and yet failed, and of his long hoping in vain, only to be shot down at the last, must always remain one of the most pathetic tales of history.

CAMELS AND DONKEYS.

Most of us do not lose our admiration for the Orientalness of the camel, but we learn in time that he has been praised for qualities that he does not possess. He is industrious, but he continually scolds about his industry; he may not trouble one with his thirst, but he revenges himself by his sneer. The smile of a camel is the most disdainful thing I know. On the other side of the Nile bridge one comes sometimes upon an acre of these beasts, all kneeling down in the extraordinary way peculiar to them, with their hind legs turned up; here they chew as they rest, and put out their long necks to

look at the passers-by. But the way to appreciate the neck of a camel is to be on a donkey; then, when the creature comes up behind you and lopes past, his neck seems to be the highest thing in Cairo—higher than a mosque. . . .

The white and grey donkeys of Cairo—the best of them—are good-natured, gay-hearted, strong, and even handsome. They have a coquettish way of arching their necks and holding their chins (if a donkey can be said to have a chin) which always reminded me of George Eliot's description of Gwendolen's manner of poising her head in "Daniel Deronda." . . . George Eliot goes on to warn other young ladies that it is useless to try to imitate this proud little air unless one has a throat like Gwendolen's. And, in the same spirit, one must warn other donkeys that they must be born in Cairo to be beautiful. Upon several occasions I recognized vanity in my donkey. He knew perfectly when he was adorned with his holiday necklaces—one of imitation sequins; the other of turquoise-hued beads. I am sure that he would have felt much depressed if deprived of his charm against magic—the morsel of parchment inscribed with Arabic characters, which decorated his breast. His tail and his short mane were dyed fashionably with henna, but his legs had not been shaved in the pattern which represents filigree garters, and whenever a comrade who had this additional glory, passed him, he became distinctly melancholy and brooded about it for several minutes. There is nothing in the world so deprecatory as the profile of one of these

Cairo donkeys when he finds himself obliged, by the pressure of the crowd, to push against a European; his long nose and his polite eye as he passes are full of friendly apologies. . . .

SOUVENIRS.

As the warm spring closes, every one selects something to carry homeward. Leaving aside those fortunate persons who can purchase the ancient carved woodwork of an entire house, or Turkish carpets by the dozen, the rest of us keep watch of the selections of our friends, while we make our own. Among these we find the jackets embroidered in gold and silver; the inevitable fez; two or three blue tiles of the thirteenth century; a water jug, or kulleh; a fly-brush with ivory handle; attar of roses, and essence of sandal-wood; Assiout ware in vases and stoups; the gauze scarfs embroidered with Persian benedictions; Arabian inkstands; long cases of silver or brass to be worn like a dagger in the belt; the Arabian finger-bowls; the little coffee cups; images of Osiris from the tombs; a native bracelet and anklet, and finally, a scarab or two, whose authenticity is always exciting—like an unsolved riddle. A picture of these mementos of Cairo would not be complete for some of us without two of those constant companions of so many long mornings—the dusty, shuffling, dragging, slipping, venerable, abominable mosque shoes. . . .

THE DESERT.

The road leading to Heliopolis has a charm which it shares with no other in the neighbourhood of Cairo; at a certain point the desert—the real desert—comes rolling up to its very edge; one can look across the sand for miles. The desert is not a plain; the sand lies in ridges and hillocks. . . The contrast between the bright green of the cultivated fields and these silvery, arrested waves is striking, the line of their meeting being as sharply defined as that between sea and shore. I have called the colour silvery, but that is only one of the tints which the sand assumes. An artist has jotted down the names of the colours used in an effort to copy the hues on an expanse of desert before him; beginning with the foreground these were brown, dark red, violet, blue, gold, rose, crimson, pale green, orange, indigo blue and sky blue. Colours supply the place of shadows, for there is no shade anywhere; all is wide open and light. And yet the expanse does not strike one in the least as bare. For myself, I can say that of all the marvels which one sees in Egypt, the desert produced the most profound impression; and I fancy that, as regards this feeling, I am but one of many. The cause of the attraction is a mystery. It cannot be found in the roving tendencies of our ancestor, since he was arboreal, and there are no trees in the strange-tinted waste. The old legend says that Adam's first wife, Lilith, fled to Egypt, where she was permitted to live in the desert, and where she still exists.

"It was Lilith, the wife of Adam;
Not a drop of her blood was human."

Perhaps it is Lilith's magic that we feel. . . .

* * * * *

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The East is the land of mystery. If one cares for it at all, one loves it, there is no half-way. If one does not love it, one really (though perhaps not avowedly) hates it—hates it and all its ways. But for those who love it, the charm is so strong that no surprise is felt in reading or hearing of Europeans who have left all to take up a wandering existence there for long years or for life—the spirit of Browning's "What's become of Waring?"

All of us cannot be Warings, however, and the time comes at last when we must take leave. The streets of Cairo have been for some time adorned with placards whose announcements begin, in large type—"Travellers returning to Europe." We are indeed far away, when returning to Europe is a step towards home. We wait for the last festival—the Shem-en-Neseem, or Smelling of the Zephyr*—the

* Yes, I remember Mason Bey. I met him once only at a small party which Eugene Schuyler gave in Cairo on the Egyptian festival called "Smelling the Zephyr"—a sort of May-Day. The people go out to the country gardens to smell the roses. It was Schuyler's first entertainment at the consulate. . . It was an afternoon tea, and a very hot day. The tea was iced, and I sat in the window, and Schuyler paraded man after man, whether they liked it or not, before my chair, and *made* them talk to me. . . I was very much heated, and I had no thin clothes (having left them all in

Florence), so Mason Bey's idea of me, is of a red-faced porpoise. . . He is a cousin of Mary Lee, (General Robert E. Lee's daughter) and that is the reason he talked to me. I know Miss Lee. He came abroad after the war, because he was such a rabid secessionist that he would not stay at home. He belongs to the family of "Mason and Slidell" fame. But he was a brave officer in the Khedive's army, and he has been a great explorer in his quiet way. He explored, for instance, that lake in Africa where Stanley finally met Emin Pasha. Poor Schuyler, you know, gave but that one entertainment. He died in Venice about six weeks later. . .

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

A funny scene. Eugene Schuyler gave a sort of housewarming on the Coptic Easter Monday, which is also the Arab festival called "Smelling the Zephyr." I went and met, among others, a Mrs. Benedict who has lived abroad for years. She asked me to come to her parlour that night (she was staying in our hotel), and I went. As I entered, the piano was sounding forth the strains of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Miss Benedict was playing, and her mother, her cousin, Mr. Corliss, and Elihu Vedder the artist, who was with them, were singing in a chorus the old familiar words. From that we passed to the "Star Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag," "Marching Through Georgia," and all the others. It was so funny—under the shadow, as it were, of the pyramids. . . I believe the reason was that the songs had just come, and that little Miss Benedict, who was born abroad, had never seen them. . .

From a Letter to Mrs. Samuel Mather.

The winter was a magnificent one, and I feel almost gorged with new impressions and Oriental colour. I lost my heart completely to Cairo. I was strongly, oh! so strongly tempted to go to Constantinople for the summer; it is the summer resort of the Cairo people, and the journey is a short one. Then I should have returned to Egypt for another winter. But, after all, enough is as good as a feast; and with Corfu, Athens and Egypt, I had all I could carry! I am even yet a little intoxicated with the beauty and the colour.

In Cairo, I often saw Brugsch Bey; he is the man who discovered the Pharoahs, you know. He has some idea of going to America to lecture. I think the career of Miss Edwards over there has stirred him up. I could see that he

annual picnic day when the people go into the country to gather flowers and breathe the soft air before the opening of the regular season for the Khamsin. Then comes the journey by railway to Alexandria. We wave a handkerchief to the few friends still left behind. They respond, and so do all the Mustaphas, Achmeds, and Ibrahims who have carried our parcels and trotted after our donkeys. Then we take a seat by the window, to watch for the last time the flying Egyptian landscape—the green plain, the tawny Nile, the camels on the bank, the villages, and the palm trees, and behind them, the solemn line of the desert.

At sunset the steamer passes down the harbour, and pushing out to sea, turns westward. A faint crescent moon becomes visible over the Ras-et-Teen palace. It is the moon of Ramadan. Presently a cannon on the shore ushers in, with its distant sound, the great Mohammedan fast.

did not believe that women could be very profound scholars in anything; though of course he did not actually say so to me. I think we can—only our education must begin a hundred years before we are born—as some wit has said. By this I mean that it will take several generations of study and training before our girls can equal our boys in scholarship; or rather before our women can equal our men.

A daily companion during the last weeks of my stay in Cairo was Prof. Peirce of Harvard. I have just had a letter from him, written at Constantinople, and it is amusing to see how completely fascinated he is with Oriental life. I don't think he has ever been excited before! but now his time has come, and though he is over fifty, he is almost Byronic in his enthusiasm and the expression of it. Well—I cannot laugh at him; for I am the same!

From a Letter to Mrs. Samuel Mather.

The arrival at Alexandria was all it has been pictured, painted and penned! As soon as our ship dropped anchor, we were surrounded by hundreds of small boats, manned (if they *were* men) by creatures with dark faces, bare, dark legs and feet, dressed in different coloured night-gowns—yellow, blue, white, red! All these men were yelling at us and at each other, every man pushing his neighbour's little boat away, and all trying to get close to the ship's side. And when the signal was given, and they climbed up over the ship's side, it was something terrible! I was fortunate in seeing "Cook and Son," on the red nightgown of one black man, so I grabbed him; and he took us and our trunks safely down the narrow ladder to the little "bobbing" boat, and we were soon in Alexandria. It was all so funny and strange that we felt as though we were part of some other country and people!

We had five hours at Alexandria, and drove all about the queer old streets, exclaiming over everything we saw! And the road to Cairo was so interesting, reminding me of biblical pictures I had seen of the "Flight into Egypt." There were camels and donkeys and all kinds of queer costumes, and many people with hardly any clothing on! And then the Oriental shrubs and trees—it all looked as I hoped it would. . .

We reached Cairo after dark, and were soon in our comfortable hotel and in bed. But when I woke the next morning, I heard a sound of water, "it must be a fountain," I said, and then, as there seemed to be so much water, we decided "it must be a bath being prepared." At last, we had the courage to crawl out from under the *mosquito* nets to look, and it was pouring down as hard as any rain storm you ever saw! And this in Egypt—"where it never rains!" This rain continued for two days and two nights; the streets were flooded, the water coming up to the steps of the carriages!—add to this the cold, and no fires in any rooms, and the fact that the whole place was full of mosquitoes—as large and open-mouthed as birds! Can you imagine a worse combination?

When the weather became warmer, we felt better; but we cannot dismiss the feeling that a great deal is being done for the strangers. The dervishes will howl if enough people come to hear them! All the boats on the river are marked in large letters "Cook and Son"; they even say that "Cook and Son" take the pilgrims to Mecca! . . .

We had a beautiful day at the Pyramids; sky of the deepest blue, and a lovely drive through an avenue of acacias, catching glimpses of the palm trees and the Nile. Our dragoman pointed out to us all objects of interest. These dragomen are very important in Cairo; they keep the beggars away; fight the importuning Arabs, and tell you what fees to pay; indeed, you can go nowhere without them.

As you see the Pyramids all the way from Cairo, they do not, grand as they are, take away your breath, as does the Sphinx. To approach on a camel through the deep sand was as it should be—not in an ordinary carriage on an ordinary road, as in the case of the Pyramids. The first sight was disappointing and I gave a deep sigh, so deep that my Arab exclaimed anxiously: "Wait, Lady; oh, wait!" And then my camel with slow, stately steps took me round the sand-ledge, horse-shoe path (made by the digging out of the Sphinx) and there before me stood that colossal mystery—"staring right on with calm, eternal eyes." I can imagine nothing more solemn and grand, and the face, although so mutilated, is yet full of expression. I have no right to attempt describing these ancient things; gifted pens have told of them, gifted brushes have painted them, and yet I cannot quite be silent when it is all so wonderful. We thought things old in Athens, but, oh! Athens seems modern now in comparison. We saw a mummy yesterday that was 5700 years old. Poor old kings! When you realize all the care, money and time spent upon their burial, how miserable it seems that they should be dug up and placed in a bright light for all these tourists to look at and (I am ashamed to say) laugh at! The perfect preservation of the flowers found in these mummy cases is wonderful—such beautiful necklaces as they made, and each flower so perfect in shape, only the colour gone. . .

Mrs. Benedict to Miss Mather.

Cheltenham,
Promenade Terrace,
June 12th, 1890.

Cheltenham, is, I think, going to do very well—for the summer at least. On the left of the Promenade (which is a mile and a quarter long) are excellent shops; on the right, behind a second row of trees, is Promenade Terrace where I stay. . . . The other day I walked to Prestbury, a wee village two miles from Cheltenham. It was on a week-day, and I reached there about six p.m. Presently I saw a magnificent white flag high in the air, and soon discovered that it was flying from the grey stone tower of a very picturesque and ancient Norman church, standing in its old churchyard. The flag had upon it four red fleurs-de-lis, and a royal crown. I have no idea why. The door was open and I went in. Here I found a choir of twenty surpliced boys, and five priests in vestments, going through the evening service with all sorts of ritualistic ornaments, banners, crosses, incense and flowers; a congregation of ten persons. Now who in the world pays for all that in this very small, rural village? I am told there is morning and evening service there every day in the year. In the quiet little main street I came upon an old cottage with a deep thatch, and very clean white curtains in the little windows; above, under the thatch was this inscription: "The Gift of Ann Goodrich to the Religious Poor, 1720." A "Trinity Church Home" of nearly two hundred years ago! . . .

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Gloucestershire is charming. I have explored it from end to end during the year that I have passed here. Gloucester itself, being but fifteen minutes distant by train, is a great resource. I could almost draw the cathedral from memory, inch by inch. The New Inn is charmingly quaint. . . . I can reach the Severn and Avon at Tewkesbury very near here. There is a delightful old Abbey there. I am always prowling about, and then concluding the afternoon by a cup of tea at some old-fashioned country inn. I am sometimes very homesick for Italy—under these grey skies. But generally, I am so busy that I do not think of it.

From a Letter to Mrs. Samuel Mather.

I am now going out for a long walk, I have been rowing, during the autumn, on the Avon; Shakespeare's Avon. Such a pretty little river, winding among the soft green English fields. Flora Payne and I used to row on the meandering Cayuhoga. I am afraid we cannot row there now.

From a Letter to Miss Guilford.

Cheltenham,
1890-91.

I have taken scores of beautiful walks this summer, all over Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire. I go by train several miles, here and there, and take my walks in a new region every day . . . I generally make straight for the little grey church overgrown with ivy; I almost always find the door unlocked

(a beautiful custom, which I wish could be followed everywhere) and within, there is generally some quaint old tomb of an ancient worthy, life-sized, and clad in armour, with his wife beside him in a coif. Occasionally these effigies are of alabaster, painted. Then I prowl about the village, looking for the queer little almshouses "for three poor men, and three poor women," etc. Then I get a cup of tea at the rustic inn. It is always served in the same way; an enormous loaf, a pat of butter, orange marmalade, and water cress. I never touch anything but the tea, but there is no use objecting to the other things; it is the custom to serve it in that way, and in that way you must have it, or not at all. Then I come home by train to dinner at 8 p.m.

* * * * *

The gentleman downstairs has just come back from a hunt, in his scarlet coat. He has splendid horses, and is here for the hunting season. He has the lower floor, and I the two upper ones, and this is all the house. So we are very tranquil and quiet. I sally out every afternoon and do my marketing; the man of the house, (a ci-devant butler) waits; his wife cooks. It is really this easy, private system of living that keeps me in England. I detest a public table . . . And I like to have three or four rooms; yet I don't want to have the care of keeping house at present. . .

* * * * *

I am going to see the primroses this spring at last. I have never yet seen them in their full glory.

I hope to make a foray into the Forest of Dean for the purpose. It is not so large as the New Forest, but very pretty, I am told; oaks and beeches. In two hours I can reach a place called the "Speech House" in the middle of the Forest, where that mysterious institution, the "Verderers' Court" is held. . .

* * * * *

I am thinking a little of changing my abode sometime this summer, and going to Cornwall. The climate is the warmest in England, the scenery very pretty. . . Tristan and Iseult are still hanging about Cornwall, I believe. . .

From Letters to Samuel Mather.

15, Oriel Street,
Oxford.

August 23rd, 1891.

Oh, it is *so* lovely here! The grey quadrangles of the twenty-one colleges, all so beautiful and so different; the lovely college gardens; the two rivers and little row-boats; the beautiful country all about. . . I have endless pleasure before me. . . Imagine me in a row-boat (with a boy to help) paddling about these half-dozen little rivers, under the trees all the way!

* * * * *

. . . I am in a picturesque house, four hundred years old, belonging to Oriel College. It has pleasant, low-browed rooms, and big oriel (or bow) windows, gay with flowers. Its great attraction to me

is that it looks out on a quaint little quadrangle where there is no traffic. On one side of this quadrangle is the Canterbury Gate of Christ Church; at the end is Corpus Christi and all the left side is Oriel College. It is therefore the essence of *old* Oxford. The cooking is excellent; if I could only spend the winter here, I should be delighted; but alas! the whole house is engaged, years ahead, to university men, and I must turn out at term-time, early in October.

I am perfectly captivated with Oxford. I have had some lovely afternoons on the two little rivers; far up the Cherwell under the trees,—it is enchanting. Then the old gardens of the colleges are ideal. And all the beautiful towers, façades, gateways, chapels, etc., etc. And the Bodleian Library. . . .

There is a big bull-dog in the house, whose name is Oriel Bill*. He insists upon spending the evening in my sitting-room. I don't mind that, as I like dogs; but when he jumps heavily into my *lap*, I have to protest. He is almost as large as I am! I put him down; and then, as apology, he offers me his paw. He goes out to walk with me every day.

From Letters to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

* THOSE who are familiar with Mr. Andrew Lang's Oxford will readily recall in the picture of Oriel College a quaintly-gabled house just opposite the college gate. Famous as a students' lodging-house, the building is further distinguished as the principal residence of Oriel Bill, one of the greatest characters alike in university and town.

Though acquainted with the dog in a general way for some time, it was not until the necessity for interviewing him arose that I discovered all his wonderful qualities—his eccentricities, without which no dog can be great; and his virtues, which are many. For obvious reasons the interview aforesaid had to be conducted through the medium of an interpreter, but this in no way detracted from the interest of the meeting, and proved no barrier to our intercourse.

15, Beaumont Street, Oxford.

October 20th, 1891.

. . . I had to leave my Oriel bower when term began, as all the rooms are engaged by undergraduates of Oriel and Merton Colleges. I am now in my winter quarters. . . I went to a first night in London of "The American," Henry James's play. A first night in London is like a reception. All the best seats are given to friends, to critics, and to

Bill, as is usual with him, received me most kindly, and did everything in his power to aid me in learning all about his own quaint personality. "I am about eight years old," he admitted, "not just an old dog altogether, and I've been connected with Oriel some five years or so. My former master, on taking his degree, left me to his landlady's care at 15, Oriel Street, so my connection with the College is likely to last, especially as my master stipulated that I'm to remain in Oxford. Of this I'm glad, for I've many friends here."

"Undergraduates chiefly, I suppose?" "Well, not altogether. You see, College law forbids me to enter the quadrangle, though on special occasions I go to lunch in a friend's rooms sometimes; but I've friends everywhere. Children, servant-girls, cabmen—all adore me. With the last-mentioned I am on terms of the easiest familiarity, and may drive anywhere free of charge. Not to know me is a disgrace. Why, once I got into the cab of a new-comer, who tried to eject me, but failed. At length he hailed a brother of the whip, and asked him wot he'd do with this 'ere fare? 'W'y don't yer know 'im?' the other roared. 'That's Bill; run 'im down to Oriel, of course!' I was driven there accordingly and stepped out quietly at my own abode.

"Another trouble I have is the undergraduate custom of discharging fireworks, about the Fifth of November chiefly. The first squib I hear, I just go off quietly to Headington about two miles out of town, to see my old master, where I stay till the disturbance blows over. Once I stayed from the 5th to the 9th November. I go there too for my health, whenever I feel the heavy air of Oxford tell on my system, or when I've received any serious shock to my nerves. But, he added "you mustn't think my chums are all of the kind I've mentioned. I've distinguished acquaintances; one of the most intimate is a niece of Fenimore Cooper's, Miss Fenimore Woolson; she's putting me into a book just now. Look here" (Bill produced a small grey paper packet tied with pink ribbon), "this was attached to my collar one evening after I'd been to see her. Open it and read the contents."

I did so. Within was a card with the inscription:—

"William of Oriel dined this evening with Miss Fenimore Woolson, and after a hearty meal, a drink of water, and a nap before the fire, he now returns home. 8 p.m. January 27th, 1892."

From "Oriel Bill," by J. D. Symax, English Illustrated Magazine.

persons of distinction; full dress necessary. I put on my best, and we looked well enough, but were nothing to the others! Pink satin, blue satin, jewels of all sorts, splendour on all sides of us. The house was packed to the top, and the applause great. . . All the literary and artistic people were there, and many "swells" also. . . When the performance was ended, and the actors had been called out, there arose loud calls "Author," Author"! After some delay, Henry James appeared before the curtain and acknowledged the applause. He looked very well—quiet and dignified, yet pleasant; he only stayed a moment.

The critics have, since then, written acres about the play. It has been warmly praised; attacked; abused; highly commended, etc.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Beaumont Street,
Oxford.
May 31*st*, 1892.

We finished up the gaieties of "Boat Week" by an afternoon on the Balliol barge, as a change from the Trinity. The "Boat Week" means the seven races by the twenty-four crews of eight oars each; each college has a crew, and the contest is for the position known as "Head of the River."* It has

* We were on the Trinity barge when Magdalen "bumped" Brasenose, now Magdalen has the honour of being "Head of the River" until next summer. We have also been to hear some of the debates by the undergraduates. Earl Beauchamp spoke, and was most charming in manner, speech and looks. *From a Letter.*

been very amusing, and the scene most animated, with the crowds of ladies on the barges and the bands of music. To-day, we go to a garden party at Trinity. . . We took a lovely walk along the Upper River (Thames) to Godstow, Fair Rosamond's Convent, where we had tea at a charming ancient Inn on the bank," The Perch." . . .

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Oxford, 1892.

I have had a long walk this beautiful Indian summer day; I went first across the fields, beside a little brook, to a rustic ferry over the Thames, or rather over one of its branches. A cord hangs down from the tree; you pull it, and it rings a bell in the ferryman's house on the other side; then he comes over in his punt and takes you across for a penny. On the other side is one of Matthew Arnold's " two Hinkseys," namely, South or Ferry Hinksey. I looked in at the little ancient weather-beaten church, then I crossed by a field-path to North Hinksey— " the Tree, the Tree! " being in sight all the way, so that I could not " despair "—even if I had wished to (which I did not). I don't know that you care for Matthew Arnold's poetry? To me it is very dear and especially the two poems about Oxford; " Thyrsis " and " The Scholar Gipsy." Finally, just as dusk fell, I stopped at the cathedral on my way home, and attended the beautiful choral service. I sit close to the organ, for I love to hear its rolling

chords. The cathedral was crowded, and as all the undergraduates of that particular college (Christ Church) are obliged to wear a white surplice when attending service, the nave and choir seemed (with the many choristers in addition) to be full of white-winged figures. . . Then I came home in the fog, and found my kettle boiling on the trivet attached to the grate in the sitting-room, and the little low tea-table all ready with the jap teapot that has a cup inside, so that there shall be only an infusion of tea, and no tannin. I therefore instantly made a cheerful cup. And now I am writing to you by my blazing fire.

All this is to give you a picture of my life here. I think you were right in saying that you felt convinced Oxford would be more satisfactory to me than any place outside of Italy. It is. I had a good deal of difficulty in getting pleasant rooms, as in term-time almost everything is engaged for the colleges; I find that about half of the undergraduates live in lodgings, and not within the gates. However . . . I have at last obtained a very nice place with sitting-room, dining-room, trunk-room and a bedroom above, all cheerful, and with big English coal fires. My landlord is the Manciple of Exeter, and so I fare well as regards the table. Then I can go to town in an hour, and that gives more variety than I had or could have at Cheltenham. Yesterday, for instance, I went to town by invitation. . . to the Lyceum matinée to see the Daly company in "As you Like It" . . . Rehan is a delightful Rosalind and I smiled to see

Lewis as Touchstone. I remember his beginnings at Cleveland ages ago. . . .

From a Letter to Mrs. Samuel Mather.

December 22nd, 1892.

. . . I took at last, my long-talked-of trip down the Thames in a small steamer, to see the scenery. It was very pretty, but a little too cool for perfect enjoyment. I ought to have gone in August, but did not feel like taking even one day off till a good deal of copy had actually started to New York. I only went as far as Henley; then I went by train to Cambridge, which I have never seen; the same day to Ely for two hours, then back to Oxford; all in one day. Fortunately, the day was divine, and I enjoyed it beyond words. I had no idea Ely was so magnificent. Between Henley and Cambridge, I made a little pilgrimage to Stoke-Poges where Gray is buried. "The curfew tolled the knell of parting day," while I was there. I walked for two hours in Stoke Park (a private park) where there were three hundred deer. The leaves were coloured and all was so tranquil and sweet; it did me good. Now I am back. . . again, refreshed. . . .

Here comes the tea-tray; now I shall make tea, and drink a big cupful of it; then a walk of five miles, as it is a cold day; then home to dinner at half-past seven; then bed; then to-morrow, to work again.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Oxford.

March 20th, 1893.

I am sending a photograph of the Sheldonian Theatre here (not a theatre at all, but the circular hall of the university) on the occasion of " the Grand Old Man's* " visit this winter. The undergraduates were to be admitted by the iron gate. There were only 700 seats placed at their disposal (the rest of the theatre was filled with graduates from all over England, and Dons), and there are between three and four thousand undergraduates !—so you may imagine the fight to get in. The gate was not opened until two p.m., and before ten a.m., Broad Street was entirely blocked by undergraduates, waiting and wrestling for a place. When at last the gate was opened, only one half of it was swung back, and the youths thought they were not fairly treated. So they swarmed up the immensely high iron railing. I was on the other side of the street ; I never saw such a funny sight ! About twenty-two men were seriously injured by the spikes, and I don't know how many pairs of trousers impaled ! I saw the G.O.M. arrive in the Dean's carriage. He *is* a wonderful old man.

Last evening, the President of Trinity spent an hour here, and he wore his splendid silk gown and mortar-board, as other men wear overcoat and hat.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

* William Ewart Gladstone.

Oxford.

Here comes old Domenico, the Italian image-seller. He has established himself and his basket opposite the house, and now he is steadily gazing at my windows. He is over 80. I talk to him in Italian, and occasionally buy a sixpenny plaque. I say to him: "Come stà? fa bel tempo oggi." And he responds with a radiant Italian smile. When I go out to post this, I shall give him a penny and remark: "Credo che avremo della pioggia." He speaks English, but we both pretend that he doesn't know a word.

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

Venice,

Casa Biondetti.

July 1*st*, 1893.

. . . Here the weather is delicious; it could not be more perfect. And the tints of the sky and the sea; the splendid outlines of the old palaces as they rise from the water; the coloured sails of the fishing boats; the gondolas, the music and the flags (it is a festa)—all this is as gay and enchanting as ever.

My little apartment has the best possible situation with views both up and down the Grand Canal. It is not far from the Salute Church. I have five windows on the Canal, and I spend most of my time looking out of them. I have a fair-sized salon, a

small dining-room, two bed-rooms, and a little room on the roof, where there is always the sea breeze and a splendid view. The woman of the house cooks for me and cooks very well, too, and this floor has a very nice and pretty little Italian maid. . . .

Have you read any of the books on Italy by J. Addington Symonds? He died this spring in Rome, and Mrs. Symonds who is here (they used to spend their summers here) wants me to take his gondolier . . . He has lived with them for 18 years, and Mrs. Symonds has pensioned him; perhaps the fact that I know her might make him anxious to please me. For one thing I suppose he knows every out-of-the-way fresco and bit of carving, and interesting church, not only in Venice, but for ten miles around. For Symonds was always afloat. In Venice your gondolier not only takes you out in his gondola (which floats at all times at your door), but goes to market and waits at table, blacks shoes, and brings up wood, etc., etc. . . .

It is all so lovely! Yesterday I went over to have tea with S. in his enchanting hall. The sea breeze blew through the great room, and the gondoliers, in white and gold, waited upon us. Then I came back and joined Miss Felton on her balcony where we watched the gondolas pass, and all the flags and banners, until a friend sent in to us a great basket of roses and another of strawberries. . .

From a Letter to Mrs. Samuel Mather.

Casa Biondetti,

Venice.

July 2nd, 1893.

. . . I am here at last, as you see. I got away from Oxford very late, and very tired. I stopped in London to go to the dentist and was taken down with a sharp attack of influenza ; my first experience. There were no symptons at all but high fever ; but the London doctor, whom the Hotel sent for at 4 a.m. ! seemed to have no doubt as to the nature of the malady. I haven't got back my strength, and I have always heard that weakness and depressed spirits were the special charms of this delightful complaint . . .

Venice is to me even more beautiful, more enchanting than ever ; that sums it up. . . . . I have a gondola, and I am searching for an apartment. . . The society here, unlike Florence, is very small. On the floor below me are two ladies I know from Boston, Miss Felton (her father was President of Harvard) and Miss Lily Norton, the daughter of Charles Eliot Norton, the author and Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard. Opposite are Miss Huntington and Mrs. Quincey of Boston, whose son is now Assistant Secretary of State at Washington. It is warmer than at home, the soft salt air is just right for me. Venice is full, for the bathing season has begun and there are fêtes and regattas and music, etc.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

August 20th, 1893.

I have just been in my gondola to the floating bath in the harbour, but there was such a crowd of bathers that I could not get in. So behold I have no sea-bath at all to-day. . . . I am now called at 4.30 every morning, and then, after a cup of tea, I sit (in a dressing-gown) and write until 9.30, when I have breakfast. This is to get the cool hours for work. Then I dress and go on writing until 4 p.m., when I go to the Lido and take a sea-bath. These baths are, to me, quite perfect; the best I have ever had, because not at all cold. The water is soft, and the little waves lift one up so lightly that I almost swim. I go out as far as I can and just float and float. Then home to dinner at 7.30, and all the evening I am out in my gondola. . . It is warm, but not unbearable; 80° is the highest, and there is always a sea-breeze. Nothing in the world can be more beautiful than the lagoons in the evening. Then my special friends here, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. and Miss Bronson are not going away at all. . . .

My news is that I have taken part of a furnished house for eight months, from September 10th. The house is almost opposite the Casa di Desdemona. It belongs to an English General who comes here for his summers; his winters are spent in the Riviera, where he has another house. He has offered two floors of it for $40 a month. For this sum I have two salons, a winter bed-room, a summer ditto; dining-room, kitchen, and three servants' rooms; and excellent furniture. He is Lieutenant General de

PALAZZO SEMITECOLO, VENICE.

[*To face p. 380*]

Horsey. He invited me to tea to make the final bargain, and entertained me with much magnificence. Forty years ago he went to the United States and took the trouble to go to Cooperstown and spend two days on account of his great admiration of Fenimore Cooper's novels; he knows them by heart. His brother, Admiral de Horsey of the English navy, was one of the few who were invited to the dinner which the Prince of Wales gave to the German Emperor at Cowes last month. I took this house because it was a good bargain, healthy, and comfortable. I have not yet found the ideal apartment, with Gothic windows, on the Grand Canal, and a rent of nothing at all! The General's big house has plenty of room, and I shall probably send for my Florence things, and have (oh! joy!) my beloved yellow chair; my stand-up desk, and my own sheets. . .

August 21st.

It is pretty hot to-day—88°—in fact, quite sizzling; but I shall stick it out if I possibly can, and at any rate, I *must* do so until the proof* is done, for they are waiting for it, both in New York and London. . .

The Regatta came off on the 9th of August, and was by far the prettiest thing I have ever seen. The race is between the different clubs of gondoliers; but the prettiest part is the sight of the Grand Canal, decorated from end to end; everybody hangs out brocades, armorial bearings, and flags and flowers, and

* "Horace Chase."

the barges of ideally beautiful shapes, in gilt and white, with swans for prows and long velvet hangings trailing in the water behind. Each of these boats has twelve men dressed in mediaeval costumes, who row, standing. I first saw the preliminary parade from the splendid Barbaro. Then I went, by invitation, to the Rezzonico Palace (that is Browning's) whence one has a fine view of the finish and the prize giving. A splendid collation was served in the sumptuous dining-room and all the nice Venetians were there, among them the English clergyman in a long black tightly fitting garment (cassock ?), which came to his heels. . . .

The Empress Frederick of Germany (the "Vicky" of Queen Victoria's books) was here for a short time this week. She was on her way to Homburg from Greece. . . The English dispatch-boat which brought her from Athens, was bound for Trieste; so she got off there; but she is so devoted to Venice that she came here by train, in all the heat, for a few days. She was incog. but she *did* accept one dinner, which was given by the Countess Pisani, whose apartment is under the Curtis's in the Barbaro. Mrs. Curtis attended the dinner; she and her husband, and my landlord, General de Horsey, were the only other guests with the ladies and gentlemen of the suite, for the Empress travels with a suite of twelve persons.

The Countess Pisani had out all her magnificent old Dresden china dinner service, and her ancient Venetian glass; there were ten different kinds of wine and ten wine glasses at each plate, and everything to

correspond. She was in blue satin; Mrs. Curtis in pink brocade; meanwhile "Vicky" came in her travelling dress of plain black woollen cloth, without an ornament, and on her head an ugly little travel-worn cap of black lace; she is not only an Empress but exceedingly rich. . . .

P.S.—Tuesday morning, Five o'clock.

The sun is rising in a thick fog. The first I have seen here. It is refreshing, because not so hot.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather.

Casa Semitecolo,
San Gregorio,
Canal Grande, Venice.
December 3rd, 1893.

I begin a letter in the interval after tea and before dinner—which I have set apart for letter-writing in the short space that remains to me before I begin another novel on January 1st. If no one comes in, it is a peaceful time. I have, however, a good many callers, and I have told everybody that I am almost always at home by dark. . .

My "peaceful moment" to-night would be rather more peaceful if Tello did not insist upon lying on my lap. As he is a good deal larger than Tiny Polliket, (though not so large as Packim) he makes writing rather difficult. He is tired and is taking a nap. We went in the gondola to the Adriatic beach, and had a long walk on the shore of two hours, and he ran and ran, and carried sticks in his mouth which

were longer than himself. Then in addition he had to fight all the coast-guards who patrol the beach; he showed his teeth at each one, to their amusement. So now he is resting, and I am writing under difficulties. I have your letter after you had heard I had bought him—you ask for description. Well—him id kinnin. But him *id'nt* good! Him growl, and fight everybody and everything *but* me! Him tear to pieces every single thing he can get hold of, and then, when we find him in the midst of the ruin he has wrought, he wag' em tail, perfectly triumphant. Him id now exactly three months old. Him birthday wad September 1st. He sleeps in my room in a basket, and although I did not think of it when I bought him, he is an excellent guard for me. He rouses at a step or the slightest sound, and his sharp little bark I always hear. As he lies at my feet in the evening, I can tell merely by the pricking of his ears, if any one has even passed through the hall outside the closed door. These Pomeranians are celebrated as watch dogs; not for their size, but for their acute attention and loud bark. . . He will guard me better than a servant. . .

I am beginning to feel rather more rested, and the apartment is at last in order. I shall now have five months of quiet and comfort in it. There has been a good deal to do, and I have been far too impatient about it. But now all my things from Florence are unpacked and in place, and the necessary things bought. . . . I live on the south side of the house, where I have a pleasant sunny little sitting

room, a small warm dressing, and sunny bed-room. The north side of the house on the Grand Canal I do not now use. Here is the big bedroom and dressing room I occupied when I moved in in September, and here I shall put you and Mamma when you come. The view is splendid. In the spring, too, we can use as a salon the long hall which also opens on the Grand Canal with a balcony. . .

Night before last I actually went to the theatre. Edith Bronson took me. It was done principally to show me the theatre, and how things are managed, etc. so that if I ever care to go by myself, I can do it easily. It was an Italian company, one of Dumas fils plays—" Denise " ; I didn't care for the play itself, but the acting was very good. The Italians are to me the most natural actors in the world. It comes out, the same trait, in Duse.* Edith B. told me that she had twice seen Duse in " Denise," and that when *she* played the part every one was breathless. . .

By the way, she (Edith B.) asked me to write in her precious little album, in which she has only very nice names—Longfellow, Lowell, Browning, Tennyson and lots more. I'll scribble what I wrote. Her pet dog's name is Tubby ben Toufou (the son of Toufou, her mother's Japanese dog).

* About Duse . . . She again sent her agent to me last week, for she is so in hopes that I will take the apartment she still has on her hands—the top floor of beautiful Casa di Desdemona . . . So I again went to look at it. The one room on the Grand Canal is perfectly beautiful, with the exquisite balconies, and a divine view . . . Her red silk is still on the walls, and ever so many of her other hangings and decorations.

From a Letter.

" Precious booklet made for Edith,
Famous names, and verses sweet,
Only one thing more it needeth,
To be quite complete— ;
There should be a verselet, clearly,
(Tiny painted portrait, too),
Of the friend she loves *most* dearly,
Tubby ben Tou-fou !
Stalwart little Tubby,
Eyes so leal and true,
Loving, faithful, dauntless, chubby
Tubby ben Tou-fou ! "

* * * * *

I enclose a note from Princess Hatzfeldt—Yes, I have got to Princesses ! When Lady Layard called upon me, I felt quite fine. But Princesses are better than Knights and their " ladies " . . .

It is now after dinner, Tello has waked up and come climbing up on my lap. I have given him a bone (I keep bones on all the tables), two sticks, and the envelope of your letter, and I *hope* he will let me write. I notice that he is beginning to have a *little* doggy smell. But it's a very *nice* smell, don't you think so ? . . .

Tello is biting the penholder. I put him down, and took up your letter, when, happening to lift my eyes, I saw that he had climbed up on the sofa, got the silk cushion Henry James gave me, jumped down and was carrying it off under the table, but it is bigger than he is ! . . .

Love to Mamma. Will write to her soon.* Tello chend him love. C.F.W.

From a Letter to her Niece, Clare Benedict.

Casa Semitecolo,
San Gregorio,
Canal Grande,
Venice.

December 13th, 1893.

The gondolier has just brought me your letter and I will take this peaceful hour before dinner at least to begin a reply. It is dark now at five and I don't have dinner until seven, so that gives me two quiet hours, in case no one comes in. A good many people do come in at present. But almost all of them leave Venice immediately after Christmas for about six weeks. . . Some go to the Riviera, some to Rome or Naples.† . . .

It now often happens with me that I have to spur myself up to go somewhere—even if it is no

* As I was much separated from my sister, our letters were much . . . We promised each other to be safety valves and also promised each other to destroy letters as soon as answered. Therefore, when she was taken, I was the only person who had no letters. How I missed her clear, strong, interesting letters! . . . And *my* kind of letter amused her; she said I told her things that no one else told her. Oh, that awful silence!

Mrs. Benedict to Miss May Harris.

† Pretty soon my visitors will diminish, for this winter more than ever before, "the 400" are leaving Venice for the worst of the weather. You must not suppose that the number of people I know here is large, but the same persons call often, ("The 400" of Venice consist of about 25 or 30). *From a Letter.*

more than to the Lido, here. I don't feel in the mood, perhaps. Very likely I feel depressed; and I say to myself that fifty Lidos won't do me any good! But when I actually *go*, I always brighten up. The sea and sky, and splendid line of the Dolomite Alps (now visible in the north and north-east; one almost never sees them in summer) all this cheers me, and the causes of depression for the time grow less, and even disappear. . . .

You speak of a snow-storm. Here, it has not, so far, been at all wintry. It is cold enough to make a bright open fire pleasant. But not in the least bitter. To-day, when I went with my little dog to the Piazza for a walk, a military band was playing, and people were not only walking up and down, but sitting in front of the cafés taking coffee. It is true that the Piazza is like a large hall, or drawing-room. My apartment here is all in order at last, and very comfortable. . . My little sitting-room has a large open fireplace (an unusual thing in Italy) with a most picturesque hood and high mantelpiece in the old style. . . . Sometimes I think that as I have re-collected my things from Florence and England. . . . and as I like Venice so much, I had better stay on here for some years.

Society here is to me delightful. The circle is very small (unlike Florence) and it is either lazy, or exclusive—as you prefer to call it; the members don't trouble themselves to run after strangers or transient visitors. I have never been so kindly received as here; but there are few young people.

It is essentially a society of older persons; people who have retired from active life, and are taking their ease.

I will close (for it is now after dinner), by an account of an expedition I made yesterday with Edith Bronson, to see some unfurnished apartments (for I look at everything; it does no harm to look). One was on the second floor of the magnificent Palazzo Pesaro, on the Grand Canal below the Rialto bridge. Here are ten or twelve superb, high-ceilinged rooms with great balconies on the Grand Canal and a splendid view—all in perfect order, I can have them for three hundred dollars a year! It is owned by the Duchess of Bevilacqua, who sent me word that she would make all repairs, and do any little thing I wanted without expense. The objections to this ideal place are two; one is that with the very high ceilings, I could not heat it in winter. The other is that such large rooms require much furniture. But think of such a superb place, with marble and stucco, and balconies and view—for $300 a year! . . .

Another apartment (very different) is by the side of the clock-tower with the two giants on top that strike the hours. These rooms are beautiful and look straight down the Piazzetta to the water, with San Giorgio Maggiore opposite. Of course they also command the whole Piazza, San Marco and the Doge's Palace.

Finally there is a small palace on the Grand Canal round the bend where the Foscari Palace is;

it is some distance down, but by no means so far as the Rialto. This little palace has pretty Gothic windows, and little balconies and a water door, and there is an apartment in it (the first floor) which is only $200 a year. It is a small place, but excellently situated and with sun. At present, the Count Grimani with his mother and sisters live there. . . But though I look at many apartments (for the search is amusing, and gives one glimpses of Venetian interiors which one would not otherwise see), I have no plans beyond May 10th. . .

Christmas Evening.

This letter did not get off, my dear Kate; so I will scribble a little more and post it to-morrow. The weather is perfectly beautiful. Yesterday, Christmas Eve, I went to the Lido in the gondola, and walked for two hours on the Adriatic beach with my little dog Othello, the Moor of Venice. It was so warm that I sat for some time on the grassy embankment of Fort S. Niccolò, looking at the blue water, the blue sky, the snowy Alps in the distance, and, on the sea, the many red sails.

To-day, I have been strolling in the Piazza; San Marco crowded to the doors; flags flying on the three great flagstaffs before the church, and the two enormous banners of St. Mark floating from the church itself. I am invited to-night to a Christmas party at Lady Layard's. This is the palace which has such a beautiful collection of pictures. I have declined, and shall sit alone by my fire and read

Dickens' Christmas Carol and Milton's Hymn on the Nativity and think of those who are gone. . .

This morning Mrs. Bronson sent me a beautiful pearl and gold pen, and other pretty things have come in from these kind Venetians.

My latest new acquaintance is Princess Olga of Montenegro. . . I have always wanted to go to Montenegro, and Olga tells me it is very easy now. One goes to Fiume, opposite Venice, and thence by steamer one day down the Adriatic. Olga's father was King. At his death, a nephew succeeded to the throne, and the widow and her little girl came to Venice to live. The elder princess died last year, and Olga now spends her time with relatives—sometimes here, sometimes in Russia, sometimes with her cousin, the present ruler of Montenegro. Like all Russians, she is wonderful about languages. She speaks English perfectly as regards all she says; the only thing is that she has a slight foreign accent. It is a very sweet accent. She speaks half a dozen tongues in the same perfect way. She is about twenty-eight, small, dark, not pretty, but very interesting. She asked if she might come "very soon" again, so I think she means to pursue the acquaintance. The Czar has settled a pension upon her. I don't know whether all this interests you? It does me; I like to see unusual people. . .

I send again, this Christmas night, much love to your mother.

Good-bye, Targia, with much love to Will,

Affectionately, C.F.W.

From a Letter to Miss Katharine Livingston Mather

Casa Semitecolo,
Canal Grande,
Venice.

December 25th, 1893.

. . . My Christmas Eve, the afternoon, was spent alone. It was a perfect day with brilliant sunshine, blue sky and sea. I started in the gondola at two o'clock and went over to the Adriatic beach. Here I took a long walk with my little dog beside the lovely sea. There were innumerable red sails in sight. Finally, I went to the very end of the point, entered the fort, and asked permission to sit for a while on the grassy ramparts, overlooking the water. Venice, like a fairy city, rose in the distance, and in the north-north-west, the whole long line of the splendid snow-covered Alps and Dolomites was clearly visible. If I should go home and live in Cooperstown, should I be homesick for all this?

To-day, I have been to the Piazza. Crowds of people, all with happy faces, for the Italians require so little to make them happy! San Marco crowded to the doors. The banners flying on the church and the great Italian flags streaming forth from the tall flagstaffs where once floated the standards of the tributary provinces. It was so warm and bright that I could not wear my fur cloak; I needed only a jacket.

I am invited to-night to a beautiful Christmas party at Lady Layard's, but I prefer to sit alone by my fire and think of days that are gone. . . I often

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON AT THE TIME OF HER DEATH.

[*To face p. 393*]

think that though I stay abroad, I seem to remember better than any one else. All the others have forgotten the old personages, but I haven't. . . I have taught myself to be calm and philosophic, and I feel perfectly sure that the next existence will make clear all the mysteries and riddles of this. In the meantime, one can do one's duty or try to do it. But. . . . if at any time you should hear that I have gone, I want you to know beforehand that my end was peace, and even joy at the release. . . .

Now I am going out again for another walk through the beautiful Piazza.

From a Letter to Mrs. Washburn.

LAGOONS.*†

Notes made in Venice, a short time before her death by Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Sails.

August 15th, 1893.

A boat with three sails and jib.

Large sail, behind orange, with a broad stripe near the top of red. Second sail, orange, with

* As to the Lagoons—I am greatly fascinated with them. At this season the whole magnificent long line of the Dolomite Alps fills the entire north and north-western sky. They are glittering with snow and as superb as the Bernese peaks from Berne. . . If I stay here, I think I shall write something about the Lagoons. I have learned to row gondolier fashion, as that is a good way to get exercise here. It is now cold, but not at all bitter. Splendid sunshine and no wind.

From a Letter to Samuel Mather.

† I must preface that my ideas of the lagoons are as they appear in the afternoon, at sunset, twilight and evening, and night. I almost never went out in the morning.

Italy, however, as a whole, is the land of afternoon—of lazy, dreamy afternoon—not of the brisk morning.

Note by Miss Woolson.

broad stripe of faded blue. Third, orange and red. Picturesque patches on the sails.

Very common; orange sail with red top and red chequerwork body.

A splendid mended sail, orange and deep blood red.

The beauty of the two red sails when set wing and wing, as the boats come sailing in at sunset and twilight along the canal that leads by the Grazie island and enters the Giudecca past S. Giorgio Maggiore.

In August, I saw a sail with faded dark blue stripes.

November 4th, I saw a sail with a large head pierced by two daggers.

The red sails come into Venice in a procession, principally fishing boats, but also I saw potatoes and tomatoes along the canal from the Lido, Malamocco Santo Spirito, San Clemente, and S. Giorgio Maggiore.

Devices on Sails.

A soldier, a horse (green horse on red sail).
A cross with I.H.S.
A soldier and sword.
A mounted knight on a horse.
Many figures of a sun with eyes.
A wine barrel.
A fish. An anchor. Two wheels.
A melon.
One I.H.S. *in* a sun.
Many plain crosses.

Many figures 864 or 52—etc.
A horse and rider with outstretched sword.
A cow.
An ox.
A sun with human features.
The Lion of St. Mark with his paw out.

Boats.

The slanting position of all the oarsmen in Venice, not only in gondolas and barcas, but barges and fishing boats and big freight boats—*very* graceful, outlined against the low sky.

The hanging of the coloured sails over the sides of the boats is not for picturesque effect! But to keep the tar between the cracks from melting in the sun's rays. They almost, and sometimes quite, trail in the water—an effect like Cleopatra's barge.

In August from the Grand Hotel I saw a fishing boat (or fruit boat) empty, go by, rowed by a man and his wife, he as poppé managing the helm with one leg; she in front. Both were barefoot. Handsome feet (so many handsome feet to be seen). Inside of the barge, in the bottom were two babies, one of a few months in its cradle; the other sitting in a baby's little chair with some rough toys.

What sort of boats are those that tilt up so high at back and front? like junks!

I saw a wood-boat on August 31st that had a long beam at the back—was it the handle of the helm?—painted green, and ending in a human head

and face, life size, not badly done, either in design or colour. This boat had a Madonna painted on the helm. Another near had St. Francis on the helm. These boats (and all the large ones) have two holes at the prow for the chains to run out, and they are made to resemble eyes! so that the boat can see. Another wood-boat had two cupids, life-size, painted on the prow.

(I saw *one* figure-head only—the bust of a woman). On the prow of another was painted the Lion of St. Mark. A Chioggia two-master had a Lion of St. Mark—a figure of it—not painting—at the prow.

Wood-boats have two masts. All from Cherso.

Fruit and Other Loads.

July 1st, I saw a red-sailed boat loaded with new potatoes.

In August, huge watermelons and muskmelons, peaches, nectarines, figs, purple and yellow plums.

In August I saw great barges loaded with melons. All kinds of fruit paddled along the canal in boats. The *splendid* fruit of Venice!

Towards the last of August, I saw the first grapes—small and white—coming to town in the boats. They were packed in baskets in high pyramids. The cone covered with a cap of leaves.

Big barges loaded with tomatoes, very red, in August. Also large barges loaded with melons of all kinds—watermelons, muskmelons, and a big

round, rough-skinned melon, also green rough things, half like pumpkins.

In September, pears, pomegranates, grapes, apples.

I don't know why fruit looks so much more rich and luscious piled in boats! But it does.

The big tomato barges were rowed (in August and September) by seven men standing.

Boats (eight men rowing), October 10th.

In October, splendid apples.

The wood begins to come—in July and August—in bigger boats. Little spindling sticks that make one sorry for the trees! At the bow a few larger knots piled up like some treasure! Where does wood come from?

The omnipresent little dog.

Boating—Men and Women.

Occasionally, one sees a girl or a woman in the fishing or fruit boats. A bare-foot girl sitting at the prow of a boat loaded with new potatoes in July, had such well-shaped feet. This again, I noticed at the Lido, among the bathers.

Birds.

I saw, September 1st, some white birds in the lagoon, feeding at low tide. Rarity of birds in Italy.

Flowers.

The tall white lilies (Annunciation) are very conspicuous in Venice in June. I saw sheafs of them coming to town on the fruit boats.

Ships.

Italian navy vessels lying at Venice.

Gunboats.

Nice white summer dress of the Italian naval sailors.

Leaning Palaces and Campaniles.

St. Stephano.

S. Pietro in Castello.

The Dario.

Women.

Hair.

Eyes.

Flimsy little fans. In summer they hold them as ineffectual shades.

The Venetian shawl. The slipper. Singular taste of Italians; thick clothes in summer.

General, Lagoons.

The fishing nets spread out to dry, festooned between the masts of two fishing boats like lace work.

The canals of the lagoons are as marked and definite and necessary to follow as the canals of the town, for the water elsewhere is very shallow. At low tide one sees two distinct systems of canals and little water courses.

Miscellaneous.

The men eating polenta I saw at Murano, near the last church.

Painters everywhere. In gondolas. On church steps. In campos.

Bricks are beautiful in Venice.

Whittier's "Snow Bound" in connection with the Lagoons.

King John, Act 1st. "And talking of the Alps," etc.

* * * * *

CRIES OF THE INSANE WOMEN AT SAN CLEMENTE.

"My dear Mother will come and take me out . . . Yes—she *will!* she *will!*"

Oh, Mother! Mother!"

O, mamma mia, mamma mia!"

And sobs and tears.

Others sing.

* * * * *

S. GIORGIO MAGGIORE.

Find out whether there are *really* two men buried high on the façade.

VIEWS ON THE LAGOONS—ATMOSPHERE AND SKY EFFECTS.

On a cool day, the first of September, all the islands suddenly looked very near. Sacca Sessola seemed at three minutes' distance. Also S. Niccolò di Lido. And even Malamocco.

A magnificent, full red moon rising over the public gardens at nine p.m., August 30th.

September 3rd, six p.m.

Warm, still, not at all hot, autumnal. The water of a pearl and dove colour. Dove-coloured

clouds gathered in the west. The beautiful line of the Euganean Hills like dark blue velvet. The sun comes out below the clouds behind S. Giorgio in Alga, lighting it up in profile with its trees and meadows. The sun in *rays*. One fishing boat. The two piles inky black.

I saw the Dolomites or Venetian Alps for the first time at the time of this sunset, after three months in Venice!

In September, the islands all begin to look nearer and clearer. The soft misty haze of summer is not so thick. The sky effects are more beautiful in September. The Euganean Hills more clear. Also the Alps. The Euganean Hills end in a high round mountain, then follows a bit of perfectly flat plain, but soon begin low hills which run along a considerable distance. Then run into the long range of blue mountains, which goes as far as—

October 10th, six p.m. Sun gone down, and whole west, salmon colour and gold. Euganean Hills and all the Alps violet velvet.

Low tide and men with legs bare searching for things in the seaweed and islands. Vast plains of seaweed. Millet's Angelus. S. Giorgio in Alga like a farm in the plain.

December 3rd. White snow on mountains; vaguely seen against dove or slate-coloured sky and dove-coloured mist. Like crayon drawing.

December 10th. Splendid silver sun in fog. Silver full moon. Flowers in bloom near La Favorita.

ISLANDS.*

Fusina.

I went there September 6th. Lovely day. Sailed all the way and right up the Brenta to first lock.

Woman and duck.

But the train takes away from the idea of the vastness and wildness of the Lagoons.

Magnificent sea breeze this day!

S. Niccolò di Lido.

Its campanile is said to be seen from Intra. I went there with Mr. Curtis. The big tree.

Inside the fort is a cemetery with English and

* List of islands in the Lagoons, which have now disappeared. This list was made for Mrs. Bronson, carefully compiled from the old records, and in some cases also from the old vestiges of what still remains *in situ*.

Barbania. This island was swallowed up by the sea. In the sixth century it possessed a church and convent. At low tide traces of these buildings can still be seen. This island is not far from Tre Porti.

San Pietro (di Olio?). This island was destroyed by the sea, or swallowed up. It had a church dedicated to St. Peter and a monastery. Its position was near that of Barbania.

Falconera. This island was a resort for hunting with falcons. A canal in this vicinity is still called Ramo Falconera.

Belforte. In A.D. 1234 the Venetians constructed this artificial island and erected a fort, during their war with the Patriarch of Aquileia, the Count of Gorizia, the Germans, and the Friulani. After the conquest of Istria and Frioul, the Venetians demolished the fortress and the island soon disappeared. Belforte was in the neighbourhood of Cavallino.

Baseggia. From this island the family of Baseggi derived its name. The name still exists on the spot.

Olivaria. An island covered by an olive grove, and celebrated for its oil.

Costanziaga. Is said to take its name from the Emperor Costanzo, son of Constantine. Nothing remains of its buildings. The little island of La Cura, which still exists, formed part of Costanziaga.

Castrasia. Ancient chronicles relate that S. Liberale and other monks lived the lives of hermits here. To-day, it is only a bit of raised ground.

German graves. H. Brown* has found narcissus near by.

Poveglia.

I stopped here in the summer with Mr. Quincey. Saw the lazareth (quarantine) huts and one large building. But the old campanile of the old church is so embedded in buildings that no access can be had. I saw its lower wall through a hole and from the house of a quarantine official. There is a little outwork like the demi-lune at St. Augustine.

I must find out about the old church.

Poveglia is one of the islands not named from a saint (unless Poveglia *is* the name of one!); also Le Vignole, Torcello, Mazzorbo, Burano, Malamocco, Palestrina, Chioggia.

San Clemente. San Servolo. S. Lazzaro. S. Francesco in Deserto. Sant' Angelo. St. Spirito. S. Giorgio, etc.

Grazie.

Its refuge at the end towards Venice has, in the wall, an old battered, half-effaced white marble Madonna and Child.

A little beautiful strip of grass with trees on the south side. Garden and lemon trees—a few on the side toward S. Clemente. The refuge has I.H.S. over its door.

* I have one evening caller—Horatio Brown. . . He lives here with his mother, and is engaged in deciphering the Venetian Archives. Also he has written a good deal about Venetian History. . . I like him very much. He is a splendid oar, and rows all over the lagoons.
From a Letter.

Sacca Sessola.

I lunched here one October day, and made the circuit of the island. It is "made ground." One side is devoted to the storage of petroleum in warehouses. A little railway. The rest is a vigna, a pretty terrace, grass-grown, looking towards Venice. Another looking towards the Lido with an arbour.

St. Angelo di Polvere.

I think I saw curlews here September 6th. I rowed around the island. Not allowed to land.

S. Michele. Cemetery Island.

The old brown gondola rowed by the cemetery monk.

The Mass of the Dead which I saw.

The appearance of the cemetery on All Souls' Day.

Pink walls. Cypresses (?) near the church. Campanile of cemetery church, pink bricks with white corners.

White marble top story with round-topped windows.

White dome with a red circle.

Murano.

October. I saw a wall-shrine with two short-legged figures.

An enchanting old palace with old carved figures and designs on façade—near the last church on the edge of the lagoon towards Mestre.

Duomo.

The stiff pallid Virgin in ceiling of choir.

Old mosaics.

Capitals of the columns in nave.

Fragments in a chapel at side. Lovely carvings. A curved design.

St. Pietro Martire. Lovely Bellini. A funeral inscription in pavement "Peace."

Malamocco.

A piazza and two streets. Well at foot of flagstaff. Dolphin knockers. Istrian coast visible?

I went here twice to tea in October, walking down the dyke from the Lido. The gondoliers made tea when I joined them. On the way I passed the remains (probably) of an old villa. Nothing left but two headless statues standing, and the tottering wall. Another time I came hither with Mr. Quincey, and had supper in the trellised arbour of the little inn. A storm came up. Beautiful soft satin-like grey of the water (lagoon) all the way out. Then violent thunderstorm. We waited and then went home afterwards, reaching town at eleven. I went upstairs. Clean bedroom with child asleep and veilleuse.

Mazzorbo.

I went thither about the middle of June (a little later) with Miss Felton and Miss Norton in their gondola with their two gondoliers and mine. The especial sight was the number of large boats coming

towards Venice loaded with fruit. Bushel baskets piled regularly with clean fresh red and black cherries; red currants; strawberries; raspberries.

Our boat had great sheafs of the splendid white lilies which seem to be a favourite flower in Venice. We saw a large sailing vessel with a little bunch of ripe grain at the prow, tied and hanging down like a bouquet. It was the first fruits; the first of the harvest.

Along the canal from Mazzorbo come to town boats loaded with fruit. Then at sunset another procession of red sails comes out from Venice, bringing to the islands the workmen employed in town.

Guidecca Island.

The crab baskets are seen in the canals of the Guidecca. In August I saw them sunk round the fishing boats, eight to a boat, tied with lines, and only their rims out of water. Others were hung on poles and half tipped over to dry.

Find out who owns the garden at the San Giorgio Maggiore end.

To describe the gardens of the Guidecca and find out the history of the Eden garden and Vendramin (Curtis).

To see all the churches of the Guidecca.

* * * * *

La Favorita.

I went thither late in November. Found a pretty lane leading across the Lido from the landing. It passes La Favorita, a half-farmhouse, half-villa,

where the Browns once stayed. It seems also to have been used in connection with the sea bathing. Lovely walk on beach northward. Beautiful shells, Pretty grassy open ground, near Favorita. Two Hebrew cemeteries and one small soldiers' cemetery. On the way back along the fondamenta, Tello fell off!

Everywhere here and hereabouts, in little bits of ground like a yard, fenced, you see the sign "Caccia proibita," and you wonder what they *could* catch!

San Erasmo.

I lunched here first in October; a lunch party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Brown and Horatio Brown and self. Two gondolas. We had lunch and a walk through the bush-bordered lane and on the beach. I went again on November 26th, alone, and walked along the beach with Tello to the point where there is a little bridge of planks. . . . Splendid day. Many red sails. The solitary young coastguard with his gun and coat, but also a spade with which he amused himself digging up things! He was hardly more than a boy. I discovered that the "Bush" avenue bears white stones at regular intervals with the letters: TOM "Tom's Avenue"—Tre Porti looked very inviting with the long diga running out into the sea. The little island lighthouse in the sea beyond. Mr. Eden was sailing about in his launch.

Murano.

I went thither on November 28th, with my gondola, Tita, Angelo and Tello. A perfectly beautiful day with warm sunshine. I landed and walked about for an hour and a half with Tello. I penetrated to the north-western edge and saw the lagoon in that direction with the mainland and one tall slender campanile; three small islets; the campaniles of Mazzorbo and Burano and the tower of Torcello. The splendid mountains entirely white with snow, now again provokingly half-visible—two splendid masses quite distinct and superb; the rest of the chain could be traced through the haze. I looked again at the battered old palace near the church, which stands on the western edge of the town; the palace with the elaborate decorations. Opposite (not far distant) is the wall-relief of the short-legged figures.

Le Vignole.

I went here on November 29th. Beautiful day. Alps again provokingly indistinct. Better not to see them at all! Antelao and the other mass the clearest. The whole line more distinct after sunset. I walked through one half of the island. . . Vegetables and an occasional farmhouse. At one end a red building said to contain powder with a sentinel outside. I found a little arbour with a blue shrine. Beautiful red sunset as I came home past San Giorgio Maggiore and the Salute.

December 8th. A splendid clear bright day, not cold. I went to the garden with Tello. Fête of the Immaculate Conception. Beautiful children. Coloured sails up along the quay. Then to the Piazza where the band was playing. Then to tea with Mrs. Brown. Her view at sunset!

Campalta.

On December 17th, I went to terra firma at Campalta. A beautiful afternoon. We passed Santa Secunda and Fortezza Campalta, and landing at Campalta itself I took a walk along the dyke. The town is at some distance inland. My dyke commanded the lagoon—I suppose the Laguna Morta, where the tide does not come. Such a strange water-land, with many channels, and wet meadows covered with brown grass. There was one old white horse wandering about these meadows near the house at the landing. He looked so desolate! I think there is nothing so lonely as the figure (in a large field or waste at evening) of a solitary old *white* horse. . . On the way home, there came up a dense white fog. As it was not cold, I enjoyed it, and almost hoped the gondoliers would lose their way, as it was twilight. I think they did come near it once. But they soon found the piles again, and we crept along close to them, feeling our way over the lagoon from one to the next! We entered Venice by the Casa degli Spiriti—an appropriate place for such a ghostly evening. All the way up the Grand Canal it was necessary to feel our way, as it were.

Lido.

To-day—December 18th, I started at 2.15 p.m. and went to Malamocco, passing La Grazia, St. Spirito, and Poveglia. The sunshine was brilliant and unclouded; the water and the sky very blue; the air delightful; not in the least cold. The whole line of the Alps was visible, but not clearly outlined, as there was the usual soft haze about their bases. The summits and peaks, however, were beautiful, white and glistening as the Oberland giants from Berne. Two masses have from the first attracted me. Some say they are Antelao and Palmo. We reached Malamocco at 3.15 and I landed with my dog, walked along the grassy dyke on the Adriatic coast to Santa Elisabetta. The Adriatic was as blue as it is in August. I passed two old weather-beaten and headless statues on a ruined gateway which I had often noticed before. I suppose there was once a country-house or villa there. Now, there are only fields; I also passed a very picturesque abandoned farmhouse (small) with two of the odd Venetian chimneys topped with high flower-pot structures. On my way home nothing could exceed the beauty of the red evening sky, with the statues on the Salute outlined against it, as well as the Fortune on the Dogana.

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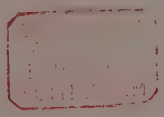
Lido. S. Niccolò.

Christmas Eve. Started at 2 p.m. in gondola. Landed at the church of San Niccolò and walked through the leafless groves towards the battery on



the Adriatic, thence to the very end of the Lido, opposite San Erasmo. Here I was allowed to sit on the grassy embankment. The day was so warm that I wore only a light jacket, having left my fur cloak in the gondola. The sea and sky were exquisitely blue, and the long line of the Alps was visible with more distinctness than I have yet seen it. The snow peaks looked like pink ice cream. There seemed to be a lower range which was nearer to Venice, and then these high peaks beyond. I fancied, too, that I could distinguish the Dolomites by their bare rock, only a little powdered with snow, and the jagged broken outlines. The line sinks down a good deal east of Antelao (if it *is* Antelao !—the largest snow peak). But I saw two vaguely outlined snow masses further towards the east. I suppose these are the Julian Alps. Then, in the west, there is a very long line of ranges and peaks, some of them snow-tipped. Gradually they sink down towards the plain. But there is only a short flat space before the Euganean Hills rise in the south.

The large tree at San Niccolò is a sycamore. In the little cemetery, which I suppose to be that of the soldiers, is the following inscription on a small tombstone—

"*. . . dopo* 45 *anni di vita laboriosa ed onesta, affranto dalle sventure, per troppo delicate sentire, finiva di vivere, agosto,* 1887—"

I suppose this to mean—"So and So, after 45 years of honest and hardworking life, worn out

THE GRAVE OF CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, AT ROME.

"The most beautiful thing in Italy, almost, seemed to me in May and June last, the exquisite summery luxuriance and perfect tendance of that spot. I mean, of course, that very particular spot below the great grey wall, the cypresses and the time-silvered Pyramid. It is tremendously, inexhaustibly touching—its effect never fails to overwhelm."

HENRY JAMES.

[*To face p. 411*]

by misfortunes and a too sensitive disposition, ceased to live in August, 1887."

Reflection.

Upon seeing the sharp peaks of the Dolomites and the great snow masses of the Alps from the point of the Lido (San Niccolò) on Christmas Eve, 1893, the thought came to me that they (the peaks) are riding along through immeasurable space, they are the outer edge of our star, they cut the air as they fly. They are the rim of the world. I should like to turn into a peak when I die; to be a beautiful purple mountain, which would please the tired, sad eyes of thousands of human beings for ages. For "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," is an almost universal aspiration.

George Eliot wrote: "O may I join the Choir Invisible," etc., but I should rather join the mountains, and be an object of beauty and have nothing to do with the eternal sorrow and despair of poor human beings.

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Constance Fenimore Woolson died on January 24th, 1894.

APPENDIX A.

OFF THUNDER BAY.

A Legend of Lake Huron 1772.

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat;
Over old Huron on we go;
Above, above us the summer clouds float,
Sailing aloft, as we sail below;
Behind us the north-wind sings in our wake,
Wing-and-wing he bears us away;
And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake
Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."

Her brown hands toy with the flowers in her lap—
Spicy juniper, balsam sweet;
Her black hair waves from her red-beaded cap
Down to her little moccasined feet.
"Alone with ourselves, alone with our love,
Wing-and-wing through the summer day,
We sail below, and the clouds sail above,
O'er the deep waters off Thunder Bay."

Upon the Evergreen Isle in the north,
The Indian mother silent waits;
The old French father strides back and forth,
And hails the ship coming through the straits:
"Ho, brave voyageur, our child hast thou seen—
Petite Marie, Flower of the Snow?
We find but the fringe of her mantle green,
The print of her foot off Tuskenoe."
"Ah, oui, Antoine," cries the voyageur;
"Down on Huron her boat we met;
But a blue-eyed stranger was with La Fleur,
And all the canvas was southward set.
The wind was fair, the boat sailed at its best,
Wing-and-wing went dancing away:
They sailed south-east, we were tacking north-west,
We passed each other off Thunder Bay."

O'er the island fort the English flag waves;
English soldiers pace to and fro;
Behind, the plateau with Indian graves,
A little French town on the beach below.
The old commander comes down from the height,
Hails the vessel with pompous mien:
"A young subaltern escaped last night—
A boat sailing southward have you seen?"
"Ah oui, capitaine" cries the voyageur,
Bowing before the gold-laced form;
"We saw a young soldier with sweet La Fleur;
We caught the gleam of his uniform;
Two lovers behind, and two sails before;
Wing-and-wing they vanished away—
First a sail, then a speck, then nothing more
Save the blue offing of Thunder Bay."

The Indian mother soon passed away—
Passed away with her fading race:
But year after year, and day after day,
French Antoine watched with eager face—
Watched the long point of the green Bois-Blanc shore,
Watched for his child with longing pain,
Watched for the sail-boat that came back no more,
Watched out his lingering life in vain.
The cross of St. George came down from the height;
Stars and Stripes wave in Huron's breeze;
A hundred long years have rolled into night;
A navy dots the fresh-water seas;
But still the lake sailors see the white sails
Wing-and-wing on a summer day;
As the boat glides past them the soldier hails,
And they hear his song off Thunder Bay.

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat;
Over old Huron on we go;
Above, above us the summer clouds float,
Sailing aloft as we sail below;
Behind us the north-wind sings in our wake,
Wing-and-wing he bears us away;
And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake
Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."

(*Harper's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

SAIL ROCK, LAKE SUPERIOR.

From the far Sault of Sainte-Marie he wanders,
On, ever on, the white foam in his track,
By night, by day, sails fleet before the wind,
Until he sees the beach of Fond-du-Lac:
Yet finds not there the rest he seeks with yearning:
Frown all the cliffs—and he must wander forth
Over the waves again, by south-winds driven,
Past the dark Palisades into the north.

There stands the haunted arch of Spirit River,
There, in the storm, is seen the misty shape
Of Manitou, who guards the great Superior,
Rising above the heights of Thunder Cape;
And seeing him, the guilty one, approaching,
The voices of the surf rise in a roar
Below the porphyry cliffs, sounding a summons,
To call the spirits to the lonely shore.

Down, down, they troop through the ravines of iron,
Over the rocks where virgin silver shines,
Up, up, they roll the surf, a seething barrier.
And marshal on the beach their shadow-lines;
He cries, he weeps, he prays with arms extended:
"Have mercy upon me, a soul unblest—
I come not for your stores of shining treasure,
I only beg—I only pray for rest.

Aged am I, and worn with countless journeys.
Over the lake forever must I stray;
In the whole south I cannot find a landing,
Keewenaw's copper arm thrusts me away;
I sail, and sail, yet never find a harbour—
Stern is the east, and sterner is the west,
Oh, grant me but one foothold on the north shore.
So can I die at last and be at rest!"

But no! They drive him off with jeers and shouting,
Before their ghostly glee the cursed one quails;
Forth from the silver rocks of haunted northland,
Not daring to look back, away he sails;
And sails, and sails, yet never finds a landing
Though fairest coasts and isles he passes by;
And hopes and hopes, yet never finds a foothold
On any shore where he can kneel and die.

Weary and worn, through many a red-man's lifetime,
Over the lake he wanders on and on,
Till up through Huron, with red banners flying,
Come white men from the rising of the sun;
The Sault they name from Sainte-Marie with blessing,
The lake lies hushed before their holy bell,
As, landing on the shore of Rocky Pictures,
They raise the white cross in *la grande Chapelle,*

As the first white man's hymn on great Superior
Sounds from the rocky church not made with hands,
A phantom-boat sails in from the still offing,
And at its bow an aged figure stands;
The worn cords strain so full, the sails are swelling,
The old mast bends and quivers like a bow.
Yet calm the windless sky shines blue above them.
And calm the windless waves shine blue below.

The boat glides in, still faster, faster sailing,
Like lightning darting o'er the shrinking miles,
And, as he hears the chanting in the chapel,
For the first time in years the lone one smiles;
At last, at last, his feet are on the dear shore,
The curse is gone, his eyes to heaven rise,
At last, at last, his mother earth receives him.
At last, at last, with thankful heart he dies.

The poor worn body, old with many lifetimes,
They find there lying on the golden sands,
But, lifting it with wonder and with reverence,
It crumbles into dust beneath their hands.
The poor worn boat, grown old with endless voyages,
Floats up the coast, unguided and alone,
And, stranding 'neath the cliff, its mission over,
By the Great Spirit's hand is turned to stone.

You see it there among the Rocky Pictures,
The mainsail and the jib, just as they were;
We never passed it with a song or laughter
In the gay days when we were voyageurs;
The best among us doffed our caps in silence,
The gayest of us never dared to mock
At the strange tale that came down from our fathers,
The pictured legend of the old Sail-Rock.

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

DETROIT RIVER.

Thou brimming river, full, how full
Thou sweepest by thy even banks!
E'en one drop more, thou must o'erflow
The velvet land, where pluméd ranks
Of inland grains come calmly down
To the smooth edge, and dip their feet
Within thy still dark-flowing tide,
Where, almost brushed in passing, glide
The dark hulls of the freshwater fleet.

Sweep on, O river, past the green—
The indolent Canadian farms
With low thatched house and old-time mill
Stretch down to meet thy clasping arms;
The grey small churches lift on high
Their crosses, and the long watch keep
Over the deep-grassed churchyards where
'Mong sunken tombstones clustered there,
The old French *habitans* lie asleep.

Insouciant French! your fathers sailed
These Lakes as Kings;—but now their claims
From Gaspé Bay to far La Pointe,
Live only in the Gallic names
They gave;—sweet echoes from the past,
Chiming from cliff and strait and bay,
Mixed with the vowelled Indian tongue,
And fainter, fainter, fainter rung,—
Till now forgotten,—dying away.

Sweep on, O river. Thou dost bind
The mighty Lakes with thy soft sheen
Of silver water; Huron's blue,
And dark Superior, and the green
Of Michigan do come to thee,
And flow where thou dost say, thy shore
Doth feel their coolness hasting by,—
But haste not, river;—stay where I
Love thee, remember thee, evermore.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

LONGING.

I.

In the wide valley open to the sun,
Where the slow river flows on toward the south
Between the grain-fields, whose low fences run
As far as eye can reach, ne'er ending, ne'er begun,
The longing people pause amid the burning drouth,
And, gazing over the hot fields with dreaming eyes,
They seem to see a distant rocky island rise
From out the furrows; and a cry bursts forth,—
A cry of weary longing for the North.

"Oh, for the cedars that grow on the northern island,
Oh, for the larches that toss in the northern breeze,
Oh, for the path beneath the dark aisles of the spruces,
The dancing foam-crested waves of the fresh-water seas!
Oh, for a sight of the clambering mountain blue-bell,
The wash of the sounding surf on the pebbly shore,
The spicy smell of the blue-green juniper-berry,
The storm-beaten peaks of the grey cliffs towering o'er
Cool-shaded nooks, afar from this heat and glare—
Would I were there, would I were there!"

II.

On the far island at the great lake's head
Where the short summer scarcely warms the air,
Or turns the early cherry to its red,
Before quick-coming autumn nips the forest dead,
The silent people in their stony furrows bare,
Pause in their task, as though their weary, care-worn eyes
Saw, from the waves, a distant sunny valley rise,
And, dreaming, gaze, until from hard-set mouth,
Bursts forth a cry of longing for the south:

"Oh, for the deep lush grass of the green mill-race meadow,
Oh, for the broad fields golden with fast-growing grain,
Oh, for the pulse of the earth in ripening weather,
The glowing heat of the sun on the dead level plain!
Oh, for a sight of the full-bosomed water-lily
Basking at ease as the slow river onward flows,
The sound of the myriad-gilded summer insects,
The scent of the heliotrope and the sweet tube-rose!
Oh, land of the South, fruitful, blossoming, fair—
Would I were there, would I were there!"

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

MACKINAC—REVISITED. (A FRAGMENT.)

The sunset gate in shadow lies
Before the morning radiance,
And shineth still down Michigan
The far-off flash of Waugoshance;
But nearer looms a cloudy shape
Up from the waves, its outlines draw
The tears;—thy every line I know
O purple-hued, beautiful Mackinac!

Isle of the north, thy shadowed tints
Again I see,—the aisles of pines
That sweep around like outer court,
The spicy cedars' sharpened lines
Of lighter hue, the blue-green spruce
In Gothic spires; and, thick between
The banners of the maple leaves
That brighten the pines with their summer green.

* * * *

O when the time doth come for me
To yield obedience to the law
Of mortal life, I fain would rest
Under thy sod, O Mackinac!
I should lie quiet there, and know
Thy pine-crowned cliffs were e'er the same,
Thy foam-capped waves, St. Ignace point,
The western pass in the sunset flame—

And ships all gold-tinged sailing down
To some fair land beyond the gates.
The echo of the evening gun,
The twilight falling o'er the Straits,
The stars slow rising; my sealed eyes
Lying calm in Death's long trance
Would still dream on of Bois-Blanc light
And the far-away flash of Waugoshance.

O purple isle, through long, long years
A wide, wide world I've wandered o'er,
From mountains of the western skies
To silver sands of southern shore,
And—ever sad!—no more I strive,
I come again where love doth draw
My lonely heart,—O take me back
And comfort me, beautiful Mackinac!

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

FAIRY ISLAND.

TO any one living on Fairy Island, it seems as though the god of day had no other occupation than to make his shining transit across the Straits of Mackinac; and the simple Indians showed only a natural reverence when they gave to the beautiful island the name of Michili-Mackinac, or "The Home of the Giant Fairies."

Life is long on Fairy Island, and life is free and careless; a full century of years is given to every mortal, and sometimes one sees mummy-like old Indians, who from their appearance might well have witnessed the creation of the world. Strangers who come here gradually lose their identity, and become like a throng of gay children roaming through the woods, sailing over the deep waters, or basking in the sunshine on some bald-faced rock, breathing the golden air in long breaths of delight. . . . .

Over the waters, in all directions, are seen the famous Mackinac boats, gliding gracefully enough with a fair wind, but only displaying their peculiar qualities when, with a gale behind them, and their great white sails tilting far to one side, they skim the white caps. In gay flotillas we visit Round Island, where lived and died the famous Indian spiritualist, Wachusa. His old lodge is still to be seen, where the strange lights appeared, and where the whistling wind swept over the circle of silent Indians sitting with bowed heads to receive the manifestations of the Spirit. We circle Fairy Island and leave our offerings of vine leaves at Magic Spring, where in primitive days, the dusky maidens offered up their choicest ornaments for the safety of their braves; we pass the British Landing, where the English soldiers marched up to surprise our little garrison at Fort Holmes; we sail in sight of the distant St. Martin's Islands and the mysterious region called the "Chenaux," or "Snows," as the island dialect has it; but in all our numerous pilgrimages to Fairy Island, we never succeeded in finding a person who had visited that hazy country or who could tell us where or what were the "Chenaux." Whether channels or mountains, land

or water, no one knew; but in answer to our inquiries, they would vaguely point to the northward, and say, "Oh, its just the Snows, that's all."

Many a time, also, have we set out for the distant gates of the sunrise and the sunset. We have manned our boats with enterprising souls, provisioned them with ample stores of meat and wine, and boldly steered towards the enchanted regions, but we could never reach them, though we sailed all day; they fled before us hour by hour, until, impatient and discouraged, we turned our prows homeward; but as soon as we reached Fairy Island again, there they were in the distance, one mysteriously dim, the other vividly clear, as the sun travelled over the Straits to his watery bed in the west.

One bright summer day we sailed to Point St. Ignace, where the little church with its spire cross keeps watch over the Indian village. Few points of this new continent of ours possess any historic interest, and but few of our busy people are aware that around the Point St. Ignace in the Straits of Mackinac, cluster ancient traditions and legends worthy to be crystallized into enduring fame by the poet's pen and the painter's brush. When the stern Puritans were enforcing their cold doctrines on the barren shores of New England, and protecting themselves carefully in little villages on the edge of the great wilderness, never dreaming of penetrating its depths, the French missionaries were following the courses of the western rivers, and planting the cross of Christ a thousand miles towards the setting sun.

In the year 1670, the celebrated Père Marquette . . . . entered the Straits of Mackinac . . and beached his canoe at the old Indian town . . Here he planted the cross and rested some days among the friendly Indians. . . Day after day the canoes assembled at Iroquois Point, and the young missionary saw his congregation grow, as standing by the rude cross, he preached to them the glad tidings of great joy. . . Encouraged by his success, Père Marquette erected here a log chapel, and named it in honour of Ignatius Loyola, and soon the sound of a little bell echoed through the forest, calling the new-made converts to their devotions. . . In 1672, while Marquette was thus engrossed with his dusky converts, he was called upon to join an expedition through the Far West in company with Joliet, another member of that self-

sacrificing band of Jesuit missionaries whose adventures outshine the wildest pages of romance. With that implicit obedience which rules the Order, Marquette prepared to leave his little resting-place and move onward through the pathless forest. On a bright May morning, the boats containing the missionaries were started down the Straits towards the western gateway accompanied by a numerous flotilla of canoes filled with sorrowing Indians.

It is recorded that Père Marquette sat shading his eyes with his hand, looking back earnestly at the little chapel of St. Ignatius, which he was never more to see. At the western gateway, Marquette rose, and, extending his arms over the water, gave a parting benediction to the silent Indians, who sat motionless until the last boat had disappeared into Lake Michigan, and then returned, sorrowing, to their island homes. . . .

In 1675, Marquette, worn out with his labours in exploring the Mississippi, returned eastward as far as the Mission of St. Francis Xavier at Green Bay. Feeling the approach of death, the dying man's thoughts turned to his little chapel in the Straits, and he expressed a wish to rest under its walls, where the shadow of the cross he had raised might fall upon him. Loving hands carried him to the canoe, and all speed was made towards the Straits; but death overtook them, and the patient eyes closed without again beholding the beloved cross of St. Ignatius. . . .

But when the Indians of the Straits heard of his last wishes, they assembled a vast fleet of canoes and paddled swiftly down the lake after the body of their good father.

They enclosed the simple coffin in robes of choice furs and beadwork, and then, in solemn procession, they turned back towards the Straits. . . As the flotilla entered the sunset gate, it was met by all the Island Indians, and as they neared Point Ignatius, the missionaries in charge came down to the beach, clad in their vestments, and singing the funeral chant, while the coffin was silently borne ashore on the very spot which the good father's foot had first pressed five years before.

During the wars that followed—between the English and the French, the colonists and the Indians, etc.,—the locality

of the grave was lost; but somewhere on Point St. Ignace peacefully he lies at rest, and at the last day he will rise in state, surrounded by the host of dusky warriors who sleep around him, saved by his zeal and devotion, the noble Père Marquette.

This romantic history was related to us by the white-haired priest, who welcomed us politely at Point St. Ignace, and invited us into his log-cabin, where, arranged on pine shelves, our wondering eyes beheld the choicest works of the master-minds of the world, clad in Russia leather and sparkling with gilt. In this little village of Indians and Canadian half-breeds, dwelt this courtly old gentleman, with the face of a nobleman and the manners of an aristocrat; evidently he belonged to the *ancien régime*, and to our eyes he seemed only fitted for some stately old *salon* in old-fashioned Paris. Charmed and astonished at his conversation, we lingered as long as possible in his cabin, and the little vesper bell found us still listening to his graceful sentences. Entering the chapel we stood awhile watching the small congregation at their devotions, and then hastened to the beach and set sail for Fairy Island, full of curiosity at this *rara avis* of the wilderness. As much of his history as we afterwards learned, can be told in a few words. About twenty years before, Father Pierret arrived at Mackinac, bringing with him stores of superb books, pictures, costly clothing, jewels, and a mysterious box which was never opened. He had been sent from Paris as missionary to the Indians of the Straits, and, instead of taking up his abode at the mission-house on Fairy Island, he chose for his habitation the ancient site of Père Marquette's log chapel at Point St. Ignace, only coming over to Mackinac at stated seasons to hold service, and hastening back to his solitary home as soon as it closed. There he lived, shunning all intercourse with white men, but much beloved by the Indians, who gradually built up a little village around his cabin and kept him supplied with game and fish. Twice a year a box of costly books came to him from Paris; and if by chance visitors sought him out in his retirement, he received them politely, and showed them his choice library with quiet pride. How the Roman Catholic Church, that knows so well how to select the labourer for the field, could have sent this accomplished, elegant man to vegetate in the wilderness, has always been a mystery. Some political crime, some dark persecution, or, perhaps, some youthful rebellion against the severe laws of the priesthood, may

have occasioned this banishment, which lasted so many long years. But whatever the mystery may have been, it will never be solved; for one morning some years since, Father Pierret received a heavy letter from Paris, and set out on his homeward journey the same day, bearing with him his costly library, his pictures, and the mysterious iron-banded box, unopened for twenty years. . . . .

The village of Mackinac is a relic of the past. The houses on the beach are venerable and moss-grown, while behind them stand the deserted warehouses of the fur-traders, once so filled with life and activity. The island was long the principal depot of the North Western Fur Company; and here the trappers received their outfits for their perilous journeys . . . here came the merry voyageurs, singing their gay French songs as they paddled the loaded canoe; and here at evening, they danced on the beach, to the sound of the violin, with the copper-coloured belles whose features we may even now detect under the French names of many of the old families of Fairy Island. These were gay days for Mackinac; but with the death of John Jacob Astor, the master-spirit of the North-Western Company, the fur-trade languished, and finally retreated before advancing civilization into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. . . .

We wandered through the dingy warehouses, and tried to imagine the dusty shelves filled with furs and supplies, and the grave Indians mingling in silence with the noisy French voyageurs, while stolid Dutch clerks from New York, kept the balance straight. We visited the old Indian Agency, with its heavy stockade fence pierced with loop-holes, from which to shoot unruly red-skins; we inspected the mysterious carved door in the kitchen, said to have been brought from France for Père Marquette's chapel; and then we strolled up to the deserted Mission Church looking over the beautiful Straits, and we felt that the early fathers must indeed have loved their little home on Fairy Island. We were quartered in the Mission House itself, and through those narrow halls, where once the grave priests paced slowly, now resounded the song and laugh of the gay pilgrims from the burning, dusty cities. Yet still we all felt that the place was hallowed and even the most careless could not but recall the early days, two centuries before, when the devoted missionaries had built these self-same walls with hymns of praise and heart-felt prayer.

A strange, quaint race are the inhabitants of Fairy Island. A full-blooded Indian grandmother clad in blanket and moccasins, a funny little French grandfather full of gay songs and jokes, a dusky, half-breed mother, and a sturdy Dutch father, must necessarily produce peculiar children—many-featured, many hued, and many charactered. A pretty young girl, her face sparkling with the vivacious intelligence peculiar to the French, is accompanied by a silent brother, whose features and form are Indian *pur et simple.* Playing on the beach are confused groups of mongrel children, and so bewildered are we by the unexpected admixtures of features and complexions, that we almost expect to discover that some of them are half-squirrel or half-loon, descendants of the original inhabitants of Fairy Island. . . .

The summer guests at Fairy Island begin to take their departure as soon as the harvest-moon has waned; they fear the treacherous waves, and sail away home over a summer sea before the first Fall wind comes blowing from the west. One autumn, in the face of direful prognostications of evil, we dared to remain long enough to witness the September gales and the glowing Indian summer, so brilliant in the clear air and sharp frosts of the lake country.

We climbed to old Fort Holmes, and saw the whole of Fairy Island clad in maple, orange and scarlet, green pine and russet oak; we noted Round Island and Bois Blanc, like gay bouquets in the still water; we breathed the hazy air, all filled with gold-dust. Descending from the heights, we wandered through the painted woods and brought home glowing branches to deck our cottage walls. But day by day we piled the logs higher and higher upon our hearth-stone, until, at last, we could no longer deny that

> "The seasons come and go
> Scarce apprehended;
> Though bright have been its flowers,
> Summer is ended."

(*Putnam's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

THE HEART OF JUNE.

Down in the heart of the June, my love,
Down in the heart of the June;
The gold sun singeth, "speed not away,"
The fair sky sigheth, "delay—delay,"—
And the green, green earth doth whisper "stay,"
In the heart of the red red June.

This is the best of the world, my love,
This is the best of the year;
Behind is the springtime, cold and sweet,
Forward the summer's feverish heat;
Stay, then, my darling, thy hurrying feet,
For the best of our life is here.

Sip the red wine of the June, my love,
Sip the red wine of the June,
In May it was white as the fading snow,
August's deep purple will darken its glow;
Then, with lingering lip and kisses slow,
Sip the red, red wine of the June.

The roses, June roses, are red, my love,
They hang from your lattice high.
Faint was the May-blossom's gentle breath—
The orange-flower will be strong unto death;
But the rose is sweet, and its sweetness saith,
"There are none so lovely as I."

Then live in the heart of this June, my love,
Live in the heart of this June.
Once we were friends—oh, cold, barren dearth!
Soon must our wedded life prove its own worth;
But now we are lovers—are gods on earth;
In the heart of this red, red June.

(*The Galaxy.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

We waited till the stroke of midnight, pealing
From out the old church-tower,
Came softly through the silent village stealing,
And told the mystic hour.
We hastened through the dewy gardens, finding
The shadows all awake,
Following on, in long procession winding
Down to the dusky lake.

Up rose the mists, in ghostly ranks advancing,
To meet us on the shore;
And o'er the silver waters lightly dancing,
Our boat away they bore,
Far up the lake, where the soft moonlight lingers
Upon the northern strand,
And whispering larches, with their long green fingers,
Beckon us towards the land.

There on the strand we sat, and heard the singing
Of Peris in the air;
The mermaid's laughter o'er the water ringing;
And Nixie in despair,
Harping upon his harp in mournful wooing;
Faint through the rustling trees
We caught the shouting of the Fauns, pursuing
The timid Dryades.

We heard the springs and rivers onward flowing,
The rush of balmy showers;
The unknown sound of all the grasses growing,
The budding of the flowers;
And soon the fragrant woods took up the story,—
The whole wide earth began
To welcome in with one grand hymn of glory
The birthday of old Pan.

A silence followed; then arose a heyday
Of wild and lawless mirth;
The riotous luxuriance of May Day,
The carnival of earth;
All Nature frolicked till the grey dawn, blending
With the moon's fading light,
Proclaimed the morn; all the mad revels ending
Of weird Walpurgis Night.

(*The New Century.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

CORNFIELDS.

In the broad Ohio lowlands, in the sun's white heat,
In the shadowless stillness of the clear August noon,
We feel the full earth's pulses hot and strong beneath our feet,
The ripeness and the richness of their rhythmical beat,
Saying, " Ripen, corn ; ripen, corn ; green fields, ripen mellow"
Saying, " Ripen, corn ; ripen, corn ; green ears, ripen yellow,
For the harvest comes soon."

In the broad Ohio lowlands thick the green ranks grow,
In straight unbroken furrows to the east, to the west,
The tree-tops in the distance are the only hills they know,
So they proudly lift their tasselled heads, whispering low,
Saying, " Rustle, leaves ; rustle, leaves ; hear the furrows' voices ; "
Saying, " Rustle, leaves ; rustle, leaves ; all the field rejoices,
For our lot is the best."

They know not of the shadow where the cool mountains stand ;
They know not of the brook with the dark rocks at its mouth ;
They only know the river and its level banks of sand—
They only know the river moving slow through the land,
Saying, " Float, lilies ; float, lilies ; August's gold-crowned daughters ; "
Saying, " Float, lilies ; float, lilies ; on my sun-warmed waters
I bear you toward the South."

They know the mellow richness of the brown fervid earth ;
They feel the prisoned dew-drops caught in the misty morn ;
They think of the soft rain-clouds, of their early spring-time birth,
And they sing of the harvest in their ripe lusty mirth,
Saying, " Shine, heavens ; shine, heavens ; pour thy splendour on us ; "
Saying " Shine, heavens ; shine, heavens ; send down now upon us
The glory of the corn."

(*Harper's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

LAKE ERIE IN SEPTEMBER.

Oh, grey and sullen sky! Oh, grey and sullen beaches!
Oh, grey and sullen billows, coming rolling, rolling in!
Oh, are ye not aweary of chill September dreary,
With days so grey the earth knows not when its grey nights begin?

All through the summer noons, all through the summer twilights,
Came the vessels, snowy-winged, gaily sailing, sailing by;
Your waters then were dancing, your beaches gold were glancing,
While the south wind blew the sunbeams and moonbeams through the sky.

At times the east wind came, the east wind off the ocean,
And vessels from Ontario went sweeping, sweeping past—
From prairies blew the west wind, of all the winds the best wind,
And Huron's fleet went scudding down the lake upon its blast.

But now your winds are still, your sluggish waves are sullen,
The cheerless rain, nor fast nor slow, is dropping, dropping down;
The beach below is soggy, the air above is foggy,
And one dark ship, with ragged sail, is lying off the town.

Oh, grey and sullen sky! Oh, grey and sullen beaches!
Why lie ye here in lethargy, all glooming, glooming pale?
If not the summer's soft rest, then why not have the tempest?
If ye cannot have the zephyr, then why not have the gale?

And since the summer's gone, grey sky to winter darken,
And shadow all these sullen waves to inky, inky black—
Let these dull forests bristle, as loud the fierce winds whistle,
And sweep that one dark ship, a wreck, adown the foaming track.

Wake up, wake up, O Lake! and lash your sluggish waters
In fury, till your whole expanse is raging, raging mad—
Well may it be wrong-doing if it but be strong-doing!
Give us one thing or the other: strong! whether good or bad.

For the very heart is sad with this monotone of Nature,
The very soul is palsied with this half-drawn, half-drawn breath;
A grey sky is most dreary, a grey life the most weary,
If all our sunny life is gone, then forth! to fight with Death.

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

When the Indian summer came,
The prodigals of Nature gathered in
The slender autumn grain that grew within
Their little fields along the rivers—late
Their harvest and the hoar-frost drawing near
With all his lances; what would be their fate
If that last sunshine came not? Yet no fear
Felt they—the Indian summer always came.

Old Nature loved her prodigals
The idle sons who roamed her golden West,
Scouring her prairie miles, with lance at rest,
For the mere joy of feeling the swift wind
Keen on their tawny cheeks; her thrifty ways
Of spring-time seed they laughed to scorn and sinned
And rioted through all her harvest-days;
And yet—the Indian summer always came.

When the Indian summer comes
In lives, then prodigals do gather in
Their small, late-planted harvest, sadly thin
The sheaves; yet with glad hands they hoard their store,
And deem it golden plenty—they forget
What sheaves they might have had; and, though the hoar
Of coming winter on their locks is set,
Though late—their Indian summer always comes.

For Nature loves her prodigals—
After our wasted months she grants the days
Of Indian summer's golden purple haze;
After our wasted lives she gives a time
For late repentance when we gather in
A slender store of virtues; all our prime
Was wasted, soon the snows of age begin,
And yet—our Indian summer always comes.

O well-remembered prodigal
Whom we all know, was it at this fair time—
The Indian summer of our Western clime—
That thou didst hasten to thy father? Come,
Arise, let us go forth; our Father waits—
Not here among the empty husks, our home—
Far in the purple skies, the golden gates
Of Indian summer open—prodigals, come!

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

ST. CLAIR FLATS.

IN September, 1855, I first saw the St. Clair Flats. Owing to Raymond's determination, we stopped there.

"Why go on?" he asked. "Why cross another long, rough lake, when here is all we want?"

"But no one ever stops here," I said.

"So much the better; we shall have it all to ourselves."

"But we must at least have a roof over our heads."

"I presume we can find one."

The captain of the steamer, however, knew of no roof save that covering a little lighthouse set on spiles, which the boat would pass within the half hour; we decided to get off there, and throw ourselves upon the charity of the lighthouse-man. In the meantime, we sat in the bow with Captain Kidd, our four-legged companion, who had often accompanied us on hunting expeditions, but never before so far westward. It had been rough on Lake Erie—very rough. We, who had sailed the ocean with composure, found ourselves most inhumanly tossed on the short, chopping waves of this fresh-water sea; we, who alone of all the cabin list had eaten our four courses and dessert every day on the ocean-steamer, found ourselves here reduced to the depressing diet of a herring and pilot-bread. Captain Kidd, too, had suffered dumbly; even now, he could not find comfort, but tried every plank in the deck, one after the other, circling round and round after his tail, dog fashion, before lying down, and no sooner down than up again for another melancholy wandering about the deck, another choice of planks, another circling and another failure. We were sailing across a small lake whose smooth waters were like clear green oil; as we drew near the outlet, the low, green shores curved inward and came together and the steamer entered a narrow, green river.

"Here we are," said Raymond. "Now we can soon land."

"But there isn't any land," I answered.

"What is that, then?" asked my near-sighted companion, pointing toward what seemed a shore.

"Reeds."

"And what do they run back to?"

"Nothing."

"But there must be solid ground beyond?"

"Nothing but reeds, flags, lily-pads, grass, and water, as far as I can see."

"A marsh?"

"Yes, a marsh."

The word "marsh" does not bring up a beautiful picture to the mind, and yet the reality was as beautiful as anything I have ever seen,—an enchanted land, whose memory haunts me as an idea unwritten, a melody unsung, a picture unpainted, haunts the artist, and will not away. On each side and in front, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the low green land which was yet no land, intersected by hundreds of channels, narrow and broad, whose waters were as green as their shores. In and out, now running into each other for a moment, now setting off each for himself again, these many channels flowed along with a rippling current; zigzag as they were, they never seemed to loiter, but, as if knowing just where they were going and what they had to do, they found time to take their own pleasant, roundabout way, visiting the secluded households of their friends the flags, who poor souls, must always stay at home. These currents were as clear as crystal, and green as the water-grasses that fringed their miniature shores. The bristling reeds, like companies of free-lances, rode boldly out here and there into the deep, trying to conquer more territory for the grasses, but the currents were hard to conquer; they dismounted the free-lances, and flowed over their submerged heads; they beat them down with assaulting ripples; they broke their backs so effectually that the bravest had no spirit left, but trailed along, limp and bedraggled. And, if by chance the lances succeeded in stretching their forces across from one little shore to another, then the unconquered currents forced their way between the closely serried ranks of the enemy, and flowed on as gaily as ever, leaving the grasses sitting hopeless on the bank; for they needed solid ground for their delicate feet, these graceful ladies in green.

You might call it a marsh; but there was no mud, no dark, slimy water, no stagnant scum; there were no rank yellow lilies, no gormandizing frogs, no swinish mud-turtles. The clear waters of the channels ran over golden sands, and hurtled among the stiff reeds so swiftly that only in a bay, or where protected by a crescent point, could the fair white

lilies float in the quiet their serene beauty requires. The flags, who brandished their swords proudly, were martinets down to their very heels, keeping themselves as clean under the water as above, and harbouring not a speck of mud on their bright green uniforms. For inhabitants, there were small fish roving about here and there in the clear tide, keeping an eye out for the herons, who, watery as to legs, but venerable and wise of aspect, stood on promontories musing, apparently, on the secrets of the ages.

The steamer's route was a constant curve; through the larger channels of the archipelago she wound, as if following the clue of a labyrinth. By turns she headed toward all the points of the compass, finding a channel where, to our uninitiated eyes, there was no channel, doubling upon her own track, going broadside foremost, floundering and backing, like a whale caught in a shallow. Here, landlocked, she would choose what seemed the narrowest channel of all, and dash recklessly through, with the reeds almost brushing her sides; there she crept gingerly along a broad expanse of water, her paddle-wheels scarcely revolving, in the excess of her caution. Saplings, with their heads of foliage on, and branches adorned with fluttering rags, served as finger-posts to show the way through the watery defiles, and there were many other hieroglyphics legible only to the pilot. "This time, surely, we shall run ashore," we thought again and again, as the steamer glided, head-on toward an islet; but at the last there was always a quick turn into some unseen strait opening like a secret passage in a castle-wall, and we found ourselves in a new lakelet, heading in the opposite direction. Once we met another steamer, and the two great hulls floated slowly past each other, with engines motionless, so near that the passengers could have shaken hands with each other had they been so disposed. Not that they were so disposed, however; far from it. They gathered on their respective decks and gazed at each other gravely; not a smile was seen, not a word spoken, not the shadow of a salutation given. It was not pride, it was not suspicion; it was the universal listlessness of the travelling American bereft of his business, Othello with his occupation gone. What can such a man do on a steamer? Generally, nothing. Certainly he would never think of any such light-hearted nonsense as a smile or passing bow.

But the ships were, *par excellence*, the bewitched craft-the Flying Dutchmen of the Flats. A brig, with lofty, sky-

scraping sails, bound south, came into view of our steamer, bound north, and passed, we hugging the shore to give her room; five minutes afterward the sky-scraping sails we had left behind veered around in front of us again; another five minutes, and there they were far distant on the right; another, and there they were again close by us on the left. For half an hour those sails circled around us, and yet all the time we were pushing steadily forward; this seemed witching work indeed. Again, the numerous schooners thought nothing of sailing overland; we saw them on all sides gliding before the wind, or beating up against it over the meadows as easily as over the water; sailing on grass was a mere trifle to these spirit-barks. All this we saw, as I said before, apparently. But in that adverb is hidden the magic of the St. Clair Flats.

"It is beautiful—beautiful," I said, looking off over the vivid green expanse.

"Beautiful?" echoed the captain, who had himself taken charge of the steering when the steamer entered the labyrinth,—"I don't see anything beautiful in it!—Port your helm up there; port!"

"Port it is, sir," came back from the pilot-house above.

"These Flats give us more trouble than any other spot on the lakes; vessels are all the time getting aground and blocking up the way, which is narrow enough at best. There's some talk of Uncle Sam's cutting a canal right through,—a straight canal; but he's so slow, Uncle Sam is, and I'm afraid I'll be off the waters before the job is done."

"A straight canal!" I repeated, thinking with dismay of an ugly utilitarian ditch invading this beautiful winding waste of green.

"Yes, you can see for yourself what a saving it would be," replied the captain. "We could run right through in no time, day or night; whereas, now, we have to turn and twist and watch every inch of the whole, everlasting, marsh." Such was the captain's opinion. But we, albeit neither romantic nor artistic, were captivated with his "everlasting marsh," and eager to penetrate far within its green fastnesses.

"I suppose there are other families living about here, besides the family at the lighthouse?" I said.

"Never heard of any. They'd have to live on a raft if they did."

"But there must be some solid ground."

"Don't believe it; it's nothing but one great sponge for miles,—Steady up there; steady!"

"Very well," said Raymond, "so be it. If there is only the lighthouse, at the lighthouse we'll get off, and take our chances."

"You're surveyors, I suppose?" said the captain.

Surveyors are the pioneers of the lake-country, understood by the people to be a set of harmless monomaniacs, given to building little observatories along-shore, where there is nothing to observe; mild madmen, whose vagaries and instruments are equally singular. As surveyors, therefore, the captain saw nothing surprising in our determination to get off at the lighthouse; if we had proposed going ashore on a plank in the middle of Lake Huron, he would have made no objection.

At length the lighthouse came into view, a little fortress perched on spiles, with a ladder for entrance; as usual in small houses, much time seemed devoted to washing, for a large crane, swung to and fro by a rope, extended out over the water, covered with fluttering garments hung out to dry. The steamer lay to, our row-boat was launched, our traps handed out, Captain Kidd took his place in the bow, and we pushed off into the shallows; then the great paddle-wheels revolved again, and the steamer sailed away, leaving us astern, rocking on her waves, and watched listlessly by the passengers until a turn hid us from their view. In the meantime numerous flaxen-haired children had appeared at the little windows of the lighthouse,——too many of them, indeed, for our hopes of comfort.

"Ten," said Raymond, counting heads.

The ten, moved by curiosity as we approached, hung out of the windows so far that they held on merely by their ankles.

"We cannot possibly save them all," I remarked, looking up at the dangling gazers.

"O, they're amphibious," said Raymond; "web-footed, I presume."

We rowed up under the fortress, and demanded parley with the keeper in the following language:—

"Is your father here?"

"No; but ma is," answered the chorus,—"Ma! ma!"

Ma appeared, a portly female, who held converse with us from the top of the ladder. The sum and substance of the dialogue was that she had not a corner to give us, and

recommended us to find Liakim, and have him show us the way to Waiting Samuel's.

"Waiting Samuel's?" we repeated.

"Yes; he's a kind of crazy man living away over there in the Flats. But there's no harm in him, and his wife is a tidy housekeeper. You be surveyors, I suppose."

We accepted the imputation in order to avoid a broadside of questions and asked the whereabouts of Liakim.

"O, he's round the point, somewhere there, fishing!"

We rowed on and found him, a little round-shouldered man, in an old flat-bottomed boat, who had not taken a fish, and looked as though he never would. We explained our errand.

"Did Rosabel Lee tell ye to come to me?" he asked.

"The woman in the lighthouse told us," I said.

"That's Rosabel Lee, that's my wife; I'm Liakim Lee," said the little man, gathering together his forlorn old rods and tackle, and pulling up his anchor.

"In the kingdom down by the sea
Lived the beautiful Annabel Lee,"

I quoted, *sotto voce*.

"And what very remarkable feet had she!" added Raymond, improvising under the inspiration of certain shoes, scow-like in shape, gigantic in length and breadth, which had made themselves visible at the top round of the ladder.

At length the shabby old boat got under way, and we followed in its path, turning off to the right through a network of channels, now pulling ourselves along by the reeds, now paddling over a raft of lily-pads, now poling through a winding labyrinth, and now rowing with broad sweeps across the little lake. The sun was sinking, and the western sky grew bright at his coming; there was not a cloud to make mountain-peaks on the horizon, nothing but the level earth below meeting the curved sky above, so evenly and clearly that it seemed as though we could go out there and touch it with our hands. Soon we lost sight of the little lighthouse; then one by one the distant sails sank down and disappeared and we were left alone on the grassy sea, rowing toward the sunset.

"We must have come a mile or two, and there is no sign of a house," I called out to our guide.

"Well, I don't pretend to know how far it is exactly," replied Liakim; "we don't know how far anything is here in the Flats, we don't."

"But are you sure you know the way?"

"O my, yes! We've got most to the boy. There it is!"

The "boy" was a buoy, a fragment of plank painted white, part of the cabin-work of some wrecked steamer.

"Now, then," said Liakim, pausing, "you jest go straight on in this here channel till you come to the ninth run from this boy, on the right; take that and it will lead you right up to Waiting Samuel's door."

"Aren't you coming with us?"

"Well, no. In the first place, Rosabel Lee will be waiting supper for me and she don't like to wait; and besides, Samuel can't abide to see none of us round his part of the Flats."

"But—" I began.

"Let him go," interposed Raymond; "we can find the house without trouble." And he tossed a silver dollar to the little man, who was already turning his boat.

"Thank you," said Liakim. "Be sure you take the ninth run and no other—the ninth run from this boy. If you make any mistake, you'll find yourselves miles away."

With this cheerful statement, he began to row back. I did not altogether fancy being left on the watery waste without a guide; the name, too, of our mythic host did not bring up a certainty of supper and beds.

"Waiting Samuel," I repeated, doubtfully. "What is he waiting for?"

"The judgment day!" answered Liakim, in a shrill key. The boats were now far apart; another turn, and we were alone.

We glided on, counting the runs on the right; some were wide, promising rivers; others wee little rivulets; the eighth was far away; and, when we had passed it, we could hardly decide whether we had reached the ninth or not, so small was the opening, so choked with weeds, showing scarcely a gleam of water beyond when we stood up to inspect it.

"It is certainly the ninth, and I vote that we try it. It will do as well as another, and I, for one, am in no hurry to arrive anywhere," said Raymond, pushing the boat in among the reeds.

"Do you want to lose yourself in this wilderness?" I asked, making a flag of my handkerchief to mark the spot where we had left the main stream.

"I think we are lost already," was the calm reply. I began to fear we were.

For some distance the "run," as Liakim called it, continued choked with aquatic vegetation, which acted like so many devil-fish catching our oars; at length it widened and gradually gave us a clear channel, albeit so winding and erratic that the glow of the sunset, our only beacon, seemed to be executing a waltz all round the horizon. At length we saw a dark spot on the left, and distinguished the outline of a low house. "There it is," I said, plying my oars with renewed strength. But the run turned short off in the opposite direction, and the house disappeared. After some time it rose again, this time on our right, but once more the run turned its back and shot off on a tangent. The sun had gone, and the rapid twilight of September was falling around us; the air, however, was singularly clear, and, as there was absolutely nothing to make a shadow, the darkness came on evenly over the level green. I was growing anxious, when a third time the house appeared, but the wilful run passed by it, although so near that we could distinguish its open windows and door.

"Why not get out and wade across?" I suggested.

"According to Liakim, it is the duty of this run to take us to the very door of Waiting Samuel's mansion, and it shall take us," said Raymond, rowing on. It did.

Doubling upon itself in the most unexpected manner, it brought us back to a little island, where the tall grass had given way to a vegetable garden. We landed, secured our boat, and walked up the pathway toward the house. In the dusk it seemed to be a low, square structure, built of planks covered with plaster; the roof was flat, the windows unusually broad, the door stood open,—but no one appeared. We knocked. A voice from within called out, "Who are you, and what do you want with Waiting Samuel?"

"Pilgrims, asking for food and shelter," replied Raymond.

"Do you know the ways of righteousness?"

"We can learn them."

"Will you conform to the rules of this household without murmuring?"

"We will."

"Enter then, and peace be with you!" said the voice, drawing nearer. We stepped cautiously through the dark passage into a room, whose open windows let in sufficient twilight to show us a shadowy figure. "Seat yourselves," it said. We found a bench, and sat down.

"What seek ye here?" continued the shadow.

"Rest!" replied Raymond.

"Hunting and fishing!" I added.

"Ye will find more than rest," said the voice, ignoring me altogether (I am often ignored in this way),—"more than rest, if ye stay long enough, and learn of the hidden treasures. Are you willing to seek for them?"

"Certainly!" said Raymond. "Where shall we dig?"

"I speak not of earthly digging, young man. Will you give me the charge of your souls?"

"Certainly, if you will also take charge of our bodies."

"Supper, for instance," I said, again coming to the front; "and beds." The shadow groaned; then it called out wearily, "Roxana!"

"Yes, Samuel," replied an answering voice, and a second shadow became dimly visible on the threshold. "The woman will attend to your earthly concerns," said Waiting Samuel.—"Roxana, take them hence." The second shadow came forward, and without a word, took our hands and led us along the dark passage like two children, warning us now of a step, now of a turn, then of two steps, and finally opening a door and ushering us into a fire-lighted room. Peat was burning upon the wide hearth, and a singing kettle hung above it on a crane; the red glow shone on a rough table, chairs cushioned in bright calico, a loud-ticking clock, a few gaily flowered plates and cups on a shelf, shining tins against the plastered wall, and a cat dozing on a bit of carpet in one corner. The cheery domestic scene, coming after the wide dusky Flats, the silence, the darkness, and the mystical words of the shadowy Samuel, seemed so real and pleasant that my heart grew light within me.

"What a bright fire!" I said. "This is your domain, I suppose, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"I am not Mrs.; I am called Roxana," replied the woman, busying herself at the hearth.

"Ah, you are then the sister of Waiting Samuel, I presume?"

"No, I am his wife fast enough; we were married by the minister twenty years ago. But that was before Samuel had seen any visions."

"Does he see visions?"

"Yes, almost every day."

"Do you see them also?"

"O no; I am not like Samuel. He has great gifts, Samuel has! The visions told us to come here; we used to

live away down in Maine."

"Indeed! That was a long journey!"

"Yes! And we didn't come straight, either. We'd get to one place and stop, and I'd think we were going to stay, and just get things comfortable, when Samuel would see another vision, and we'd have to start on. We wandered in that way two or three years, but at last we got here and something in the Flats seemed to suit the spirits, and they let us stay."

At this moment, through the half open door, came a voice.

"An evil beast is in this house. Let him depart."

"Do you mean me?" said Raymond, who had made himself comfortable in a rocking-chair.

"Nay; I refer to the four-legged beast," continued the voice. "Come forth, Apollyon."

Poor Captain Kidd seemed to feel that he was the person in question, for he hastened under the table with drooping tail and mortified aspect.

"Roxana, send forth the beast," said the voice.

The woman put down her dishes and went toward the table; but I interposed, "If he must go, I will take him," I said, rising.

"Yes; he must go," replied Roxana, holding open the door. So I ordered out the unwilling Captain, and led him into the passageway.

"Out of the house, out of the house," said Waiting Samuel. "His feet may not rest upon this sacred ground. I must take him hence in the boat."

"But where."

"Across the channel there is an islet large enough for him; he shall have food and shelter, but here he cannot abide," said the man, leading the way down to the boat.

The Captain was therefore ferried across, a tent was made for him out of some old mats, food was provided, and, lest he should swim back, he was tethered by a long rope, which allowed him to prowl around his domain and take his choice of three runs for drinking-water. With all these advantages, the ungrateful animal persisted in howling dismally as we rowed away. It was company he wanted, and not a "dear little isle of his own;" but then, he was not by nature poetical.

"You do not like dogs?" I said as we reached our strand again.

"St. Paul wrote, 'Beware of dogs,'" replied Samuel.

"But did he mean—"

"I argue not with unbelievers; his meaning is clear to me, let that suffice," said my strange host, turning away and leaving me to find my way back alone. A delicious repast was awaiting me. Years have gone by, the world and all its delicacies have been unrolled before me, but the memory of the meals I ate in that little kitchen in the Flats haunts me still. That night it was only fish, potatoes, biscuits, butter, stewed fruit, and coffee; but the fish was fresh, and done to the turn of a perfect broil, not burn; the potatoes were fried to a rare crisp, yet tender perfection, not chippy brittleness; the biscuits were light, flaked creamily, and brown on the bottom; the butter freshly churned, without salt; the fruit, great pears, with their cores extracted, standing whole in their dish, ready to melt, but not melted; and the coffee clear and strong with yellow cream and the old-fashioned unadulterated loaf-sugar. We ate. That does not express it; we devoured. Roxana waited on us, and warmed up into something like excitement under our praises.

"I *do* like good cooking," she confessed. "It's about all I have left of my old life. I go over to the mainland for supplies, and in the winter I try all sorts of new things to pass away the time. But Samuel is a poor eater, he is; and there isn't much comfort in it. I'm mighty glad you've come, and I hope you'll stay as long as you find it pleasant." This we promised to do as we finished the potatoes and attacked the great jellied pears. "There's one thing, though," continued Roxana, "you'll have to come to our service on the roof at sunrise."

"What service?" I asked.

"The invocation. Dawn is a holy time, Samuel says, and we always wait for it; 'before the morning watch,' you know, it says in the Bible. Why, my name means 'the dawn,' Samuel says; that's the reason he gave it to me. My real name down in Maine, was Maria—Maria Ann."

"But I may not wake in time," I said.

"Samuel will call you."

"And if, in spite of that, I should sleep over?"

"You would never do that; it would vex him," replied Roxana calmly.

"Do you believe in these visions, Madam?" asked Raymond, as we left the table and seated ourselves in front of the dying fire.

"Yes," said Roxana; emphasis was unnecessary,—of course she believed.

"How often do they come?"

"Almost every day there is a spiritual presence, but it does not always speak. They come and hold long conversations in the winter, when there is nothing else to do; that, I think, is very kind of them, for in the summer Samuel can fish, and his time is more occupied. There were fishermen in the Bible, you know; it is a holy calling."

"Does Samuel ever go over to the mainland?"

"No, he never leaves the Flats. I do all the business; take over the fish, and buy supplies. I bought all our cattle," said Roxana, with pride. "I poled them away over here on a raft, one by one, when they were little things."

"Where do you pasture them?"

"Here, on the island; there are only a few acres, to be sure; but I can cut boat-loads of the best feed within a stone's throw. If we only had a little more solid ground! But this island is almost the only solid piece in the Flats."

"Your butter is certainly delicious."

"Yes, I do my best. It is sold to the steamers and vessels as fast as I make it."

"You keep yourself busy, I see."

"O, I like to work; I couldn't get on without it."

"And Samuel?"

"He is not like me," replied Roxana. "He has great gifts, Samuel has. I often think how strange it is that I should be the wife of such a holy man! He is very kind to me, too; he tells me about the visions, and all the other things."

"What things?" said Raymond.

"The spirits, and the sacred influence of the sun; the fiery triangle and the thousand years of joy. The great day is coming, you know; Samuel is waiting for it."

"Nine of the night. Take thou thy rest. I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety," chanted a voice in the hall; the tone was deep and not without melody, and the words singularly impressive in that still, remote place.

"Go," said Roxana, instantly pushing aside her half-washed dishes. "Samuel will show you to your room."

"Do you leave your work unfinished?" I said, with some curiosity, noticing that she had folded her hands without even hanging up her towels.

"We do nothing after the evening chant," she said. "Pray go; he is waiting."

"Can we have candles?"

"Waiting Samuel allows no false lights in his house; as imitations of the glorious sun, they are abominable to him. Go, I beg."

She opened the door, and we went into the passage; it was entirely dark, but the man led us across to our room, showed us the position of our beds by sense of feeling, and left us without a word. After he had gone, we struck matches, one by one, and, with the aid of their uncertain light, managed to get into our respective mounds in safety; they were shake-downs on the floor, made of fragrant hay instead of straw, covered with clean sheets and patchwork coverlids, and provided with large luxurious pillows. O pillow! Has any one sung thy praises? When tired or sick, when discouraged or sad, what gives so much comfort as a pillow? Not your curled-hair brick-bats; not your stiff, fluted, rasping covers, or limp, cotton cases; but a good, generous, soft pillow, deftly cased in smooth, cool, untrimmed linen! There's a friend for you, a friend who changes not, a friend who soothes all your troubles with a soft caress, a mesmeric touch of balmy forgetfulness.

I slept a dreamless sleep. Then I heard a voice borne toward me as if coming from far over a sea, the waves bringing it nearer and nearer.

"Awake!" it cried; "awake! The night is far spent; the day is at hand. Awake!"

I wondered vaguely over this voice as to what manner of voice it might be, but it came again, and again, and finally I awoke to find it at my side. The grey light of dawn came through the open windows, and Raymond was already up, engaged with a tub of water and crash towels. And the chant sounded in my ears.

"Very well, very well," I said testily. "But if you sing before breakfast, you'll cry before night, Waiting Samuel."

Our host had disappeared, however, without hearing my flippant speech, and slowly I rose from my fragrant couch; the room was empty save for our two mounds, two tubs of water, and a number of towels hanging on nails. "Not overcrowded with furniture," I remarked.

"From Maine to Florida, from Massachusetts to Missouri have I travelled, and never before found water enough," said Raymond. "If waiting for the judgment-day raises such

liberal ideas of tubs and towels, I would that all the hotel-keepers in the land could be convened here to take a lesson."

Our green hunting-clothes were soon donned, and we went out into the hall; a flight of broad steps led up to the roof; Roxana appeared at the top and beckoned us thither. We ascended, and found ourselves on the flat roof. Samuel stood with his face toward the east and his arms outstretched, watching the horizon; behind was Roxana, with her hands clasped on her breast and her head bowed; thus they waited. The eastern sky was bright with golden light; rays shot upward toward the zenith, where the rose-lights of dawn were retreating down to the west, which still lay in the shadow of night; there was not a sound; the Flats stretched out dusky and still. Two or three minutes passed, and then a dazzling rim appeared above the horizon, and the first gleam of sunshine was shed over the level earth; simultaneously the two began a chant, simple as a Gregorian, but rendered in correct full tones. The words, apparently, had been collected from the Bible:—

"The heavens declare the glory of God—
Joy cometh in the morning!
In them is laid out the path of the sun—
Joy cometh in the morning!
As a bridegroom goeth he forth;
As a strong man runneth his race.
The outgoings of the morning
Praise thee, O Lord!
Like a pelican in the wilderness,
Like a sparrow upon the house-top,
I wait for the Lord.
It is good that we hope and wait,
Wait—wait."

The chant over, the two stood a moment silently, as if in contemplation, and then descended, passing us without a word or sign, with their hands clasped before them as though forming part of an unseen procession. Raymond and I were left alone upon the house-top.

"After all, it is not such a bad opening for a day; and there is the pelican of the wilderness to emphasize it," I said, as a heron flew up from the water, and, slowly flapping his great wings, sailed across to another channel. As the sun rose higher, the birds began to sing; first a single note here and there, then a little trilling solo, and finally an outpouring of melody on all sides,—land-birds and water-birds, birds that

lived in the Flats, and birds that had flown thither for breakfast,—the whole waste was awake and rejoicing in the sunshine.

"What a wild place it is!" said Raymond. "How boundless it looks! One hill in the distance, one dark line of forest, even one tree, would break its charm. I have seen the ocean, I have seen the prairies, I have seen the great desert, but this is like a mixture of the three. It is an ocean full of land—a prairie full of water,—a desert full of verdure."

"Whatever it is, we shall find in it fishing and aquatic hunting to our heart's content," I answered.

And we did. After a breakfast as delicious as the supper we took our boat and a lunch-basket and set out.

"But how shall we ever find our way back?" I said, pausing as I recalled the network of runs, and the will-o'the-wisp aspect of the house, the previous evening.

"There is no other way but to take a large ball of cord with you, fasten one end on shore, and let it run out over the stern of the boat," said Roxana. "Let it run out loosely, and it will float on the water. When you want to come back you can turn around and wind it in as you come. *I* can read the Flats like a book but they're very blinding to most people; and you might keep going round in a circle. You will do better not to go far, anyway. I'll wind the bugle on the roof an hour before sunset; you can start back when you hear it; for it's awkward getting supper after dark." With this musical promise, we took the clue of twine which Roxana rigged for us in the stern of our boat, and started away, first releasing Captain Kidd, who was pacing his islet in sullen majesty, like another Napoleon on St. Helena. We took a new channel and passed behind the house where the imported cattle were feeding in their little pasture; but the winding stream soon bore us away, the house sank out of sight, and we were left alone.

We had fine sport that morning among the ducks—wood, teal, and canvas-back,—shooting from behind our screens woven of rushes; later in the day we took to fishing. The sun shone down, but there was a cool September breeze, and the freshness of the verdure was like early spring. At noon we took our lunch and a *siesta* among the water-lilies. When we awoke we found that a bittern had taken up his position near by, and was surveying us gravely:—

"'The moping bittern motionless and stiff,
That on a stone so silently and stilly
Stands, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.'"

quoted Raymond. The solemn bird in his dark uniform, seemed quite undisturbed by our presence; yellow-throats and swamp-sparrows also came in numbers to have a look at us; and the fish swam up to the surface and eyed us curiously. Lying at ease in the boat, we in our turn looked down into the water. There is a singular fascination in looking down into a clear stream as the boat floats above; the mosses and twining water-plants seem to have arbours and grottoes in their recesses, where delicate marine creatures might live, naiads and mermaids of miniature size; at least we are always looking for them. There is a fancy, too, that one may find something,—a ring dropped from fair fingers idly trailing in the water; a book which the fishes had read thoroughly; a scarf caught among the lilies; a spoon with unknown initials; a drenched ribbon, or an embroidered handkerchief. None of these things did we find, but we did discover an old brass breastpin, whose probable glass stone was gone. It was a paltry trinket at best, but I fished it out with superstitious care,—a treasure-trove of the Flats. "Drowned," I said pathetically, "drowned in her white robes—"

"And brass breastpin," added Raymond, who objected to sentiment, true or false.

"You Philistine! Is nothing sacred to you?"

"Not brass jewelry, certainly."

"Take some lilies and consider them," I said, plucking several of the queenly blossoms floating alongside.

"Cleopatra art thou, regal blossom,
Floating in thy galley down the Nile,—
All my soul does homage to thy splendour,
All my heart grows warmer in thy smile;
Yet thou smilest for thine own grand pleasure,
Caring not for all the world beside,
As in insolence of perfect beauty,
Sailest thou in silence down the tide.

"Loving, humble rivers all pursue thee,
Wasted are their kisses at thy feet;
Fiery sun himself cannot subdue thee,
Calm thou smilest through his raging heat;
Naught to thee the earth's great crowd of blossoms,
Naught to thee the rose-queen on her throne;
Haughty empress of the summer waters,
Livest thou, and diest, all alone."

This from Raymond.

"Where did you find that?" I asked.

"It is my own."

"Of course! I might have known it. There is a certain rawness of style and versification which—"

"That's right," interrupted Raymond; "I know just what you are going to say. The whole matter of opinion is a game of 'follow my leader'; not one of you dare admire anything unless the critics say so. If I had told you the verses were by a somebody instead of a nobody, you would have found wonderful beauties in them."

"Exactly. My motto is, 'Never read anything unless it is by a somebody.' For, don't you see that a nobody, if he is worth anything, will soon grow into somebody, and, if he isn't worth anything, you will have saved your time!"

"But it is not merely a question of growing," said Raymond; "it is a question of critics."

"No; there you are mistaken. All the critics in the world can neither make nor crush a true poet."

"What is poetry?" said Raymond gloomily.

At this comprehensive question, the bittern gave a hollow croak, and flew away with his long legs trailing behind him. Probably he was of an aesthetic turn of mind, and dreaded lest I should give a ramified answer.

Through the afternoon we fished when the fancy struck us, but most of the time we floated idly, enjoying the wild freedom of the watery waste. We watched the infinite varieties of the grasses, feathery, lance-leaved, tufted, drooping, banner-like, the deer's tongue, the wild-celery, and the so-called wild-rice, besides many unknown beauties delicately fringed, as difficult to catch and hold as thistle-down. There were plants journeying to and fro on the water like nomadic tribes of the desert; there were fleets of green leaves floating down the current; and now and then we saw a wonderful flower with scarlet bells, but could never approach near enough to touch it.

At length, the distant sound of the bugle came to us on the breeze, and I slowly wound in the clue, directing Raymond as he pushed the boat along, backing water with the oars. The sound seemed to come from every direction. there was nothing for it to echo against, but, in place of the echo, we heard a long, dying cadence, which sounded on over the Flats, fainter and fainter in a sweet, slender note until a new tone broke forth. The music floated around us, now on one side, now on the other; if it had been our only guide,

we should have been completely bewildered. But I wound the cord steadily; and at last suddenly, there before us appeared the house with Roxana on the roof, her figure outlined against the sky. Seeing us, she played a final salute, and then descended, carrying the imprisoned music with her.

That night we had our supper at sunset. Waiting Samuel had his meals by himself in the front room.

"So that in case the spirits come, I shall not be there to hinder them," explained Roxana. "I am not holy, like Samuel; they will not speak before me."

"Do you have your meals apart in the winter, also?" asked Raymond.

"Yes."

"That is not very sociable," I said.

"Samuel never was sociable," replied Roxana. "Only common folks are sociable; but he is different. He has great gifts, Samuel has."

The meal over, we went up on the roof to smoke our cigars in the open air; when the sun had disappeared and his glory had darkened into twilight, our host joined us. He was a tall man, wasted and gaunt, with piercing dark eyes and dark hair tinged with grey, hanging down upon his shoulders. (Why is it that long hair on the outside is almost always the sign of something wrong in the inside of a man's head?) He wore a black robe like a priest's cassock, and on his head a black skull-cap like the *Faust* of the operatic stage.

"Why were the Flats called St. Clair?" I said; for there is something fascinating to me in the unknown history of the West. "There isn't any," do you say? you, I mean, who are strong in the Punic Wars! you, too, who are so well up in Grecian mythology. But there is history, only we don't know it. The story of Lake Huron in the time of the Pharaohs, the story of the Mississippi during the reign of Belshazzar, would be worth hearing. But it is lost! All we can do is to gather together the details of our era,—the era when Columbus came to this New World, which was, nevertheless, as old as the world he left behind.

"It was in 1679," began Waiting Samuel, "that La Salle sailed up the Detroit River in his little vessel of sixty tons burden, called the Griffin. He was accompanied by thirty-four men, mostly fur-traders; but there were among them two holy monks, and Father Louis Hennepin, a friar of the Fransiscan order. They passed up the river and entered the little lake just south of us, crossing it and these Flats on the 12th

of August, which is St. Clair's day. Struck with the gentle beauty of the scene, they named the waters after their saint, and at sunset sang a *Te Deum* in her honour."

"And who was Saint Clair?"

"Saint Clair, virgin and abbess, born in Italy, in 1193, made superior of a convent by the great Francis, and canonized for her distinguished virtues," said Samuel, as though reading from an encyclopædia.

"Are you a Roman Catholic?" asked Raymond.

"I am everything; all sincere faith is sacred to me," replied the man. "It is but a question of names."

"Tell us of your religion," said Raymond, thoughtfully; for in religions Raymond was something of a polyglot.

"You would hear of my faith? Well, so be it. Your question is the work of spirit influence. Listen, then. The great Creator has sowed immensity with innumerable systems of suns. In one of these systems a spirit forgot that he was a limited, subordinate being, and misused his freedom; how, we know not. He fell, and with him all his kind. A new race was then created for that vacant world, and according to the fixed purpose of the Creator, each was left free to act for himself; he loves not mere machines. The fallen spirit, envying the new creature called man, tempted him to sin. What was his sin? Simply the giving up of his birthright, the divine soul-sparkle, for a promise of earthly pleasure. The triune divine deep, the mysterious fiery triangle, which, to our finite minds, best represents the Deity, now withdrew his personal presence; the elements, their balance broken, stormed upon man; his body, which was once ethereal, moving by mere volition, now grew heavy; and it was also appointed unto him to die. The race thus darkened, crippled, and degenerate, sank almost to the level of the brutes, the mind-fire alone remaining of all their spiritual gifts. They lived on blindly, and as blindly died. The sun, however, was left to them, a type of what they had lost.

"At length, in the fulness of time, the world-day of four thousand years, which was appointed by the council in heaven for the regiving of the divine and forfeited soul-sparkle, as on the fourth day of creation the great sun was given, there came to earth the earth's compassionate Saviour, who took upon himself our degenerate body, and revivified it with the divine soul-sparkle, who overcame all our temptations, and finally allowed the tinder of our sins to perish in his own painful death upon the cross. Through him our paradise

body was restored; it waits for us on the other side of the grave. He showed us what it was like on Mount Tabor, with it he passed through closed doors, walked upon the water, and ruled the elements; so will it be with us. Paradise will come again; this world will, for a thousand years, see its first estate; it will be again the Garden of Eden. America is the great escaping-place; here will the change begin. As it is written, 'Those who escape to my utmost borders.' As the time draws near, the spirits who watch above are permitted to speak to those souls who listen. Of these listening, waiting souls am I; therefore have I withdrawn myself. The sun himself speaks to me, the greatest spirit of all; each morning I watch for his coming; each morning I ask, 'Is it to-day?' Thus do I wait."

"And how long have you been waiting?" I asked.

"I know not; time is nothing to me."

"Is the great day near at hand?" said Raymond.

"Almost at its dawning; the last days are passing."

"How do you know this?"

"The spirits tell me. Abide here, and perhaps they will speak to you also," replied Waiting Samuel.

We made no answer. Twilight had darkened into night, and the Flats had sunk into silence below us. After some moments I turned to speak to our host; but, noiselessly as one of his own spirits, he had departed.

"A strange mixture of Jacob Boehmen, chiliastic dreams, Christianity, sun-worship, and modern spiritualism," I said. "Much learning hath made the Maine farmer mad."

"Is he mad?" said Raymond. "Sometimes I think we are all mad."

"We should certainly become so if we spent our time in speculations upon subjects beyond our reach. The whole race of philosophers from Plato down are all the time going round in a circle. As long as we are in the world, I for one propose to keep my feet on solid ground; especially as we have no wings. 'Abide here, and perhaps the spirits will speak to you,' did he say? I think very likely they will, and to such good purpose that you won't have any mind left."

"After all, why should not spirits speak to us?" said Raymond, in a musing tone.

As he uttered these words, the mocking laugh of a loon came across the dark waste.

"The very loons are laughing at you," I said, rising. "Come down; there is a chill in the air, composed in equal

parts of the Flats, the night, and Waiting Samuel. Come down, man; come down to the warm kitchen and common sense."

We found Roxana alone by the fire, whose glow was refreshingly real and warm; it was like the touch of a flesh-and-blood hand, after vague dreamings of spirit-companions, cold and intangible at best, with the added suspicion that, after all, they are but creations of our own fancy, and even their spirit-nature fictitious. Prime, the graceful *raconteur* who goes a-fishing, says, "firelight is as much of a polisher indoors, as moonlight outside." It is; but with a different result. The moonlight polishes everything into romance, the firelight into comfort. We brought up two remarkably easy old chairs in front of the hearth and sat down, Raymond still adrift with his wandering thoughts, I, as usual, making talk out of the present. Roxana sat opposite, knitting in hand, the cat purring at her feet. She was a slender woman, with faded light hair, insignificant features, small, dull blue eyes, and a general aspect which, with every desire to state at its best, I can only call commonplace. Her gown was limp, her hands roughened with work and there was no collar around her yellow throat. O magic rim of white, great is thy power! With thee, man is civilized; without thee, he becomes at once a savage.

"I am out of pork," remarked Roxana casually; "I must go over to the mainland to-morrow and get some."

If it had been anything but pork! In truth, the word did not chime with the mystic conversation of Waiting Samuel, Yes; there was no doubt about it. Roxana's mind was sadly commonplace.

"See what I have found," I said, after a while, taking out the old breastpin. "The stone is gone; but who knows? It might have been a diamond dropped by some French duchess, exiled, and fleeing for life across these far Western waters; or perhaps that German Princess of Brunswick-Wolfen something-or-other, who, about one hundred years ago, was dead and buried in Russia, and travelling in America at the same time, a sort of female wandering Jew, who has been done up in stories ever since."

(The other day, in Bret Harte's "Melons," I saw the following: "The singular conflicting conditions of John Brown's body and soul were at that time beginning to attract the attention of American youth." That is good, isn't it? Well, at the time I visited the Flats, the singular conflicting con-

ditions of the Princess of Brunswick-Wolfen-something-or-other had, for a long time, haunted me.)

Roxana's small eyes were near-sighted; she peered at the empty setting, but said nothing.

"It is water-logged," I continued, holding it up in the firelight, "and it hath a brassy odour; nevertheless, I feel convinced that it belonged to the princess."

Roxana leaned forward and took the trinket; I lifted up my arms and gave a mighty stretch, one of those enjoyable lengthenings-out which belong only to the healthy fatigue of country life. When I drew myself in again, I was surprised to see Roxana's features working, and her rough hands trembling, as she held the battered setting.

"It was mine," she said, "my dear old cameo breastpin that Abby gave me when I was married. I saved it and saved it, and wouldn't sell it, no matter how low we got, for somehow it seemed to tie me to home and the baby's grave. I used to wear it when I had baby—I had neck-ribbons then; we had things like other folks, and on Sundays we went to the old meeting-house on the green. Baby is buried there—O baby, baby!" and the voice broke into sobs.

"You lost a child?" I said, pitying the sorrow which was, which must be, so lonely, so unshared.

"Yes. O baby! baby!" cried the woman, in a wailing tone. "It was a little boy, gentlemen, and it had curly hair, and could just talk a word or two; its name was Ethan, after father, but we all called it Robin. Father was mighty proud of Robin, and mother, too. It died, gentlemen, my baby died, and I buried it in the old churchyard near the thorn-tree. But still I thought to stay there always along with mother and the girls; I never supposed anything else, until Samuel began to see visions. Then, everything was different, and everybody was against us; for, you see, I would marry Samuel, and when he left off working, and began to talk to the spirits, the folks all said 'I told yer so, Maria Ann!' Samuel wasn't of Maine stock exactly; his father was a sailor, and t'was suspected that his mother was some kind of an East-Injia woman, but no one knew. His father died and left the boy on the town, so he lived round from house to house until he got old enough to hire out. Then he came to our farm, and there he stayed. He had wonderful eyes, Samuel had, and he had a way with him—well, the long and short of it was, that I got to thinking about him and couldn't think of anything else. The folks didn't like it at all, for,

you see, there was Adam Rand, who had a farm of his own over the hill; but I never could bear Adam Rand. The worst of it was, though, that Samuel never so much as looked at me, hardly. Well, it got to be the second year, and Susan, my sister, married Adam Rand. Adam, he thought he'd break up my nonsense, that's what they called it, and so he got a good place for Samuel away down in Connecticut, and Samuel said he'd go, for he was always restless, Samuel was. When I heard it, I was ready to lie down and die. I ran out into the pasture and threw myself down by the fence like a crazy woman. Samuel happened to come by along the lane, and saw me; he was always kind to all the dumb creatures, and stopped to see what was the matter, just as he would have stopped to help a calf. It all came out then, and he was awful sorry for me. He sat down on the top bar of the fence and looked at me, and I sat on the ground a-crying with my hair down, and my face all red and swollen.

"'I never thought to marry, Maria Ann!' says he.

"'O, please do, Samuel,' says I, 'I'm a real good housekeeper, I am, and we can have a little land of our own, and everything nice—'

"'But I wanted to go away. My father was a sailor,' he began, a-looking way off toward the ocean.

"'O, I can't stand it,—I can't stand it,' says I, beginning to cry again. Well, after that he 'greed to stay at home and marry me, and the folks they had to give in to it when they saw how I felt. We were married on Thanksgiving day, and I wore a pink delaine, purple neck-ribbon, and this very breastpin that sister Abby gave me—it cost four dollars, and came 'way from Boston. Mother kissed me, and said she hoped I'd be happy.

"'Of course, I shall, mother,' says I. 'Samuel has great gifts; he isn't like common folks.'

"'But common folks is a deal comfortabler,' says mother. The folks never understood Samuel.

"Well, we had a chirk little house and bit of land, and baby came, and was so cunning and pretty. The visions had begun to appear then and Samuel said he must go.

"'Where,' says I.

"'Anywhere the spirits lead me,' says he.

"But baby couldn't travel, and so it hung along; Samuel left off work, and everything ran down to loose ends; I did the best I could, but it wasn't much. Then baby died, and

I buried him under the thorn-tree, and the visions came thicker and thicker, and Samuel told me as how this time he must go. The folks wanted me to stay behind without him; but they never understood me nor him. I could no more leave him than I could fly; I was just wrapped up in him. So we went away; I cried dreadfully when it came to leaving the folks and Robin's little grave, but I had so much to do after we got started, that there wasn't time for anything but work. We thought to settle in ever so many places, but after a while there would always come a vision, and I'd have to sell out and start on. The little money we had was soon gone, and then I went out for days' work and picked up any work I could get. But many's the time we were cold, and many's the time we were hungry, gentlemen. The visions kept coming, and by and by I got to like 'em too. Samuel he told me all they said when I came home nights, and it was nice to hear all about the thousand years of joy, when there'd be no more trouble, and when Robin would come back to us again. Only I told Samuel that I hoped the world wouldn't alter much, because I wanted to go back to Maine for a few days, and see all the old places. Father and mother are dead, I suppose," said Roxana, looking up at us with a pathetic expression in her small dull eyes. Beautiful eyes are doubly beautiful in sorrow; but there is something peculiarly pathetic in small dull eyes looking up at you, struggling to express the grief that lies within, like a prisoner behind the bars of his small dull window.

"And how did you lose your breastpin," I said, coming back to the original subject.

"Samuel found I had it, and threw it away soon after we came to the Flats; he said it was vanity."

"Have you been here long?"

"O yes, years. I hope we shall stay here always now,—at least, I mean until the thousand years of joy begin,—for it's quiet, and Samuel's more easy here than in any other place. I've got used to the lonely feeling, and don't mind it much now. There's no one near us for miles and miles, except Rosabel Lee and Liakim; they don't come here, for Samuel can't abide 'em, but sometimes I stop there on my way over from the mainland, and we have a little chat about the children. Rosabel Lee has got lovely children, she has! They don't stay there in the winter, though; the winters *are* long, I don't deny it."

"What do you do then?"

"Well, I knit and cook, and Samuel reads to me, and has a great many visions."

"He has books then?"

"Yes, all kinds; he's a great reader, and he has boxes of books about the spirits, and such things."

"Nine of the night. Take thou thy rest. I will lay me down in peace and sleep; for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety," chanted the voice in the hall, and our evening was over.

At dawn we attended the service on the roof; then after breakfast, we released Captain Kidd, and started out for another day's sport. We had not rowed far when Roxana passed us, poling her flat-boat rapidly along; she had a load of fish and butter, and was bound for the mainland village. "Bring us back a Detroit paper," I said. She nodded and passed on, stolid and homely in the morning light. Yes, I was obliged to confess to myself that she *was* commonplace.

A glorious day we had on the moors in the rushing September wind. Everything rustled and waved and danced, and the grass undulated in long billows as far as the eye could see. The wind enjoyed himself like a mad creature; he had no forests to oppose him, no heavy water to roll up,—nothing but merry, swaying grasses. It was the west wind—"of all the winds, the best wind." The east wind was given for our sins; I have long suspected that the east wind was the angel that drove Adam out of Paradise. We did nothing that day—nothing but enjoy the rushing breeze. We felt like Bedouins of the desert, with our boat for a steed. "He came flying upon the wings of the wind," is the grandest image of the Hebrew poet.

Late in the afternoon, we heard the bugle and returned, following our clue as before. Roxana had brought a late paper, and, opening it, I saw the account of an accident,—a yacht run down on the Sound and five drowned; five, all near and dear to us. Hastily and sadly we gathered our possessions together; the hunting, the fishing, were nothing now; all we thought of was to get away, to go home to the sorrowing ones around the new-made graves. Roxana went with us in her boat to guide us back to the little lighthouse. Waiting Samuel bade us no farewell, but as we rowed away we saw him standing on the house-top gazing after us. We bowed; he waved his hand; and then turned away to look

at the sunset. What were our little affairs to a man who held converse with the spirits!

We rowed in silence. How long, how weary seemed the way! The grasses, the lilies, the silver channels—we no longer even saw them. At length the forward boat stopped. "There's the lighthouse yonder," said Roxana. "I won't go over there to-night. Mayhap you'd rather not talk, and Rosabel Lee will be sure to talk to me. Good-bye." We shook hands, and I laid in the boat a sum of money to help the little household through the winter; then we rowed on toward the lighthouse. At the turn I looked back; Roxana was sitting motionless in her boat; the dark clouds were rolling up behind her; and the flats looked wild and desolate. "God help her!" I said.

A steamer passed the lighthouse, and took us off within the hour.

Years rolled away, and I often thought of the grassy sea, and intended to go there; but the intention never grew into reality. In 1870, however, I was travelling westward, and finding myself at Detroit, a sudden impulse took me up to the Flats. The steamer sailed up the beautiful river and crossed the little lake, both unchanged. But alas! the canal predicted by the captain fifteen years before had been cut, and in all its unmitigated ugliness, stretched straight through the enchanted land. I got off at the new and prosaic brick lighthouse, half expecting to see Liakim and his Rosabel Lee; but they were not there, and no one knew anything about them. And Waiting Samuel? No one knew anything about him, either. I took a skiff, and, at the risk of losing myself, I rowed away into the wilderness, spending the day among the silvery channels, which were as beautiful as ever. There were fewer birds; I saw no grave herons, no sombre bitterns, and the fish had grown shy. But the water-lilies were beautiful as of old, and the grasses as delicate and luxuriant. I had scarcely a hope of finding the old house on the island, but late in the afternoon, by a mere chance, I rowed up unexpectedly to its little landing-place. The walls stood firm and the roof was unbroken; I landed, and walked up the overgrown path. Opening the door, I found the few old chairs, and tables in their places, weather-beaten and decayed, the storms had forced a way within, and the floor was insecure; but the gay crockery was on its shelf, the old tins against the wall, and all looked so natural that I almost feared to find the mortal remains of the husband and wife

as I went from room to room. They were not there, however, and the place looked as if it had been uninhabited for years I lingered in the doorway. What had become of them? Were they dead? Or had a new vision sent them farther toward the setting sun? I never knew, although I made many inquiries. If dead, they were probably lying somewhere under the shining waters; if alive, they must have "folded their tents, like the Arabs, and silently stolen away."

I rowed back in the glow of the evening across the grassy sea. "It is beautiful, beautiful," I thought, "but it is passing away. Already commerce has invaded its borders; a few more years and its loveliness will be but a legend of the past. The bittern has vanished; the loon has fled away. Waiting Samuel was the prophet of the waste; he has gone, and the barriers are broken down. Farewell, beautiful grass-water! No artist has painted, no poet has sung your wild, vanishing charm; but in one heart, at least, you have a place, O lovely land of St. Clair!

(*Appleton's Journal*). *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

PINE-BARRENS.

Abroad upon the Barrens, the Florida Pine-Barrens,
Where all the winds of heaven come to gambol wild and free,
With none to watch their races, save the flowers whose little faces
Look up with wonder as they rush across from sea to sea.

Abroad upon the Barrens, how wide the mighty heavens!
A thousand times more sky above than hangs o'er any town,
For nothing breaks its clearness in the farness or the nearness,
From zenith to horizon-line far rounding bluely down.

Abroad upon the Barrens the Southern pine-tree ripens
Its spicy cones in plumy green that swayeth soft on high:
Not closely set in vistas like its sober Northern sisters,
But each alone in feathery grace against the tropic sky.

Abroad upon the Barrens the saw-palmetto reddens
The ground with armèd ranks that firm for centuries have stood;
They kneel and pray to Heaven that their sins may be forgiven,
Their long green knives in readiness, bold outlaws of the wood!

Abroad upon the Barrens the idle water glistens
In little pools whose shallow sands shine silvery within;
O happy pools! no duty do ye know, save simple beauty;
Ye care not for the harvest-time, ye neither toil nor spin.

Abroad upon the Barrens the care-worn soul awakens
From brooding on the long hard paths its weary feet have trod;
How little seem earth's sorrows, how far off the lost to-morrows,
How broad and free the Barrens lie, how very near to God!

(*Harper's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

THE FLORIDA BEACH.

Our driftwood fire burns drowsily,
The fog hangs low afar,
A thousand sea-birds wild and free
Hover above the bar;
Our boat is drawn far up the strand
Beyond the tide's long reach;
Like fringeing to the dark green land
Shines the silvery Florida beach.

Behind, the broad pine-barrens lie
Without a path or trail,
Before, the ocean meets the sky
Without a rock or sail;
We call across to Africa—
The waves from mile to mile
Bear on the hail from Florida,
And the answering cry of the Nile.

Far to the South the beach shines on,
Thick-gemmed with giant shells,
Coral sprays from the white reef won
Radiate spiny cells,
Glass-like creatures that ride the waves
With azure sail and oar,
Wide-mouthed things from the deep-sea caves
And the purple-hued drift of the shore.

Wild ducks gaze as we pass along,
They have not learned to fear;
The mocking-bird keeps on his song
In the palmetto near;
The slow stream from the everglade
Shows the alligator's track.
The sea is rift in light and shade
By the heave of the dolphin's back.

The Spanish lighthouse stands in haze,
The keeper trims his lights,
No sail he sees through long, long days,
No sails through still, still nights;
But ships that pass far out at sea
Along the warm Gulf Stream
From Yucatan and Carribee
Keep a watch for his far-away gleam.

Alone, alone, we wander through
The southern winter day.
The ocean spreads his mighty blue,
The world is far away;
The tide comes in,—the birds fly low,
As if to catch our speech—
Ah Fate! why must we ever go
From the beautiful Florida beach?

(*The Galaxy.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

DOLORES.

Her old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Minorcan Dolores bends to her oars,
Noting each reed on the slow-moving shores;
But the way is long and the inlet wide—
Can two small hands overcome the tide
Sweeping up into the west?

Four little walls of coquina-stone,
Rude thatch of palmetto-leaves;
There have they nestled, like birds in a tree,
From winter, and labour, and hunger free,
Taking from earth their small need, but no more;
No thought of the morrow, no laying in store,
No gathering patient sheaves.

Alone in their Southern island-home,
Through the year of summer days,
The two love on; and the bountiful beach
Clusters its sea-food within his reach;
The two love on, and the tropical land
Drops its wild fruit in her indolent hand,
And life is a sunshiny haze.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
With dreamy, passionate eyes—
Far in the past, lured by Saxon wiles,
A simple folk came from the Spanish sea-isles,
Now, tinged with the blood of the creole quadroon,
Their children live idly along the lagoon,
Under the Florida skies.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
Ah! their blossoming life of love!...
But fever falls with its withering blight,
Dolores keeps watch through the sultry night,
In vain her poor herbs, in vain her poor prayers...
Her Luiz is mounting the spirit-winged stairs
That lead to her heaven above.

So, her old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Dolores rows off to the ancient town,
Where the blue-eyed soldiers come marching down
From the far cold north; they are men who know.
Thus Dolores thinks... how to cure all woe;
Nay, their very touch is blest.

"Oranges! Oranges!" hear her cry,
Through the shaded plaza-path;
But the Northern soldiers come marching in,
Through the old Spanish city, with stir and din,
And the silent people stand sullen by,
To see the old flag mount again to the sky,
The flag they had trampled in wrath.

Ah, brown Dolores! will no one hear,
And buy thy poor little store?
Now north, now south, on the old sea-wall...
But her pitiful tears unheeded fall;
Now east, now west, through the angry town,
Patient she journeys up and down,
Nor misses one surly door.

Then, desperate, up to the dreaded ranks
She carries her passionate suit;
"I have no money; for none would buy;;
But come, for God's sake, or he will die!
Save him, my Luiz—he is so young!"
She pleads in her liquid Minorcan tongue
And proffers her store of fruit.

But the Northern soldiers move steadily on.
They hear not nor understand;
The last blue rank has passed down the street,
She sees but the dust of their marching feet;
They have crossed a whole country by night and by day,
And marked, with their blood, every step of the way,
To conquer this Southern land.

They are gone—O despair! She turns to the church,
Half-fainting, her fruit wet with tears;
"Perhaps the old saint who is always there,
May wake up and take them to pay for a prayer;
They are very sweet, as the saint will see,
If he would but wake up and listen to me;
But he sleeps, so he never hears."

She enters: the church is filled with men,
The pallid men of the North;
Each dingy old pew is a sick man's bed,
Each battered old bench holds a weary head,
The altar candles are swept away
For vials and knives in shining array,
And a new saint is stepping forth?

He must be a saint, for he comes from the shrine,
A saint of a Northern creed...
Clad in a uniform—army blue,
But surely the saints may wear any hue,
Dolores thinks, as he takes her hands,
And hears all her story, and understands
The cry of her desperate need.

An orange he gives to each weary man
To freshen the fevered mouth,
Then forth they go down the old sea-wall,
And they hear in the dusk the picket's call;
The row-boat is moored on the shadowy shore,
The Northern saint can manage an oar,
And the boat glides fast to the south.

A healing touch, and a holy drink,
A bright little heavenly knife,
And this strange Northern saint, who prays no prayers,
Brings back the soul from the spirit-winged stairs,
And once more Minorcan Luiz's dark eyes,
In whose depths the warmth of the tropics lies,
Rest calm on the awe-stricken wife.

"Oh, dear Northern saint! A shrine will I build,
Wild roses I'll bring from afar,
The jessamine, orange flower, wood tulip bright.
And there will I worship each morning and night."
"Nay, nay, poor Dolores, I am but a man,
A surgeon, who binds up with what skill he can
The wounds of this heart-breaking war.

"See, build me no shrines, but take this small book,
And teach the brown baby to read."
He is gone; and Dolores is left on the shore,
She watches the boat till she sees it no more;
She hears the quick musketry all through the night,
She holds fast the book in her pine-knot's red light,
The book of the Northerner's creed.

* * * *

The sad war is over, the dear peace has come,
The blue-coated soldiers depart;
The brown baby reads the small book, and the three
Live on in their isle in the Florida sea;
The brown baby learns many things wise and strange,
But all his new English words never can change
The faith of Dolores' fond heart.

A boat with a load of oranges
In a flower-decked shrine doth stand
Carved in coquina, and thither she goes
To pray to the only real saint she knows,
The Northern surgeon in army blue;
And there she was found in this morning's dew,
Dead, with the book in her hand.

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

YELLOW JESSAMINE.

In tangled wreaths, in clustered gleaming stars,
In floating, curling sprays,
The golden flower comes shining through the woods
These February days;
Forth go all hearts, all hands, from out the town,
To bring her gaily in,
This wild, sweet Princess of fair Florida—
The yellow jessamine.

The live-oaks smile to see her lovely face
Peep from the thickets; shy,
She hides behind the leaves her golden buds
Till, bolder grown, on high
She curls a tendril, throws a spray, then springs
Herself aloft in glee,
And, bursting into thousand blossoms, swings
In wreaths from tree to tree.

The dwarf-palmetto on his knees adores
This Princess of the air;
The lone pine-barren stands afar and sighs,
"Ah! Come, lest I despair;"
The myrtle-thickets and ill-tempered thorns
Quiver and thrill within,
As through their leaves they feel the dainty touch
Of yellow jessamine.

The garden roses wonder as they see
The wreaths of golden bloom
Brought in from the far woods with eager haste
To deck the poorest room,
The rich man's house, alike; the loaded hands
Give sprays to all they meet,
Till, gay with flowers, the people come and go,
And all the air is sweet.

The Southern land, well weary of its green
Which may not fall nor fade,
Bestirs itself to greet the lovely flower
With leaves of fresher shade;
The pine has tassels, and the orange-trees
Their fragrant work begin—
The spring has come—has come to Florida
With yellow jessamine.

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

KENTUCKY BELLE.

(Told in an Ohio Farm-House; 1868).

"Summer of sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay;
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell;
Came from the Blue-Grass country, my father gave her to me
When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio,—a German he is you know:
The house stood right in the cornfields, stretching on row after row;
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be,
But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee!

Oh! for a sight of water, the shady top of a hill,
The smell of the mountain balsams, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky,
Never a rise from north to south to rest the homesick eye;

From east to west no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon,
Only the steady sunshine as I looked out all forlorn,
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
We moved away from the cornfields out to this river-shore;
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir, off there's a hill you see—
And now I've got to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad;
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say:
'Morgan's men are coming, Frau, they're galloping straight this way!

'I'm sent to warn the neighbours. He isn't a mile behind!
He sweeps up all the horses, every horse that he can find;
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols are galloping up the glen!'

The lad rode down the valley; and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone;
And near and nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar,
'Kentuck,' I called, 'Kentucky'; she knew me ever so far.
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, my ears they caught a sound,
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, thundering over the ground;
Coming into the turnpike, out from the White-Woman glen,
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men!

I scarce could breathe, and nearly my heart it stopped in alarm,
As still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm;
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they swept along,
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Oh! fierce they looked and jaded, riding through night and through day,
Pushing straight on for the river, many long miles away;
They must reach the edge of Virginia where it bends up toward the West.
They must reach the ford and cross it, before they could stop for rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance,
Bright were his eyes like live coals as he gave me a hasty glance.
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced about the place;
I gave him a drink; and he smiled; his eyes were soft and blue—
'Twas only a boy; and his tired voice was the dear home-voice I knew!

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son,
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun ;
The big drops stood on his temples, drawn was the boyish mouth,
And I thought me of that mother, waiting down in the South !

Oh, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through,
Boasted and bragged like a trooper, but the big words wouldn't do !
The boy was dying, sir, dying—as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan, up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes and quivers about his mouth ;
'Do you know the Blue-Grass country ?' he wistful began to say,
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted clean away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to :—
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do ;
And when the faintness left him, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

He tried to go—the laddie ! 'You've kept me half the day !
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me ! Oh, what will Morgan say ?'
But I heard a sound in the distance, and kept him back from the door,
The very same sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before ;

And on, on, came the soldiers, the Michigan cavalry,
And hard they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly ;
They had followed hard on Morgan's track ; they had followed day and night
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders, they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat frightened through all those troubled days,
For strange wild men were galloping over her broad highways,
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river valleys, and cornland farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last!
They had almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast,
But the boys in blue were upon them or ever they crossed the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well—I kept the lad till evening, kept him against his will;
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still;
Then when his head was better—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
I stole down to that gully and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy, back in the old Blue-Grass;
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, and all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentucky, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
Then when the glow had faded, my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high,
Baby and I were both crying, I couldn't tell him why!
But a battered suit of rebel grey was hanging against the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well—he was kind and never once said a harsh word to me—
For he knew I couldn't help it—'twas my love for Tennessee—.
But after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe, back in the old Blue-Grass!

The lad got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle,
And Kentuck, she was happy, and fat, and hearty, and well,
He kept her, and he petted her, nor touched her with whip nor spur—
Well—we've had many horses, but *never* a horse like her!

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

RODMAN THE KEEPER.

The long years come and go,
And the Past,
The sorrowful, splendid Past,
With its glory and its woe,
Seems never to have been?
—Seems never to have been.
O sombre days and grand,
How ye crowd back once more,
Seeing our heroes' graves are green
By the Potomac and the Cumberland,
And in the valley of the Shenandoah!

When we remember how they died,—
In dark ravine and on the mountain-side,
In leaguered fort and fire-encircled town,
And where the iron ships went down,—
How their dear lives were spent
In the weary hospital tent,
In the cockpit's crowded hive,
—it seems
Ignoble to be alive!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

"KEEPER of what? Keeper of the dead. Well, it is easier to keep the dead than the living; and as for the gloom of the thing, the living among whom I have been lately were not a hilarious set."

John Rodman sat in the doorway and looked out over his domain. The little cottage behind him was empty of life save himself alone. In one room the slender appointments provided by Government for the keeper, who, being still alive must sleep and eat, made the bareness doubly bare; in the other the desk and the great ledgers, the ink and pens, the register, the loud-ticking clock on the wall, and the flag folded on a shelf, were all for the kept, whose names, in hastily written, blotted rolls of manuscript, were waiting to be transcribed in the new red-bound ledgers in

the keeper's best handwriting day by day, while the clock was to tell him the hour when the flag must rise over the mounds where reposed the bodies of fourteen thousand United States soldiers—who had languished where once stood the prison-pens, on the opposite slopes, now fair and peaceful in the sunset; who had fallen by the way in long marches to and fro under the burning sun; who had fought and died on the many battle-fields that reddened the beautiful State, stretching from the peaks of the marble mountains in the smoky west down to the sea-islands of the ocean border. The last rim of the sun's red ball had sunk below the horizon line, and the western sky glowed with deep rose-colour, which faded away above into pink, into the salmon-tint, into shades of that far-away heavenly emerald which the brush of the earthly artist can never reproduce, but which is found sometimes in the iridescent heart of the opal. The small town, a mile distant, stood turning its back on the cemetery; but the keeper could see the pleasant, rambling old mansions, each with its rose-garden and neglected outlying fields, the empty negro quarters falling into ruin, and everything just as it stood when on that April morning the first gun was fired on Sumter; apparently not a nail added, not a brushful of paint applied, not a fallen brick replaced, or latch, or lock repaired. The keeper had noted these things as he strolled through the town, but not with surprise; for he had seen the South in its first estate, when, fresh, strong, and fired with enthusiasm, he, too, had marched away from his village home with the colours flying above and the girls waving their handkerchiefs behind, as the regiment, a thousand strong, filed down the dusty road. That regiment, a weak, scarred two hundred, came back a year later with lagging step and colours tattered and scorched, and the girls could not wave their handkerchiefs, wet and sodden with tears. But the keeper, his wound healed, had gone again; and he had seen with his New England eyes the magnificence and the carelessness of the South, her splendour and negligence, her wealth and thriftlessness, as through Virginia and the fair Carolinas, across Georgia and into sunny Florida, he had marched month by month, first a lieutenant, then captain, and finally major and colonel, as death mowed down those above him, and he and his good conduct were left. Everywhere magnificence went hand in hand with neglect, and he had said so as chance now and then threw a conversation in his path.

"We have no such shiftless ways," he would remark, after he had furtively supplied a prisoner with hard-tack and coffee.

"And no such grand ones either," Johnny Reb would reply, if he was a man of spirit; and generally he was.

The Yankee, forced to acknowledge the truth of this statement, qualified it by observing that he would rather have more thrift with a little less grandeur; whereupon the other answered that *he* would not; and there the conversation rested. So now ex-Colonel Rodman, keeper of the national cemetery, viewed the little town in its second estate with philosophic eyes. "It is part of a great problem now working itself out; I am not here to tend the living, but the dead," he said.

Whereupon, as he walked among the long mounds, a voice seemed to rise from the still ranks below. "While ye have time, do good to men," it said. "Behold, we are beyond your care." But the keeper did not heed.

This still evening in early February he looked out over the level waste. The little town stood in the lowlands; there were no hills from whence cometh help—calm heights that lift the soul above earth and its cares; no river to lead the aspirations of the children outward toward the great sea. Everything was monotonous, and the only spirit that rose above the waste was a bitterness for the gained, and sorrow for the lost cause. The keeper was the only man whose presence personated the former in their sight, and upon him, therefore, as representative, the bitterness fell, not in words, but in averted looks, in sudden silences when he approached, in withdrawals and avoidance, until he lived and moved in a vacuum; wherever he went, there was presently no one save himself; the very shop-keeper who sold him sugar seemed turned into a man of wood, and took his money reluctantly, although the shilling gained stood perhaps for that day's dinner. So Rodman withdrew himself, and came and went among them no more; the broad acres of his domain gave him as much exercise as his shattered ankle could bear; he ordered his few supplies by the quantity, and began the life of a solitary, his island marked out by the massive granite wall with which the United States Government has carefully surrounded those sad Southern cemeteries of hers; sad, not so much from the number of the mounds representing youth and strength cut off in their bloom, for that is but the fortune of war, as for the complete isolation which marks

them. "Strangers in a strange land" is the thought of all who, coming and going to and from Florida, turn aside here and there to stand for a moment among the closely ranged graves which seem already a part of the past, that near past which in our hurrying American life is even now so far away. The Government work was completed before the keeper came; the lines of the trenches were defined by low granite copings, and the comparatively few single mounds were headed by trim little white boards bearing generally the word "Unknown," but here and there a name and an age, in most cases a boy from some far-away Northern State; "twenty-one," "twenty-two," said the inscriptions; the dates were those dark years among the sixties, measured now more than by anything else in the number of maidens widowed in heart, and women widowed indeed, who sit still and remember, while the world rushes by. At sunrise the keeper ran up the stars and stripes; and so precise were his ideas of the accessories belonging to the place, that from his own small store of money he had taken enough, by stinting himself, to buy a second flag for stormy weather, so that, rain or not, the colours should float over the dead. This was not patriotism so called, or rather miscalled, it was not sentimental fancy, it was not zeal or triumph; it was simply a sense of the fitness of things, a conscientiousness which had in it nothing of religion, unless indeed a man's endeavour to live up to his own ideal of his duty be a religion. The same feeling led the keeper to spend hours in copying the rolls. "John Andrew Warren, Company G, Eighth New Hampshire Infantry," he repeated as he slowly wrote the name, giving "John Andrew" clear, bold capitals and a lettering impossible to mistake; "died August 15, 1863, aged twenty-two years. He came from the prison-pen yonder, and lies somewhere in those trenches, I suppose. Now then, John Andrew, don't fancy I am sorrowing for you; no doubt you are better off than I am at this very moment. But none the less, John Andrew, shall pen, ink and hand do their duty to you. For that I am here."

Infinite pains and labour went into these records of the dead; one hair's-breadth error, and the whole page was replaced by a new one. The same spirit kept the grass carefully away from the low coping of the trenches, kept the gravelled paths smooth and the mounds green, and the bare little cottage as neat as a man-of-war. When the keeper cooked his dinner, the door toward the east, where the dead

lay, was scrupulously closed, nor was it opened until everything was in perfect order again. At sunset the flag was lowered, and then it was the keeper's habit to walk slowly up and down the path until the shadows veiled the mounds on each side, and there was nothing save the peaceful green of earth. "So time will efface our little lives and sorrows," he mused, "and we shall be as nothing in the indistinguishable past." Yet none the less did he fulfill the duties of every day and hour with exactness. "At least they shall not say that I was lacking," he murmured to himself as he thought vaguely of the future beyond these graves. Who "they" were, it would have troubled him to formulate, since he was one of the many sons whom New England in this generation sends forth with a belief composed entirely of negatives. As the season advanced, he worked all day in the sunshine. "My garden looks well," he said. "I like this cemetery because it is the original resting-place of the dead who lie beneath. They were not brought here from distant places, gathered up by contract, numbered and described like so much merchandise; their first repose has not been broken, their peace has been undisturbed. Hasty burials the prison authorities gave them; the thin bodies were tumbled into the trenches by men almost as thin as they, for the whole State went hungry in those dark days. There were not many prayers, no tears, as the dead-carts went the rounds. But the prayers had been said, and the tears had fallen while the poor fellows were still alive in the pens yonder; and when at last death came it was like a release. They suffered long; and I for one believe that therefore shall their rest be long—long and sweet."

After a time began the rain, the soft, persistent grey rain of the Southern lowlands, and he stayed within and copied another thousand names into the ledger. He would not allow himself the companionship of a dog lest the creature should bark at night and disturb the quiet. There was no one to hear save himself, and it would have been a friendly sound as he lay awake on his narrow iron bed, but it seemed to him against the spirit of the place. He would not smoke, although he had the soldier's fondness for a pipe. Many a dreary evening, beneath a hastily built shelter of boughs, when the rain poured down and everything was comfortless, he had found solace in the curling smoke; but now it seemed to him that it would be incongruous, and at times he almost felt as if it would be selfish too. "*They* cannot smoke, you

know, down there under the wet grass," he thought, as standing at the window he looked toward the ranks of the mounds stretching across the eastern end from side to side—"my parade ground," he called it. And then he would smile at his own fancies, draw the curtain, shut out the rain and the night, light his lamp, and go to work on the ledgers again. Some of the names lingered in his memory; he felt as if he had known the men who bore them, as if they had been boys together, and were friends even now although separated for a time. "James Marvin, Company B, Fifth Maine. The Fifth Maine was in the seven days' battle. I say, do you remember that retreat down the Quaker church road, and the way Phil Kearney held the rear-guard firm?" And over the whole seven days he wandered with his mute friend, who remembered everything and everybody in the most satisfactory way. One of the little head-boards in the parade-ground attracted him peculiarly because the name inscribed was his own:—"—. Rodman, Company A, One Hundred and Sixth, New York."

"I remember that regiment; it came from the extreme northern part of the State. Blank Rodman must have melted down here, coming as he did from the half-arctic region along the St. Lawrence. I wonder what he thought of the first hot day, say in South Carolina, along those simmering rice-fields?" He grew into the habit of pausing for a moment by the side of this grave every morning and evening. "Blank Rodman. It might easily have been John. And then, where should *I* be?"

But Blank Rodman remained silent, and the keeper, after pulling up a weed or two and trimming the grass over his relative, went off to his duties again. "I am convinced that Blank is a relative," he said to himself; "distant, perhaps, but still a kinsman."

One April day the heat was almost insupportable; but the sun's rays were not those brazen beams that sometimes in Northern cities burn the air and scorch the pavements to a white heat; rather were they soft and still; the moist earth exhaled her richness, not a leaf stirred, and the whole level country seemed sitting in a hot vapour-bath. In the early dawn the keeper had performed his outdoor tasks, but all day he remained almost without stirring in his chair between two windows, striving to exist. At high noon out came a little black bringing his supplies from the town, whistling and shuffling along, gay as a lark. The keeper watched him

coming slowly down the white road, loitering by the way in the hot blaze, stopping to turn a somersault or two, to dangle over a bridge rail, to execute various impromptu capers all by himself. He reached the gate at last, entered, and, having come all the way up the path in a hornpipe step, he set down his basket at the door to indulge in one long and final double-shuffle before knocking. "Stop that!" said the keeper through the closed blinds. The little darkey darted back; but as nothing further came out of the window—a boot, for instance, or some other stray missile—he took courage, showed his ivories, and drew near again. "Do you suppose I am going to have you stirring up the heat in that way?" demanded the keeper.

The little black grinned, but made no reply, unless smoothing the hot white sand with his black toes could be construed as such; he now removed his rimless hat and made a bow.

"Is it, or is it not warm?" asked the keeper, as a naturalist might inquire of a salamander, not referring to his own so much as to the salamander's ideas on the subject.

"Dunno, mars'," replied the little black.

"How do *you* feel?"

"'Spects I feel all right, mars'."

The keeper gave up the investigation, and presented to the salamander a nickel cent. "I suppose there is no such thing as a cool spring in all this melting country," he said.

But the salamander indicated with his thumb a clump of trees on the green plain north of the cemetery. "Ole Mars' Ward's place—cole spring dah." He then departed, breaking into a run after he had passed the gate, his ample mouth watering at the thought of a certain chunk of taffy at the mercantile establishment kept by Aunt Dinah in a corner of her one-roomed cabin. At sunset the keeper went thirstily out with a tin pail on his arm in search of the cold spring. "If it could only be like the spring down under the rocks where I used to drink when I was a boy!" he thought. He had never walked in that direction before. Indeed, now that he had abandoned the town, he seldom went beyond the walls of the cemetery. An old road led across to the clump of trees, through fields run to waste, and following it he came to the place, a deserted house with tumble-down fences and overgrown garden, the out-buildings indicating that once upon a time there were many servants and a prosperous master. The house was of wood, large on the ground, with encircling

piazzas; across the front door rough bars had been nailed, and the closed blinds were protected in the same manner; from long want of paint the clapboards were grey and mossy, and the floor of the piazza had fallen in here and there from decay. The keeper decided that his cemetery was a much more cheerful place than this, and then he looked around for the spring. Behind the house the ground sloped down; it must be there. He went around and came suddenly upon a man lying on an old rug outside of a back door. "Excuse me. I thought nobody lived here," he said.

"Nobody does," replied the man; "I am not much of a body, am I?" His left arm was gone, and his face was thin and worn with long illness; he closed his eyes after speaking, as though the few words had exhausted him.

"I came for water from a cold spring you have here, somewhere," pursued the keeper, contemplating the wreck before him with the interest of one who has himself been severely wounded and knows the long, weary pain. The man waved his hand toward the slope without unclosing his eyes, and Rodman went off with his pail and found a little shady hollow, once curbed and paved with white pebbles, but now neglected, like all the place. The water was cold, however, deliciously cold. He filled his pail and thought that perhaps after all he would exert himself to make coffee, now that the sun was down. It would taste better made of this cold water. When he came up the slope the man's eyes were open.

"Have some water?" asked Rodman.

"Yes; there's a gourd inside."

The keeper entered and found himself in a large, bare room; in one corner was some straw covered with an old counterpane, in another a table and chair; a kettle hung in the deep fireplace, and a few dishes stood on a shelf; by the door on a nail hung a gourd; he filled it and gave it to the host of this desolate abode. The man drank with eagerness.

"Pomp has gone to town," he said, "and I could not get down to the spring to-day, I have had so much pain."

"And when will Pomp return?"

"He should be here now; he is very late to-night."

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you; he will soon be here."

The keeper looked out over the waste; there was no one in sight. He was not a man of any especial kindliness—he had himself been too hardly treated in life for that—but he

could not find it in his heart to leave this helpless creature all alone with night so near. So he sat down on the door-step, "I will rest awhile," he said, not asking but announcing it. The man had turned away and closed his eyes again, and they both remained silent, busy with their own thoughts; for each had recognized the ex-soldier, Northern and Southern, in portions of the old uniforms, and in the accent. The war and its memories were still very near to the maimed, poverty-stricken Confederate; and the other knew that they were, and did not obtrude himself.

Twilight fell, and no one came.

"Let me get you something," said Rodman; for the face looked ghastly as the fever abated. The other refused. Darkness came; still, no one.

"Look here," said Rodman, rising, "I have been wounded myself, was in hospital for months; I know how you feel. You must have food—a cup of tea, now, and a slice of toast, brown and thin."

"I have not tasted tea or wheaten bread for weeks," answered the man; his voice died off into a wail, as though feebleness and pain had drawn the cry from him in spite of himself. Rodman lighted a match; there was no candle, only a piece of pitch-pine stuck in an iron socket on the wall; he set fire to this primitive torch and looked around.

"There is nothing there," said the man outside, making an effort to speak carelessly; "my servant went to town for supplies. Do not trouble yourself to wait; he will come presently, and—and I want nothing."

But Rodman saw through proud poverty's lie; he knew that irregular quavering of the voice, and that trembling of the hand; the poor fellow had but one to tremble. He continued his search; but the bare room gave back nothing—not a crumb.

"Well, if you are not hungry," he said briskly, "I am, hungry as a bear; and I tell you what I am going to do. I live not far from here, and I live all alone too; I haven't a servant as you have. Let me take supper here with you, just for a change; and if your servant comes, so much the better; he can wait upon us. I'll run over and bring back the things."

He was gone without waiting for reply; the shattered ankle made good time over the waste, and soon returned, limping a little, but bravely hasting, while on a tray came the keeper's best supplies, Irish potatoes, corned beef, wheaten

bread, butter, and coffee; for he would not eat the hot biscuits, the corn-cake, the bacon and hominy of the country, and constantly made little New England meals for himself in his prejudiced little kitchen. The pine-torch flared in the doorway; a breeze had come down from the far mountains and cooled the air. Rodman kindled a fire on the cavernous hearth, filled the kettle, found a saucepan, and commenced operations, while the other lay outside and watched every movement in the lighted room.

"All ready; let me help you in. Here we are now; fried potatoes, cold beef, mustard, toast, butter and tea. Eat, man, and the next time I am laid up, you shall come over and cook for me."

Hunger conquered, and the other ate as he had not eaten for months. As he was finishing a second cup of tea, a slow step came around the house; it was the missing Pomp, an old negro, bent and shrivelled, who carried a bag of meal and some bacon in his basket. "That is what they live on." thought the keeper.

He took leave without more words. "I suppose now I can be allowed to go home in peace," he grumbled to conscience. The negro followed him across what was once the lawn. "Fin' Mars' Ward mighty low," he said apologetically, as he swung open the gate which still hung between its posts, although the fence was down, "but I hurred and hurred as fas' as I could; it's mighty fur to de town. Proud to see you, sah; hope you'll come again. Fine fambly, de Wards, sah, befo' de war."

"How long has he been in this state?" asked the keeper.

"Ever sence one ob de las' battles, sah; but he's worse sence we come yer, 'bout a mont' back."

"Who owns the house? Is there no one to see to him? Has he no friends?"

"House b'long to Mars' Ward's uncle; fine place once, befo' de war; he's dead now, and dah's nobuddy but Miss Bettina, an she's gone off somewhuz. Propah place, sah, fur Mars' Ward—own uncle's house," said the old slave, loyally striving to maintain family dignity even then.

"Are there no better rooms—no furniture?"

"Sartin; but—but Miss Bettina, she took de keys; she didn't know we was comin'—"

"You had better send for Miss Bettina, I think," said the keeper starting homeward with his tray, washing his hands as it were, of any future responsibility in the affair.

The next day he worked in his garden, for clouds veiled the sun and exercise was possible; but, nevertheless, he could not forget the white face on the old rug. "Pshaw!" he said to himself, "haven't I seen tumble-down old houses and battered human beings before this?"

At evening came a violent thunderstorm, and the splendour of the heavens was terrible. "We have chained you, mighty spirit," thought the keeper as he watched the lightning, "and sometime we shall learn the laws of the winds and foretell the storms; then prayers will no more be offered in churches to alter the weather than they would be offered now to alter an eclipse. Yet back of the lightning and the wind lies the power of the great Creator, just the same."

But still into his musings crept, with shadowy persistence, the white face on the rug.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed; "if white faces are going around as ghosts, how about the fourteen thousand white faces that went under the sod down yonder? If they could arise and walk, the whole State would be filled and no more carpet-baggers needed." So, having balanced the one with the fourteen thousand, he went to bed.

Daylight brought rain—still, soft, grey rain; the next morning showed the same, and the third likewise, the nights keeping up their part with low-down clouds and steady pattering on the roof. "If there was a river here, we should have a flood," thought the keeper, drumming idly on his window-pane. Memory brought back the steep New England hillsides shedding their rain into the brooks, which grew in a night to torrents and filled the rivers so that they overflowed their banks; then, suddenly, an old house in a sunken corner of a waste rose before his eyes, and he seemed to see the rain dropping from a mouldy ceiling on the straw where a white face lay.

"Really, I have nothing else to do to-day, you know," he remarked in an apologetic way to himself, as he and his umbrella went along the old road; and he repeated the remark as he entered the room where the man lay, just as he had fancied, on the damp straw.

"The weather *is* unpleasant," said the man. "Pomp, bring a chair." Pomp brought one, the only one, and the visitor sat down. A fire smouldered on the hearth and puffed out acrid smoke now and then, as if the rain had clogged the soot in the long-neglected chimney; from the streaked ceiling oozing drops fell with a dull splash into little pools on the

decayed floor; the door would not close; the broken panes were stopped with rags as if the old servant had tried to keep out the damp; in the ashes a corn-cake was baking.

"I am afraid you have not been so well during these long rainy days," said the keeper, scanning the face on the straw.

"My old enemy, rheumatism," answered the man, "the first sunshine will drive it away."

They talked awhile, or rather the keeper talked, for the other seemed hardly able to speak, as the waves of pain swept over him; then the visitor went outside and called Pomp out. "*Is* there any one to help him, or not?" he asked impatiently.

"Fine fambly, befo' de war," began Pomp.

"Never mind all that; is there any one to help him now—yes or no?"

"No," said the black with a burst of despairing truthfulness. "Miss Bettina, she's as poor as Mars' Ward, an' dere's no one else. He's had nothin' but hard corn-cake for three days, an' he can't swaller it no more.'

The next morning saw Ward De Rosset lying on the white pallet in the keeper's cottage, and old Pomp, marvelling at the cleanliness all around him, installed as nurse. A strange asylum for a Confederate soldier, was it not? But he knew nothing of the change, which he would have fought with his last breath if consciousness had remained; returning fever, however, had absorbed his senses, and then it was that the keeper and the slave had borne him slowly across the waste, resting many times, but accomplishing the journey at last.

That evening John Rodman, strolling to and fro in the dusky twilight, paused alongside of the other Rodman. "I do not want him here, and that is the plain truth," he said pursuing the current of his thoughts. "He fills the house, he and Pomp together disturb all my ways. He'll be ready to fling a brick at me too, when his senses come back; small thanks shall I have for lying on the floor, giving up all my comforts, and, what is more, riding over the spirit of the place with a vengeance!" He threw himself down on the grass beside the mound and lay looking up toward the stars, which were coming out one by one, in the deep blue of the Southern night. "With a vengeance, did I say? That is it exactly—the vengeance of kindness. The poor fellow has suffered horribly in body and in estate, and now

ironical Fortune throws him in my way, as if saying, 'Let us see how far your selfishness will yield!' This is not a question of magnanimity; there is no magnanimity about it, for the war is over, and you Northerners have gained every point for which you fought. This is merely a question between man and man; it would be the same if the sufferer was a poor Federal, one of the carpet-baggers, whom you despise so, for instance, or a pagan Chinaman. And Fortune is right; don't you think so, Blank Rodman? I put it to you, now, to one who has suffered the extreme rigour of the other side—those prison pens yonder."

Whereupon Blank Rodman answered that he had fought for a great cause and that he knew it, although a plain man and not given to speech-making; he was not one of those who had sat safely at home all through the war, and now belittled it and made light of its issues. (Here a murmur came up from the long line of the trenches, as though all the dead had cried out.) But now the points for which he had fought being gained, and strife ended, it was the plain duty of every man to encourage peace. For his part he bore no malice; he was glad the poor Confederate was up in the cottage, and he did not think any the less of the keeper for bringing him there. He would like to add that he thought more of him; but he was sorry to say that he was well aware what an effort it was, and how almost grudgingly the charity began.

If Blank Rodman did not say this, at least the keeper imagined that he did. "That is what he would have said," he thought. "I am glad you do not object," he added, pretending to himself that he had not noticed the rest of the remark.

"We do not object to the brave soldier who honestly fought for his cause, even though he fought on the other side" answered Blank Rodman for the whole fourteen thousand. "But never let a coward, a double-face, or a flippant-tongued idler walk over our heads. It would make us rise in our graves!"

And the keeper seemed to see a shadowy pageant sweep by—gaunt soldiers with white faces, arming anew against the subtle product of peace: men who said: "It was nothing! Behold, we saw it with our eyes!"—stay-at-home-eyes.

The third day the fever abated, and Ward De Rosset noticed his surroundings. Old Pomp acknowledged that he had been moved, but veiled the locality: "To a frien's house, Mars' Ward."

"But I have no friends now, Pomp," said the weak voice.

Pomp was very much amused at the absurdity of this. "No frien's! Mars' Ward, no frien's!" He was obliged to go out of the room to hide his laughter. The sick man lay feebly thinking that the bed was cool and fresh, and the closed green blinds pleasant; his thin fingers stroked the linen sheet, and his eyes wandered from object to object. The only thing that broke the rule of bare utility in the simple room was a square of white drawing-paper on the wall, upon which was inscribed in ornamental text the following verse:

"Toujours femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie;
Une femme souvent
N'est qu'une plume au vent."

With the persistency of illness the eyes and mind of Ward De Rosset went over and over this distich; he knew something of French, but was unequal to the effort of translating; the rhymes alone caught his vagrant fancy. "Toujours femme varie," he said to himself over and over again; and when the keeper entered, he said it to him.

"Certainly," answered the keeper; "bien fou qui s'y fie. How do you find yourself this morning?"

"I have not found myself at all, so far. Is this your house?"

"Yes."

"Pomp told me I was in a friend's house," observed the sick man, vaguely.

"Well, it isn't an enemy's. Had any breakfast? No? Better not talk, then." He went to the detached shed which served for a kitchen, upset all Pomp's clumsy arrangements and ordered him outside; then he set to work and prepared a delicate breakfast with his best skill. The sick man eagerly eyed the tray as he entered. "Better have your hands and face sponged off, I think," said Rodman; and then he propped him up skilfully, and left him to his repast. The grass needed mowing on the parade-ground; he shouldered his scythe and started down the path viciously kicking the gravel aside as he walked.

"Wasn't solitude your principal idea, John Rodman, when you applied for this place?" he demanded of himself. "How much of it are you likely to have with sick men, and sick men's servants, and so forth?"

The "and so forth," thrown in as a rhetorical climax, turned into reality and arrived bodily upon the scene—a

climax indeed. One afternoon, returning late to the cottage, he found a girl sitting by the pallet—a girl young and dimpled and dewy; one of the creamy roses of the South that, even in the bud, are richer in colour and luxuriance than any Northern flower. He saw her through the door, and paused; distressed old Pomp met him and beckoned him cautiously outside. "Miss Bettina," he whispered gutturally; "She's come back from somewhuz, an' she's awful mad 'cause Mars' Ward's here. I tole her all 'bout 'em—de leaks an' de rheumatiz an' de hard corn-cake, but she done gone scole me; and Mars' Ward, he know now whar he is, an' he mad too."

"Is the girl a fool?" said Rodman. "He was just beginning to rally a little." He stalked into the room and confronted her. "I have the honour of addressing—"

"Miss Ward."

"And I am John Rodman, keeper of the national cemetery."

This she ignored entirely; it was as though he had said, "I am John Jones, the coachman." Coachmen were useful in their way, but their names were unimportant.

The keeper sat down and looked at his new visitor. The little creature fairly radiated scorn; her pretty head was thrown back, her eyes, dark brown fringed with long dark lashes, hardly deigned a glance; she spoke to him as though he was something to be paid and dismissed like any other mechanic.

"We are indebted to you for some days' board, I believe, keeper—medicines, I presume, and general attendance. My cousin will be removed to-day to our own residence: I wish to pay now what he owes."

The keeper saw that her dress was old and faded; the small black shawl had evidently been washed and many times mended; the old-fashioned knitted purse she held in her hand was lank with long famine.

"Very well," he said; "if you choose to treat a kindness in that way, I consider five dollars a day none too much for the annoyance, expense, and trouble I have suffered. Let me see: five days—or is it six? Yes. Thirty dollars, Miss Ward."

He looked at her steadily; she flushed. "The money will be sent you," she began haughtily; then, hesitatingly, "I must ask a little time—"

"O Betty, Betty, you know you can not pay it. Why try to disguise—But that does not excuse *you* for bringing me here," said the sick man, turning toward his host with an attempt to speak fiercely, which ended in a faltering quaver.

All this time the old slave stood anxiously outside of the door; in the pauses they could hear his feet shuffling as he waited for the decision of his superiors. The keeper rose and threw open the blinds of the window that looked out on the distant parade-ground. "Bringing you here," he repeated–"*here;* that is my offence, is it? There they lie, fourteen thousand brave men and true. Could they come back to earth they would be the first to pity and aid you, now that you are down. So would it be with you if the case were reversed; for a soldier is generous to a soldier. It was not your own heart that spoke then; it was the small venom of a woman, that here, as everywhere through the South, is playing its rancorous part."

The sick man gazed out through the window, seeing for the first time the far-spreading ranks of the dead. He was very weak, and the keeper's words had touched him; his eyes were suffused with tears. But Miss Ward rose with a flashing glance. She turned her back full upon the keeper and ignored his very existence. "I will take you home immediately, Ward—this very evening," she said.

"A nice, comfortable place for a sick man," commented the keeper scornfully, "I am going now, De Rosset, to prepare your supper; you had better have one good meal before you go."

He disappeared, but as he went he heard the sick man say deprecatingly: "It isn't very comfortable over at the old house now, indeed it isn't, Betty; I suffered"—and the girl's passionate outburst in reply. Then he closed his door and set to work.

When he returned, half an hour later, Ward was lying back exhausted on the pillows, and his cousin sat leaning her head upon her hand; she had been weeping, and she looked very desolate, he noticed, sitting there in what was to her an enemy's country. Hunger is a strong master, however, especially when allied to weakness; and the sick man ate with eagerness.

"I must go back," said the girl, rising. "A waggon will be sent for you, Ward; Pomp will help you."

But Ward had gained a little strength as well as obstinacy with the nourishing food. "Not to-night," he said.

"Yes, to-night."

"But I cannot go to-night; you are unreasonable, Bettina. To-morrow will do as well, if go I must."

"If go you must! You do not want to go, then—to go to our own home—and with me—." Her voice broke; she turned toward the door.

The keeper stepped forward. "This is all nonsense, Miss Ward," he said, "and you know it. Your cousin is in no state to be moved. Wait a week or two, and he can go in safety. But do not dare to offer me your money again; my kindness was to the soldier, not to the man, and as such he can accept it. Come out and see him as often as you please. I shall not intrude upon you. Pomp, take the lady home."

And the lady went.

Then began a remarkable existence for the four: a Confederate soldier lying ill in the keeper's cottage of a national cemetery; a rampant little rebel coming out daily to a place which was to her anathema-maranatha; a cynical, misanthropic keeper sleeping on the floor and enduring every variety of discomfort for a man he never saw before—a man belonging to an idle, arrogant class he detested; and an old black freedman allowing himself to be taught the alphabet in order to gain permission to wait on his master—master no longer in law—with all the devotion of his loving old heart. For the keeper had announced to Pomp that he must learn his alphabet or go; after all these years of theory, he, as a New Englander, could not stand by and see precious knowledge shut from the black man. So he opened it, and mighty dull work he found it.

Ward De Rosset did not rally as rapidly as they expected. The white-haired doctor from the town rode out on horseback, pacing slowly up the gravelled roadway with a scowl on his brow, casting, as he dismounted, a furtive glance down toward the parade-ground. His horse and his coat were alike old and worn, and his broad shoulders were bent with long service in the miserably provided Confederate hospitals, where he had striven to do his duty through every day and every night of those shadowed years. Cursing the incompetency in high places, cursing the mismanagement of the entire medical department of the Confederate army, cursing the recklessness and indifference which left the men suffering for want of proper hospitals and hospital stores, he yet went on resolutely doing his best with poor means in his control until the last. Then he came the home, he and his old horse, and went the rounds again, he prescribing for whooping cough or measles, and Dobbin waiting outside; the only difference was that fees were small and good meals scarce for both, not only for the man but for the beast. The doctor sat down and chatted awhile kindly with De Rosset, whose father and uncle had been dear friends of his in the bright, prosperous days; then he left a few harmless medicines and rose to go, his gaze resting a moment

on Miss Ward, then on Pomp, as if he were hesitating. But he said nothing until on the walk outside he met the keeper, and recognized a person to whom he could tell the truth. "There is nothing to be done; he may recover, he may not; it is a question of strength merely. He needs no medicines, only nourishing food, rest, and careful tendance."

'He shall have them," answered the keeper briefly. And then the old gentleman mounted his horse and rode away, his first and last visit to a national cemetery.

"National!" he said to himself—"national!"

All talk of moving De Rosset ceased, but Miss Ward moved into the old house. There was not much to move; herself, her one trunk, and Mari, a black attendant, whose name probably began life as Maria, since the accent still dwelt on the curtailed last syllable. The keeper went there once, and once only, and then it was an errand for the sick man, whose fancies came sometimes at inconvenient hours—when Pomp had gone to town, for instance. On this occasion the keeper entered the mockery of a gate and knocked at the front door, from which the bars had been removed; the piazza still showed its decaying planks, but quick-growing summer vines had been planted, and were now encircling the old pillars and veiling all defects with their greenery. It was a woman's pathetic effort to cover up what cannot be covered—poverty. The blinds on one side were open, and white curtains waved to and fro in the breeze; into this room he was ushered by Mari. Matting lay on the floor, streaked here and there ominously by the dampness from the near ground. The furniture was of dark mahogany, handsome in its day: chairs, a heavy pier-table with low-down glass, into which no one by any possibility could look unless he had eyes in his ankles, a sofa with a stiff, round pillow of hair-cloth under each curved end, and a mirror with a compartment framed off at the top, containing a picture of shepherds and shepherdesses, and lambs with blue ribbons around their necks, all enjoying themselves in the most natural and life-like manner. Flowers stood on the high mantelpiece, but their fragrance could not overcome the faint odour of the damp straw matting. On a table were books—a life of General Lee, and three or four shabby little volumes printed at the South during the war, waifs of prose and poetry of that highly wrought, richly coloured style which seems indigenous to Southern soil.

"Some way, the whole thing reminds me of a funeral," thought the keeper.

Miss Ward entered, and the room bloomed at once; at least that is what a lover would have said. Rodman, however, merely noticed that she bloomed, and not the room, and he said to himself that she would not bloom long if she continued to live in such a mouldy place. Their conversation in these days was excessively polite, shortened to the extreme minimum possible, and conducted without the aid of the eyes, at least on one side. Rodman had discovered that Miss Ward never looked at him, and so he did not look at her—that is, not often; he was human, however, and she was delightfully pretty. On this occasion they exchanged exactly five sentences, and then he departed, but not before his quick eyes had discovered that the rest of the house was in even worse condition than this parlour, which, by the way, Miss Ward considered quite a grand apartment; she had been down near the coast, trying to teach school, and there the desolation was far greater than here, both armies having passed back and forward over the ground, foragers out, and the torch at work more than once.

"Will there ever come a change for the better?" thought the keeper, as he walked homeward. "What an enormous stone has got to be rolled up hill! But at least, John Rodman, *you* need not go to work at it; *you* are not called upon to lend your shoulder."

None the less, however, did he call out Pomp that very afternoon and sternly teach him "E" and "F" using the smooth white sand for a blackboard, and a stick for chalk. Pomp's primer was a Government placard hanging on the wall of the office. It read as follows:

IN THIS CEMETERY REPOSE THE REMAINS
OF
FOURTEEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-ONE UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul."

"The only known instance of the Government's condescending to poetry," the keeper thought, when he first read this placard. It was placed there for the instruction and the edification of visitors; but no visitors coming, he took the liberty of using it for a primer for Pomp. The large letters served the purpose admirably, and Pomp learned the entire quotation; what he thought of it has not transpired. Miss Ward came over daily to see her cousin. At first she brought him soups and various concoctions from her own kitchen—the leaky cavern, once the dining-room, where the soldier had taken refuge after his last dismissal from hospital; but the keeper's soups were richer, and free from the taint of smoke; his martial laws of neatness even disorderly old Pomp dared not disobey, and the sick man soon learned the difference. He thanked the girl, who came bearing the dishes over carefully in her own dimpled hands, and then when she was gone he sent them untasted away. By chance Miss Ward heard of this, and wept bitter tears over it; she continued to come, but her poor little soups and jellies she brought no more.

One morning in May the keeper was working near the flag-staff when his eyes fell upon a procession coming down the road which led to the town and turning toward the cemetery. No one ever came that way; what could it mean? It drew near, entered the gate, and showed itself to be negroes walking two and two—old uncles and aunties, young men and girls, and even little children all dressed in their best, sometimes ludicrous imitations of "ole Mars'" or "ole Miss,'" sometimes mere rags bravely patched together and adorned with a strip of black calico or rosette of black ribbon; not one was without a badge of mourning. All carried flowers, common blossoms from the little gardens behind the cabins that stretched around the town on the outskirts—the new, forlorn cabins with their chimneys of piled stones and ragged patches of corn; each little darkey had his bouquet and marched solemnly along, rolling his eyes around, but without even the beginning of a smile, while the elders moved forward with gravity, the bubbling, irrepressible gaiety of the negro subdued by the new-born dignity of the freedman.

"Memorial Day," thought the keeper; "I had forgotten it."

"Will you do us de hono', sah, to take de head ob de processio', sah?" said the leader, with a ceremonious bow. Now, the keeper had not much sympathy with the strewing

of flowers, North or South: he had seen the beautiful ceremony more than once turned into a political demonstration. Here, however, in this small, isolated, interior town, there was nothing of that kind; the whole population of white faces laid their roses and wept true tears on the graves of their lost ones in the village churchyard when the Southern Memorial Day came round, and just as naturally the whole population of black faces went out to the national cemetery with their flowers on the day when, throughout the North, spring blossoms were laid on the graves of the soldiers, from the little Maine village to the stretching ranks of Arlington, from Greenwood to the far Western burial-places of San Francisco. The keeper joined the procession and led the way to the parade-ground. As they approached the trenches, the leader began singing and all joined. "Swing low, sweet chariot," sang the freedmen, and their hymn rose and fell with strange, sweet harmony—one of those wild, unwritten melodies which the North heard with surprise and marvelling when, after the war, bands of singers came to their cities and sang the songs of slavery, in order to get for their children the coveted education. "Swing low, sweet chariot," sang the freedmen, and two by two they passed along, strewing the graves with flowers till all the green was dotted with colour. It was a pathetic sight to see some of the old men and women, ignorant field-hands, bent, dull-eyed, and past the possibility of education in even its simplest forms, carefully placing their poor flowers to the best advantage. They knew dimly that the men who lay beneath these mounds had done something wonderful for them and for their children; and so they came bringing their blossoms with little intelligence but with much love.

The ceremony over, they retired. As he turned, the keeper caught a glimpse of Miss Ward's face at the window.

"Hope we's not makin' too free, sah," said the leader, as the procession with many a bow and scrape, took leave, "But we's kep' de day now two years, sah, befo' you came, sah, and we's teachin' de chil'en to keep it, sah."

The keeper returned to the cottage. "Not a white face," he said.

"Certainly not," replied Miss Ward crisply.

"I know some graves at the North, Miss Ward, graves of Southern soldiers, and I know some Northern women who do not scorn to lay a few flowers on the lonely mounds as they pass by with their blossoms on our Memorial Day."

"You are fortunate. They must be angels. We have no angels here."

"I am inclined to believe you are right," said the keeper.

That night, old Pomp, who had remained invisible in the kitchen during the ceremony, stole away in the twilight and came back with a few flowers. Rodman saw him going down toward the parade-ground, and watched. The old man had but a few blossoms; he arranged them hastily on the mounds with many a furtive glance toward the house, and then stole back satisfied; he had performed his part.

Ward De Rosset lay on his pallet, apparently unchanged; he seemed neither stronger nor weaker. He had grown childishly dependent upon his host and wearied for him, as the Scotch say; but Rodman withstood his fancies, and gave him only the evenings when Miss Bettina was not there. One afternoon, however, it rained so violently that he was forced to seek shelter; he set himself to work on the ledgers; he was on the ninth thousand now. But the sick man heard his step in the outer room, and called in his weak voice, "Rodman, Rodman." After a time he went in, and it ended in his staying; for the patient was nervous and irritable, and he pitied the nurse, who seemed able to please him in nothing. De Rosset turned with a sigh of relief toward the strong hands that lifted him readily, toward the composed manner, toward the man's voice that seemed to bring a breeze from outside into the close room; animated, cheered, he talked volubly. The keeper listened, answered once in a while, and quietly took the rest of the afternoon into his own hands. Miss Ward yielded to the silent change, leaned back and closed her eyes. She looked exhausted and for the first time pallid; the loosened dark hair curled in little rings about her temples, and her lips were parted as though she was too tired to close them; for hers were not the thin, straight lips that shut tight naturally, like the straight line of a closed box. The sick man talked on. "Come, Rodman," he said after a while, "I have read that lying verse of yours over at least ten thousand and fifty-nine times; please tell me its history; I want to have something definite to think of when I read it for the ten thousand and sixtieth."

"Toujours femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie;
Une femme souvent
N'est qu'une plume au vent."

read the keeper slowly, with his execrable English accent.

"Well, I don't know that I have any objection to telling the story. I am not sure but that it will do me good to hear it all over, myself, in plain language again."

"Then it concerns yourself," said De Rosset; "so much the better. I hope it will be, as the children say, the truth, and long."

"It will be the truth, but not long. When the war broke out I was twenty-eight years old, living with my mother on our farm in New England. My father and two brothers had died and left me the homestead; otherwise I should have broken away and sought fortune farther westward, where the lands are better and life more free. But mother loved the house, the fields and every crooked tree. She was alone, and so I stayed with her. In the centre of the village green stood the square, white meeting-house, and near by the small cottage where the pastor lived; the minister's daughter, Mary, was my promised wife. Mary was a slender little creature with a profusion of pale, flaxen hair, large, serious blue eyes, and small delicate features; she was timid almost to a fault; her voice was low and gentle. She was not eighteen, and we were to wait a year. The war came, and I volunteered, of course, and marched away; we wrote to each other often; my letters were full of the camp and skirmishes; hers told of the village, how the widow Brown had fallen ill, and how it was feared that Squire Stafford's boys were lapsing into evil ways. Then came the day when my regiment marched to the field of its slaughter and soon after our shattered remnant went home. Mary cried over me, and came out every day to the farmhouse with her bunches of violets. She read aloud to me from her good little books, and I used to lie and watch her profile bending over the page, with the light falling on her flaxen hair low down against the small, white throat. Then my wound healed, and I went again, this time for three years; and Mary's father blessed me, and said that when peace came he would call me son, but not before, for these were no times for marrying and giving in marriage. He was a good man, a red-hot abolitionist, and a roaring lion as regards temperance; but nature had made him so small in body that no one was much frightened when he roared. I said that I went for three years; but eight years have passed and I have never been back to the village. First, mother died, Then Mary turned false. I sold the farm by letter and lost the money in an unfortunate investment; my health failed. Like

many another Northern soldier, I remembered the healing climate of the South; its soft airs came back to me when the snow lay deep on the fields and the sharp wind whistled around the poor tavern where the moneyless, half-crippled volunteer sat coughing by the fire. I applied for this place and obtained it. That is all."

"But it is not all," said the sick man, raising himself on his elbow, "you have not told half yet, nor anything at all about the French verse."

"Oh—that? There was a little Frenchman staying at the hotel; he had formerly been a dancing master, and was full of dry withered conceits, although he looked like a thin and bilious old ape dressed as a man. He taught me, or tried to teach me, various wise sayings, among them this one, which pleased my fancy so much that I gave him twenty-five cents to write it out in large text for me."

"Toujours femme varie," repeated De Rosset; "but you do not really think so, do you, Rodman?"

"I do. But they cannot help it; it is their nature—I beg your pardon, Miss Ward. I was speaking as though you were not here."

Miss Ward's eyelids barely acknowledged his existence; that was all. But some time after she remarked to her cousin that it was only in New England that one found that pale flaxen hair.

June was waning, when suddenly the summons came. Ward De Rosset died. He was unconscious toward the last, and death, in the guise of sleep, bore away his soul. They carried him home to the old house, and from there the funeral started, a few family carriages, dingy and battered, following the hearse, for death revived the old neighbourhood feeling; that honour at least they could pay—the sonless mothers and the widows who lived shut up in the old houses with everything falling into ruin around them, brooding over the past. The keeper watched the small procession as it passed his gate on its way to the churchyard in the village. "There he goes, poor fellow, his sufferings over at last," he said; and then he set the cottage in order and began the old solitary life again.

He saw Miss Ward but once.

It was a breathless evening in August, when the moonlight flooded the level country. He had started out to stroll across the waste; but the mood changed, and climbing over the eastern wall he had walked back to the flag-staff, and

now lay at its foot gazing up into the infinite sky. A step sounded on the gravel-walk; he turned his face that way, and recognized Miss Ward. With confident step she passed the dark cottage, and brushed his arm with her robe as he lay unseen in the shadow. She went down toward the parade-ground, and his eyes followed her. Softly outlined in the moonlight, she moved to and fro among the mounds, pausing often, and once he thought she knelt. Then slowly she returned, and he raised himself and waited; she saw him, started, then paused.

"I thought you were away," she said; "Pomp told me so."

"You set him to watch me?"

"Yes. I wished to come here once, and I did not wish to meet you."

"Why did you wish to come?"

"Because Ward was here—and because—never mind. It is enough that I wished to walk once among those mounds."

"And pray there?"

"Well—and if I did!" said the girl defiantly.

Rodman stood facing her, with his arms folded; his eyes rested on her face; he said nothing.

"I am going away to-morrow," began Miss Ward again, assuming with an effort her old, pulseless manner. "I have sold the place, and I shall never return, I think; I am going far away."

"Where?"

"To Tennessee."

"That is not so very far," said the keeper, smiling.

"There I shall begin a new existence," pursued the voice, ignoring the comment.

"You have scarcely begun the old; you are hardly more than a child, now. What are you going to do in Tennessee?"

"Teach."

"Have you relatives there?"

"No."

"A miserable life—a hard, lonely, loveless life," said Rodman. "God help the woman who must be that dreary thing, a teacher from necessity!"

Miss Ward turned swiftly, but the keeper kept by her side. He saw the tears glittering on her eyelashes, and his voice softened. "Do not leave me in anger," he said; "I should not have spoken so, although indeed it was the truth.

Walk back with me to the cottage, and take your last look at the room where poor Ward died, and then I will go with you to your home."

"No; Pomp is waiting at the gate," said the girl, almost inarticulately.

"Very well; to the gate, then."

They went toward the cottage in silence; the keeper threw open the door. "Go in," he said. "I will wait outside."

The girl entered and went into the inner room, throwing herself down upon her knees at the bedside. "O Ward, Ward!" she sobbed, "I am all alone in the world now, Ward,—all alone!" She buried her face in her hands and gave way to a passion of tears; and the keeper could not help but hear as he waited outside. Then the desolate little creature rose and came forth, putting on, as she did so, her poor armour of pride. The keeper had not moved from the door-step. Now he turned his face. "Before you go—go away forever from this place—will you write your name in my register," he said—"the visitors' register? The Government had it prepared for the throngs who would visit these graves, but with the exception of the blacks, who can not write, no one has come, and the register is empty. Will you write your name? Yet do not write it unless you can think gently of the men who lie there under the grass. I believe you do think gently of them, else why have you come of your own accord to stand by the side of their graves?" As he said this, he looked fixedly at her.

Miss Ward did not answer, but neither did she write.

"Very well," said the keeper; "come away. You will not, I see."

"I can not! Shall I, Bettina Ward, set my name down in black and white as a visitor to this cemetery, where lie fourteen thousand of the soldiers who killed my father, my three brothers, my cousins; who brought desolation upon all our house, and ruin upon all our neighbourhood, all our State, and all our country?—for the South *is* our country, and not your North. Shall I forget these things? Never! Sooner let my right hand wither by my side! I was but a child; yet I remember the tears of my mother, and the grief of all around us. There was not a house where there was not one dead."

"It is true," answered the keeper; "at the South, all went."

They walked down to the gate together in silence.

"Good-bye," said John, holding out his hand; "you will give me yours or not, as you choose, but I will not have it as a favour."

She gave it.

"I hope that life will grow brighter to you as the years pass. May God bless you!"

He dropped her hand; she turned and passed through the gateway; then he sprang after her.

"Nothing can change you," he said; "I know it, I have known it all along; you are part of your country, part of the time, part of the bitter hour through which she is passing. Nothing can change you; if it could, you would not be what you are, and I should not—But you can not change. Good-bye, Bettina, poor little child—good-bye. Follow your path out into the world. Yet do not think, dear, that I have not seen—have not understood."

He bent and kissed her hand; then he was gone, and she went on alone.

A week later the keeper strolled over toward the old house. It was twilight, but the new owner was still at work. He was one of those sandy-haired, energetic Maine men, who, probably on the principle of extremes, were often found through the South, making new homes for themselves in the pleasant land.

"Pulling down the old house, are you?" said the keeper, leaning idly on the gate, which was already flanked by a new fence.

"Yes," replied the Maine man, pausing; "it was only an old shell, just ready to tumble on our heads. You're the keeper over yonder, an't you?" (He already knew everybody within a circle of five miles.)

"Yes. I think I should like those vines if you have no use for them," said Rodman, pointing to the uprooted greenery that once screened the old piazza.

"Wuth about twenty-five cents, I guess," said the Maine man, handing them over.

(*The Atlantic Monthly*). *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

FORGOTTEN.

Once, looking through a little sheaf
Of papers stored from girlhood years,
I chanced upon a faded leaf,
And read, half smiling, half in tears,

This legend on the wrapping set
In delicate girl-writing small;
"Never this day, this leaf, forget."
And lo! I had forgot it all.

Nor could I think with all my care
What it did ever mean, and so
I slowly let the summer air
Waft it away, and watched it go

With dreaming gaze. And is it thus,
I mused, with this world's joy and grief?
"Never forget" it seems to us,
As I wrote on my little sheaf;

When, lo! without our knowledge, curled
Our scroll of earth; its story small
Comes not into that higher world;
Besides—we have forgot it all!

(*Harper's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

ALAS!

"Prithee, what wouldst thou advise?"
Spake the timid poet;
Then slow answered all the wise
"Hadst thou skill to show it,
Vivid story of thy life,
Pains and joyance, good and ill,
Strongly sung would bring thee fame,
For the world is curious still."
Then the poet sadly
Away did pass,
"But there is no story
In my simple life. Alas! Alas!"

"Prithee, what wouldst thou advise?"
Spake the poet, turning
Once again that way; the wise
Answered, "all the burning
Of thy inmost altar-fires
Sing in glowing, cadenced verse;
To the world's hot eager ear
All thy deepest love rehearse."
Then the poet sadly
Away did pass,
"But my heart I cannot
Share with all the world. Alas! Alas!"

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

CONTRAST.

SIX O'CLOCK; BROADWAY.

Snow, snow,—all the night full of crystal snowing,
Blow, blow,—all the light cannot stop the blowing;
Wind and snow go whirling down the brilliant street, the cold street,
Feathered flakes and eddies drown the young feet, the old feet,
Moving onward, living waves, past the frigid windows' stare,
Human toilers, human slaves through the freezing yellow glare,
And I am one,—who but I? yet my heart sings, sings,
As the blast, rushing by, double contrast brings, brings—
"Far away my Love lies
By the southern sea,
True her heart, blue her eyes,
And she waits for—me!"

Fleet, fleet, phosphor-gleams shine upon the river,
Sweet, sweet, tropic dreams in the jasmine quiver;
Orange-scents are filling all the lambent air, the warm air,
Moonlight on the old sea-wall falling fair, cloudless fair,
Northern troubles all at rest, there they sit with idle speech,
Listening while the ocean's breast heaves against the silver beach,
And she is one—my own Love; yet her heart sings, sings.
As the soft night above double contrast brings, brings,—
"Far away the snow drives
By the northern sea,
Long he toils, strong he strives,
And it is for—me!"

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

"GENTLEMAN WAIFE."

Only a poor little dog,
Why should you grieve?
He had not an atom of soul,
So we believe.
Instinct and animal life
Only were there—
Poor little Waife, he has gone
Why should you care?

Only a dog, let him go
Under the sod.
Not a small foot-mark remains
Where he has trod,
Even his few human friends
Scarcely vouchsafe
More than a thought to his death,
Poor little Waife!

Joyous he followed your steps,
Joyous he went
After his master, and felt
Perfect content
Just to be near you. He kept
Trying to say
How much he loved you, poor dog,
In his dumb way.

Gay little Waife, how he ran
Happily on,
Down the long Florida roads,
Ever, anon,
Looking to see you were there,
Swift rushing back—
Little brown spot of live joy—
On the white track,

Bounding and circling for glee;
Then far away
Over the palmetto wastes
On a foray,
All by himself, coming in,
Proudly, as though
Wonderful things he had learned
You did not know.

Changed are the afternoon walks,
Something seems wrong,
Lifeless the pine-barren roads—
Lifeless and long;
Coming home over the bridge
In the red light
Thrown by the sunset that shines
Far into night,

While the first emerald stars
Silvery show,
You will miss Waifey, I think—
More than you know,
More than the careless of heart
Could comprehend,
Only a poor little dog—
Yes; but a friend.

His vague little life has run out;
Why did he live?
We know not; *he* knows least of all;
Yet I would give
Something if I could but think,
Fancy, that he
Had a small future somewhere,
Even as we.

Wrapped in his soft silken shroud,
Calm may he sleep,
Down in his dark little grave,
Hollowed out deep.
"Hic jacet Gentleman Waife,"
Write on the scroll;
He was, and he is not; poor dog,
That was the whole!

(*The Animal Kingdom.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

She journeyed north, she journeyed south,
  The whole bright land she wandered over,
And climbed the mountains white with snow,
And sought the plains where palm-trees grow—
  But—never found the four-leaved clover.

Then to the seas she spread her sail,
  Fled round the world,—a white-winged rover,
Her small foot pressed the Grecian grass,—
She saw Egyptian temples pass—
  But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The costliest gems shone on her brow,
  The ancient Belgian spinners wove her
A robe of lace a queen might wear,
Her eyes found all most rich, most rare,
  But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The throng did flock to see her pass,
  To hear her speak—and all men strove her
Smile to win; she had the whole
Of each one's life, and heart, and soul,
  But—never found the four-leaved clover.

A storm flew down and tore her sail,
  A biting tempest came and drove her
Homeward, bereft, alone, and poor,
The fair friends fled, the journeyings o'er,
  That never found the four-leaved clover.

"Alas!" she sighed, "all hope is gone,
  I've searched the whole world through—moreover
My eyes are now toil worn,—they see
But this small strip of grass"—there free
  And strong it grew—the four-leaved clover!

(*Harper's Bazaar.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

A TRANSPLANTED BOY.

LORENZO came into the hall, bell in hand.

Putting down his white gloves at the feet of the goddess Flora, he began his promenade: ding-dong past Jupiter and Juno; ding-dong past Mars and Venus, Neptune and Diana, Minerva and Apollo, until the last pedestal on the east was reached; here there was no goddess, only a leaping flame. There was a corresponding tongue of fire on the last pedestal of the west side opposite, and both of these architectural ornaments were made of wood, painted scarlet. On the north side there towered six windows as high as those of a church. These windows faced a flight of stone steps that went down in a dignified sweep, eighteen feet wide, to a landing adorned with a Muse; here, dividing into two wings, the staircase turned to the right and the left in noble curves, and descended to the square hall below. The massive iron-clamped portals of this lower hall were open; they were swung back early in the morning, in order that the horses might pass through on their way to the street; for there were horses in the stables of the court-yard within. They did pass through, making with the carts to which they were harnessed a thundering clatter which would have deafened the inmates of an American dwelling. But the old Pisan palace had been built in another fashion. This lower hall with its heavy pavement and great doors, the gallery above with the rows of life-sized statues, the broad sweep of the stone stairways—all these, a space that could have swallowed many modern houses entire, were but its entrance; and so massive were the floors that no one in the long ranges of rooms above had any intimation of the moment when their hallway was turned into a street. The outer portals remained swung back all day; but the light inner doors were opened and closed on demand by old Bianca, the portress, who lived in a dusky den under the staircase. This evening the sunset was so brilliant that even these inner doors stood open, and Bianca herself had come to the threshold, blinking a little as the radiance fell upon her patient, cloistered face.

She was looking at a boy who was leaning over the parapet opposite. This boy, with one arm round a small dog whom he had lifted to the top of the wall by his side, was gazing at the tawny water of the Arno as it glided past the house; for the old palace was in the Lung' Arno of Pisa, the sunny street that follows the river like a quay, its water-side lying open to the stream, protected by a low wall. Bianca was evidently thinking of this boy and the summons of the clanging bell above; whether he cared for the bell or not, he seemed to feel at last the power of her mild gaze directed upon his back, for, swinging himself down from the parapet, he crossed the street, and with his dog at his heels, entered the palace. He went up the right-hand stairway, glancing as he passed at the two stone caryatides which upheld the balustrade at the landing; these were girls who had probably been intended for mermaids; but their fish endings were vague compared with the vividly human expression of their anxious young countenances—an anxiety oddly insisted upon by the unknown house-sculptor who had chiselled them according to his fantasy hundreds of years before. Freshly arrived Americans, not yet broken in to the light foreign breakfast, and frozen from January to March, were accustomed to declare that the faces of these caryatides reflected in advance all the miseries of the *pension*, that is, all the hardship of winter life in Italy which assails the surprised and undefended pilgrim from the United States. But the boy who was coming up the stairs, though American, was not freshly arrived; in his mind the caryatides illustrated, more or less, a charming story which his mother had told him—the story of the Little Mermaid; he was fond of their anxious stone cheeks on that account.

The Casa Corti was not an ordinary *pension*. In the first place, it had the distinction of occupying the whole of the Rondinelli palace, with the great shield of the Rondinellis (showing their six heraldic swallows sitting on their tails) over its door; in the second, it had been in the hands of one family for four generations, and was to go down in the same line. The establishment could accommodate seventy persons. Three-fourths of the seventy were always English, drawn hither by the fact that Madame Corti was of English descent. A few Americans were allowed to enter, and an occasional foreigner was received as a favour. In the *pension* phraseology the English were "we" their transatlantic cousins "the Americans," and all the rest "foreigners." As Lorenzo's bell

ceased many doors opened, and from the various quarters into which the old Ghibelline residence had for its present purposes been divided—from high rooms overlooking the river and adorned with frescoes to low-browed cells in the attic under the eaves; from apartments that looked upon small inner courts like yellow wells, wells that resounded with the jingle of dish-washing from morning till night; from short staircases descending at unexpected points, and from others equally unlooked for which mounted from secret chambers in the half-story (chambers whose exact situation always remained a mystery to the rest of the house)—from all of these, and from two far-off little dwellings perched like tents on the roof, came the guests of the *pension* on their way to the dining-room and dinner. For they were all guests: the word patron or boarder was unknown. In the same way the head of the establishment was not by any means the boarding-house-keeper or the landlady; she was the proprietress. She had inherited her *pension* as other people inherit an estate, and she managed it in much the same autocratic fashion.

When all her guests were seated, this proprietress herself rustled in, a little late. Her attire was elaborate; a velvet gown made with a train, an amber star in the hair and a chain of large amber beads wound three times round the throat, and falling in a long loop to the belt. She entered with a gliding step, pressing her dimpled hands together as she advanced, and giving a series of little bends from the waist upward, which were intended as general salutation to the company; her smile meanwhile gradually extended itself, until, as her chair was drawn out with a flourish by Lorenzo, it became broad enough to display her teeth as she sank gracefully into her place at the head of her table, and, with a final bow to the right and the left, unfolded her napkin. Her duty as regarded civility being now done, she broke off a morsel of bread and took a rapid survey of her seventy, with the mixture of sharp personal dislike and the business views which forced her to accept them visible as usual in her eyes behind her smile.

Her seventy appeared, as they always did, eminently respectable. There were three English curates; there were English husbands and wives of the travelling and invalid varieties; there were four or five blooming English girls with pink cheeks and very straight backs; and there were dozens of English old maids, and of that species of relict that returns naturally to spinsterhood after the funeral, without

having acquired, from passing through it, any of the richer tints and more ample outlines that belong to the married state. In addition, there were several Americans, and a few "foreigners."

Lorenzo and his assistants were carrying away the soup-plates when two more guests entered late. This was high crime. Madame's eyes, looking smaller than ever, gleamed like two sparks as they passed. For if one were so unfortunate as to be late for dinner at Casa Corti, the custom was to make an apologetic little bow to madame as one entered—entered with hasty, repentant step (having passed, outside the door, the whole miscellaneous force of the establishment gathered together with cans of hot water to wash the forks). But these two had made no bow, and madame had known that they would not; so she talked to her right-hand neighbour, Captain Sholto Fraser, R.N., and carefully pretended not to see them. The delinquents were Americans (madame would have said "Of course!") a pretty little woman who looked much younger than her age (which was thirty-three), and the boy who had adorned the parapet with his sprawling person—a mother and son. They found their empty chairs waiting for them at the far end of the room. The boy's place was at his mother's left hand; on her right she had one of the curates.

"Late again!" began this gentleman. "We shall have to impose a fine upon you, Mrs. Roscoe; we shall indeed." And he made, playfully, a menacing gesture with his large, very well-kept hand.

"Ought I to come for the soup?" inquired the lady, surveying the plateful before her with a slight curl of her lip.

"Nay; when it is cold!" remonstrated her neighbour. "Be more reasonable, pray." He regarded her smilingly.

"Oh, reasonable women are horrid!" responded Mrs. Roscoe. "I should never think of coming down until later," she went on, "only Maso—he likes the soup." The boy was eating rapidly. She watched him for a moment. "I don't see how he can!" she added.

"Perhaps Tommaso is hungry," suggested an English lady who sat opposite.

"Maso, please," corrected Mrs. Roscoe; "Tommaso is as ugly as Thomas."

"I daresay he has not nourishment enough," continued the first speaker, "at his age that is so important. Why not order for him an extra chop at luncheon?"

"Thank Mrs. Goldsworthy for her interest in you, Maso," said his mother.

Maso grew red and hastily crammed so much bread into his mouth that both of his cheeks were widely distended at the same time.

"I have read in the journal, Madame Roscoe, of a gerate fire in your countree—a town entire? I hope you lose not by it?" The speaker was a grave little woman from Lausanne, the widow of a Swiss pastor.

Mrs. Roscoe gave a shrug. "My interests are not of that kind. Where was the fire, may I ask?"

"But in your countree, Amereekar. Voyons; the citee of Tam—Tampico."

Mrs. Roscoe laughed as she helped herself to fish—a fish tied with yellow ribbons, and carrying a yellow lily in his mouth. "When we were at Mentone an old lady informed me one day of the arrival of some of my 'country-people.' 'Now,' she said, 'you will not be the only Americans in the house.' At dinner they appeared. They were Chilians. I said to my friend, 'They are not my country-people; they are South Americans.' She answered severely: "I suppose you say that because they are Southerners! But now that so many years have passed since that dreadful war of yours was brought to a close, I should think it would be far wiser to drop such animosities.'" No one laughed over this story save an American who was within hearing.

This American, a Vermont man, had arrived at the *pension* several days before, and already he had formed a close and even desperate friendship with Mrs. Roscoe, pursuing her, accompanied by his depressed wife, to her bedroom (she had no sitting-room), where, while trying to find a level place on her slippery yellow sofa, he had delivered himself as follows: "Wife—she kept saying 'You ought to go abroad; you aren't well, and it'll do you good; they say it's very sociable over there if you stay at the *pensions*.'" (He gave this word a political pronunciation) "All I can say is—if *this* is their *pension!*" And he slapped his thigh with a resounding whack, and laughed sarcastically.

The beef now came round, a long slab of mahogany colour, invisibly divided into thin slices, the whole decked with a thick, dark sauce which contained currants, citron, and raisins.

"We miss Mr. Willoughby sadly," observed Mrs. Goldsworthy, with a sigh as she detached a slice. "Only last night he was here."

"I cannot say *I* miss him," remarked Mrs. Roscoe.

"You do not? Pray tell us why?" suggested the curate, eagerly.

"Well, he's so black-letter; so early-English; so 'Merrily sungen the monks of Ely.' In Baedeker, you know."

"He is very deep, if you mean that," said Mrs. Goldsworthy, reprovingly.

"Deep? I should call him wide; he is all over the place. If you speak of a cat, he replies with a cataract; of a plate, with Plato; of the cream, with cremation. I don't see how he manages to live in England at all; there isn't standing room there for his feet. But perhaps he soars; he is a sort of Cupid, you know. What will become of him if they make him a bishop? For how can a bishop flirt? The utmost he can do is to say, 'I will see you after service in the vestry.'"

The curate was laughing in gentlemanlike gulps. He was extremely happy. The Rev. Algernon Willoughby of Ely had been admired, not to say adored, in that *pension* for seven long weeks.

The dinner went on through its courses, and by degrees the red wine flew from the glasses to the faces. For as wine of the country in abundance, without extra charge, was one of the attractions of Casa Corti, people took rather more of it than they cared for, on the thoroughly human principle of getting something for nothing. At length came a pudding, violently pink in hue, and reposing on a bed of rose-leaves.

"Why, the pudding's redder than we are!" remarked Mrs. Roscoe, with innocent surprise.

Her own cheeks, however, looked very cool in the universal flush: her smooth complexion had no rose tints. This lack of pink was, in truth, one of the faults of a face which had many beauties. She was small and fair; her delicately cut features were extremely pretty—"Pretty enough to be copied as models for drawing-classes," some one had once said. Her golden hair, which fell over her forehead in a soft rippled wave, was drawn up behind after the latest fashion of Paris; her eyes were blue, and often they had a merry expression; her little mouth was almost like that of a child, with its pretty lips and infantile, pearly teeth. In addition, her figure was slender and graceful; her hands and feet and ears were noticeably small. To men Violet Roscoe's attire always appeared simple; the curate, for instance, if obliged to bear witness, would have said that the costume of each

and every other lady in the room appeared to him more ornamented than that of his immediate neighbour. A woman, however, could have told this misled male that the apparently simple dress had cost more, probably, than the combined attire of all the other ladies, save perhaps the rich velvet of Madame Corti.

After nuts and figs, and a final draining of glasses, Madame Corti gave the signal (no one would have dared to leave the table before that sign), and her seventy rose. Smiling, talking, and fanning themselves, they passed across the hall to the salon, where presently tea was served in large gold-banded coffee-cups, most of which were chipped at the edges. The ladies took tea, and chatted with each other; they stood by the piano, and walked up and down, before beginning the regular occupations of the evening—namely, whist, chess, the reading of the best authorities on art, or doing something in the way of embroidery or wool-work, or a complicated construction with bobbins that looked like a horse-net. There were jokes; occasionally there was a ripple of mild laughter. Madame Corti, entrenched behind her own particular table, read the London *Times* with the aid of a long-handled eyeglass. How she did despise all these old maids, with their silver ornaments, and their small economies, with their unmounted photographs pinned on the walls of their bedrooms, and their talk of Benozzo, and Nicolo the Pisan! She hated the very way they held their teacups after dinner, poised delicately, almost gaily with the little finger extended, as if to give an air of festal lightness to the scene. Promptly at nine o'clock she disappeared; an hour later her brougham was taking her to an Italian gathering, where there would also be conversation but conversation of a very different nature. Teresa Corti when she had escaped from her *pension*, was one of the wittiest women in Pisa; her wit was audacious, ample, and thoroughly Italian. There was, indeed, nothing English about her save her knowledge of the language, and the trace of descent from an English great-grandfather in her green eyes and crinkled yellow hair.

Mrs. Roscoe did not remain in the drawing-room five minutes; she never took tea, she did not play whist or chess, and she detested fancy-work. She was followed to the stairway by her curate, who was urging her to remain and play backgammon. "It's not such a bad game; really it's not," he pleaded, in his agreeable voice.

"Nothing is a bad game if one is amused," answered Mrs. Roscoe, severely. She was seldom severe. But this evening she was tired.

"Oh, how early you've come up! I'm awfully glad," said Maso, as she entered her bedroom on the third floor. It was a large room, shabbily furnished in yellow, the frescoed walls representing the Bay of Naples. Maso was lying on the rug with his dog by his side.

"Why are you in the dark?" said his mother. There was a smouldering fire on the hearth; for though the day had been fine (it was the 15th of March), the old palace had a way of developing unexpected shivers in the evening. In spite of these shivers, however, this was the only room where there was a fire. Mrs. Roscoe lighted the lamp and put on the pink shade; then she drew the small Italian sticks together on the hearth, threw on a dozen pine cones, and with the bellows blew the whole into a brilliant blaze. Next she put a key into the Bay of Naples, unlocked a wave, and drew out a small Vienna coffee-pot.

"Are we going to have coffee? Jolly!" said the boy.

His mother made the coffee; then she took from the same concealed cupboard, which had been drilled in the solid stone of the wall, a little glass jug shaped like a lachrymal from the catacombs, which contained cream; sugar in a bowl; cakes, and a box of marrons glacés. Maso gave a Hi! of delight as each dainty appeared, and made his dog sit on his hind legs. "I say, mother, what were they all laughing about at dinner? Something you said?"

"They always laugh; they appear never to have heard a joke before. That about the bishops, now, that is as old as the hills." Leaning back in her easy-chair before the fire, with Maso established at her feet, enjoying his cake and coffee, she gave a long yawn. "Oh, what a stupid life!"

Maso was well accustomed to this exclamation. But when he had his mother to himself, and when the room was so bright and full of fragrant aromas, he saw no reason to echo it. "Well, *I* think it's just gay!" he answered. "Mr. Tiber, beg!" Mr. Tiber begged and received a small morsel of cake.

Mrs. Roscoe after drinking her coffee, had taken up a new novel. "Perhaps you had better study a little," she suggested.

Maso made a grimace. But as the coffee was gone and the cakes were eaten, he complied—that is, he complied after

he had made Mr. Tiber go through his tricks. This took time; for Mr. Tiber, having swallowed a good deal of cake himself, was lazy. At last, after he had been persuaded to show to the world the excellent education he had received, his master decided to go on with his own, and went to get his books, which were on the shelf at the other end of the long room. It pleased him to make this little journey on his heels, with his toes sharply upturned in the air—a feat which required much balancing.

"That is the way you run down the heels of your shoes so," his mother remarked, glancing at his contortions.

"It doesn' hurt them much on the *carpet*," replied the boy.

"Mercy! You don't go staggering through the streets in that way, do you?"

"Only back streets."

He was now returning in the same obstructed manner, carrying his books. He placed them upon the table where the lamp was standing; then he lifted Mr. Tiber to the top of the same table and made him lie down; next, seating himself, he opened a battered school-book, a United States History, and, after looking at the pictures for a while, he began at last to repeat two dates to himself in a singsong whisper. Maso was passing through the period when a boy can be very plain, even hideous, in appearance, without any perception of the fact in the minds of his relatives, who see in him the little toddler still, or else the future man; other persons, however, are apt to see a creature all hands and feet, with a big, uncertain mouth and an omnipresent awkwardness. Maso, in addition to this, was short and ill developed, with inexpressive eyes and many large freckles. His features were not well cut; his complexion was pale; his straight hair was of a reddish hue. None of the mother's beauties were repeated in the child. Such as he was, however, she loved him, and he repaid her love by a deep adoration; to him besides being "mother," she was the most beautiful being in the whole world, and also the cleverest. He was intensely proud of the admiration she excited, and was always on the watch for it; at the table, awkward, constrained, with downcast eyes, he yet saw every glance that was directed towards her, and enjoyed each laugh which her words created. Mrs. Roscoe's purse was a light one; worse than that, an uncertain one; but Maso, personally, had known nothing but indulgence and ease all his life.

While he was vaguely murmuring his dates, and rocking himself backward and forward in time with the murmur, there came a tap at the door. It was Miss Spring. "I have looked in to bid you good-bye," she said, entering. "I am going to Munich to-morrow."

"Isn't that sudden?" said Mrs. Roscoe. "The torn chair is the most comfortable. Have a marron?"

"Thank you, I seldom eat sweets. No, it is not sudden."

"Shall I make you a cup of coffee?"

"Thank you, I don't take coffee."

Mrs. Roscoe pushed a footstool across the rug.

"Thank you; I never need footstools."

"Superior to all the delights of womankind!"

Miss Spring came out of her abstraction and laughed.

"Not superior; only bilious and long-legged." Then her face grew grave again. "Do you consider Pisa an attractive place for a permanent residence?" she inquired, fixing her eyes upon her hostess, who having offered all the hospitable attentions in her power was now leaning back again, her feet on a hassock.

"Attractive? Heavens! no."

"Yet you stay here? I think I have seen you here at intervals, for something like seven years?"

"Don't count them; I hate the sound," said Mrs. Roscoe. "My wish is—my hope is—to live in Paris. I get there once in a while, and then I always have to give it up and come away. Italy is cheap, and Pisa is the cheapest place in Italy."

"So that is your reason for remaining," said Miss Spring reflectively.

"What other reason on earth *could* there be?"

"The equable climate."

"I hate equable climates. No, we're not here for climate. Nor for Benozzo; nor for Nicolo the Pisan, and that everlasting old sarcophagus that they are always talking about; nor for the Leaning Tower, either; I perfectly hate the Leaning Tower!"

Miss Spring now undertook a joke herself. "It is for the moderns, then. You are evidently a Shelley worshipper."

"Do I look like one?" demanded Violet Roscoe, extending her arms a little, with the palms of the hands displayed, as if to call attention to her entire person.

"I cannot say that you do," replied Miss Spring, after surveying her. "I should think that New York would please

you as a place of residence," she went on, after a moment. "If you do not like Italy, why do you not go home?"

"Why don't you?" retorted Violet, taking a marron and crunching it.

"Well answered. But Newburyport is not to me what I should think New York might be to you; Newburyport has much to learn. However, we all have our reasons, I suppose."

"Mine are not mysterious," said Violet, continuing to crunch. "I have a better time abroad than I do at home; that's all."

Miss Spring gazed at the fire. "I may as well acknowledge that it was those very things that brought me here in the beginning, the things that you don't care for; Nicolo and the revival of sculpture; the early masters. But I have not found them satisfying. I have tried to care for that sarcophagus, but the truth is that I remain perfectly cold before it. And the Campo Santo frescoes seem to me out of drawing. As to the Shelley memories, do you know what I thought of the other day? Suppose that Shelley and Byron were residing here at this moment—Shelley with that queerness about his first wife hanging over him, and Byron living as we know he lived in the Toscanelli palace—do you think that these ladies in the *pension* who now sketch the Toscanelli and sketch Shelley's windows, who go to Lerici and rave over Casa Magni, who make pilgrimages to the very spot on the beach where Byron and Trelawney built the funeral pyre—do you think that a single one of them would call, if it were to-day, upon Mary Shelley? Or like to have Shelley and Byron dropping in here for afternoon tea, with the chance of meeting the curates?"

"If they met them, they couldn't out-talk them," answered Violet, laughing. "Curates always want to explain something they said the day before. As to the calling and the tea, what would *you* do?"

"I should be consistent," responded Miss Spring with dignity. "I should call. And I should be happy to see them here in return."

"Well, you'd be safe," said Violet. "Shelley, Byron, Trelawney, all together, would never dare to flirt with Roberta Spring!" She could say this without malice, for her visitor was undeniably a handsome woman.

Miss Spring, meanwhile, had risen; going to the table, she put on her glasses and bent over Maso's book. "History?"

"Yes'm. I haven't got very far yet," Maso answered.

"Reader. Copy-book. Geography. Spelling-book. Arithmetic," said Miss Spring, turning the books over one by one. "The Arithmetic appears to be the cleanest."

"Disuse," said Mrs. Roscoe from her easy-chair. "As I am Maso's teacher, and as I hate arithmetic, we have never gone very far. I don't know what we shall do when we get to fractions!"

"And what is your dog doing on the table, may I ask?" inquired the visitor, surveying Mr. Tiber coldly.

"Oh, he helps lots. I couldn't study at all without him," explained Maso, with eagerness.

"Indeed?" said Miss Spring, turning the gaze of her glasses from the dog to his master. "How's that?"

Maso was always rather afraid of the tall Roberta; he curled the pages of his History with stubby fingers and made no reply.

"If you won't tell, Maso, I shall," said his mother. "I shall do it to make you ashamed of your baby ways. He divides each lesson, Miss Spring, into four parts, if you please; then as each part is learned (or supposed to be learned), Mr. Tiber has to sit on his hind legs and wave a paw. Then, when all four parts are done, Mr. Tiber has to lie on the book. Book after book is added to the pile, and finally Mr. Tiber is on top of a monument. But he is so used to it that he does not mind it much. After the last lesson is learned, then Mr. Tiber, as a celebration, has to go through all the tricks. And there are twenty-two."

"Well!" said Miss Spring. She never could comprehend what she called "all this dog business" of the Roscoes. And their dog language (they had one) routed her completely. "Twenty-two!"

"An'*gherry* kinnin, idn't they?" Maso was whispering to his pet.

"Why did you name him Mr. Tiber?" pursued the visitor in her grave voice.

"We didn't; he was already named," explained Mrs. Roscoe. "We bought him of an old lady in Rome, who had three; she had named them after Italian rivers: Mr. Arno, Mr. Tiber, and Miss Dora Riparia."

"Miss Dora Riparia—Well!" said Miss Spring. Then she turned to subjects more within her comprehension. "It is a pity I am going away, Maso, for I could have taught you arithmetic; I like to teach arithmetic."

Maso made no answer save an imbecile grin. His mother gesticulated at him behind Miss Spring's back. Then he muttered, "Thank you'm," hoping fervently that the Munich plan was secure.

"I shall get a tutor for Maso before long," remarked Mrs. Roscoe, as Miss Spring came back to the fire. "Later, my idea is to have him go to Oxford."

Miss Spring looked as though she were uttering, mentally, another "well!" The lack of agreement in the various statements of her pretty little countrywoman always puzzled her; she could understand crime better than inconsistency.

"Shall you stay long in Munich?" Violet inquired.

"That depends." Miss Spring had not seated herself. "Would you mind coming to my room for a few minutes?" she added.

"There's no fire; I shall freeze to death!" thought Violet. "If you like," she answered aloud. And together they ascended to the upper story, where at the top of two unexpected steps, was Miss Spring's door. This door was adorned with a large, solidly fastened brass door-plate, bearing in old-fashioned script, the name "Archibald Starr." No one in the house, not even Madame Corti herself, had any idea who Archibald Starr had been in the flesh. At present he was nothing but a door-plate. His apartment within had been divided by partitions, so that his sitting-room was now a rain-water tank. Roberta Spring occupied his vestibule. The vestibule was small and bare; in the daytime it was lighted by two little windows, so high in the wall that they were opened and closed by means of long cords. A trunk, locked and strapped, stood in the centre of the floor; an open travelling-bag, placed on a chair, gaped for the toilet articles, which were ranged on the table together, so that nothing should be forgotten at the early morning start—a cheap hair-brush and stout comb, an unadorned wooden box containing hair-pins and a scissors, and a particularly hideous travelling pin-cushion. Violet Roscoe gazed at these articles, fascinated by their ugliness; she herself possessed a long row of vials and brushes, boxes and mirrors, of silver, crystal, and ivory, and believed that she could not live without them.

"I thought that I would not go into the subject before Maso," began Miss Spring, as she closed her door. "Such explanations sometimes unsettle a boy; his may not be a mind to which inquiry is necessary. My visit to Munich has an object. I am going to study music."

"Music?" repeated Mrs. Roscoe, surprised. "I didn't know you cared for it.'

"But it remains to be seen whether I care, doesn't it? One cannot tell until one has tried. This is the case: I am now thirty-seven years of age. I have given a good deal of attention to astronomy and to mathematics; I am an evolutionist, a realist, a member of the Society for Psychical Research; Herbert Spencer's works always travel with me. These studies have been extremely interesting. And yet I find that I am not fully satisfied, Mrs. Roscoe. And it has been a disappointment. I am determined, therefore, to try some of those intellectual influences which do not appeal solely to reason. They appear to give pleasure to large numbers of mankind, so there must be something in them. What that is I resolved to find out. I began with sculpture. Then painting. But they have given me no pleasure whatever. Music is third on the list. So now I am going to try that."

Mrs. Roscoe gave a spring, and seated herself on the bed with her feet under her, Turkish fashion; the floor was really too cold. "No use trying music unless you like it," she said.

"I have never *dis*liked it. My attitude will be that of an impartial investigator," explained Miss Spring. "I have, of course, no expectation of becoming a performer; but I shall study the theory of harmony, the science of musical composition, its structure—"

"Structure! Stuff! You've got to *feel* it," said Violet.

"Very well. I am perfectly willing to feel; that is, in fact, what I wish—let them *make* me feel. If it is an affair of the emotions, let them rouse *my* emotions," answered Roberta.

"If you would swallow a marron occasionally, and drink a cup of good coffee with cream; if you would have some ivory brushes and crystal scent-bottles instead of those hideous objects," said Violet glancing towards the table; "if you would get some pretty dresses once in a while, I think satisfaction would be nearer."

Miss Spring looked up quickly. "You think that I have been too ascetic? Is that what you mean?"

"Oh, I never mean anything," answered Violet, hugging herself to keep down a shiver.

"In spite of your disclaimer, I catch your idea," replied her hostess. "But if I should carry it out, Mrs. Roscoe, carry it out to its full extent, it would take me, you know, very far—into complex dissipations."

Her voice took on no animation as she said this; it remained calm, as it always was. She was a tall woman with regular features, a clear white complexion, and striking grey eyes with long dark lashes; her abundant dark hair was drawn straight back from her face, and she carried her head remarkably well. She was what is called "fine-looking," but from head to foot, though probably she did not know it, her appearance was austere.

Violet had given way to irresistible laughter over the "complex dissipations." Miss Spring came out of what appeared to be a mental census of the various debaucheries that would be required, and laughed a little herself. She was not without a sense of humour. "To you it seems funny, no doubt," she said, "for I have never been at all gay. Yet I think I could manage it."

Violet, still laughing, climbed down from the bed; she was too cold to stay longer.

"I knew I should get a new idea out of you, Mrs. Roscoe. I always do," said Roberta frankly. "And this time it is an important one; it is a side-light which I had not thought of myself at all. I shall go to Munich to-morrow. But I will add this; if music is not a success, perhaps I may sometime try your plan."

"Plan? Horrible! I haven't any," said Violet escaping towards the door.

"It is an unconscious one; it is, possibly, instinctive truth," said Miss Spring, as she shook hands with her departing guest. "And instinctive truth is the most valuable."

Violet ran back to her own warm quarters. "You don't mean to say, Maso, that you've stopped studying already?" she said as she entered and seated herself before her fire again, with a sigh of content. "Nice lessons you'll have for me to-morrow."

"They're all O.K." responded the boy. He had his paint-box before him, and was painting the Indians in his History.

"Well, go to bed, then."

"Yes'm."

At half-past ten, happening to turn her head while she cut open the pages of her novel, she saw that he was still there. "Maso, do you hear me? Go to bed."

"Yes'm." He painted faster, making hideous grimaces with his protruded lips, which unconsciously followed the strokes of his brush up and down. The picture finished at last, he rose. "Mr. Tiber, pim."

Mr. Tiber left the sofa, where he had been sleeping since the termination of the lessons, and hopped to the floor. Here he indulged in a stretch; first, hind legs; then fore-legs; then a hunch of his back and a deep yawn. He was a very small black-and-tan terrier, with a pretty little head and face. Maso's voice now gave a second summons from his bedroom, which was next to his mother's with a door between. "Are you coming, Mr. Tiber? *Very* well!" Mr. Tiber, hearing this, ran as fast as he could scamper into his master's chamber. Here he had his own bed, composed of a flat basket containing what Maso called a "really mattress," and a pillow with a pillow-case, a blanket, and red coverlid, each article bearing an embroidered T in the corner, surmounted by a coronet; for Mr. Tiber was supposed to be a nobleman. The nobleman went to bed, and was tucked in with his head on the pillow. This was Maso's rule; but very soon the head assumed its normal position, curled round on the little black tail.

At eleven, Mrs. Roscoe finished her novel and threw it down. "Women who write don't know much about love affairs," was her reflection. "And those of us who have love affairs don't write!" She rose. "Maso, you here still? I thought you went to bed an hour ago?"

"Well, I did begin. I put my shoes outside." He extended his shoeless feet in proof. "Then I just came back for a minute."

His mother looked over his shoulder. "That same old fairy-book! Who would suppose you were twelve years old?"

"Thirteen," said Maso, colouring.

"So you are. But only two weeks ago. Never mind; you'll be a tall man yet—a great big thing striding about, whom I shall not care half so much for as I do for my little boy." She kissed him. "All your father's family are tall, and you look just like them."

Maso nestled closer as she stood beside him. "How did father look? I don't remember him much."

"Much? You don't remember him at all; he died when you were six months old—a little teenty baby."

"I say, mother, how long have we been over here?"

"I came abroad when you were not quite two."

"Aren't we ever going back?"

"If you could once see Coesville!" was Mrs. Roscoe's emphatic reply.

II.

"Hist, Maso! Take this in to your lady mother," said Giulio. "I made it myself, so it's good." Giulio, one of the dining-room waiters at Casa Corti, was devoted to the Roscoes. Though he was master of a mysterious French polyglot, he used at present his own tongue, for Maso spoke Italian as readily as he did, and in much the same fashion.

Maso took the cup, and Giulio disappeared. As the boy was carrying the broth carefully towards his mother's door, Madame Corti passed him. She paused.

"Ah, Master Roscoe, I am relieved to learn that your mother is better. Will you tell her, with my compliments, that I advise her to go at once to the Bagni to make her recovery. She ought to go to-morrow. That is the air required for convalescence."

Maso repeated this to his mother. "That is the air required for convalescence," she said.

"And 'this is the room required for spring tourists,' she meant. Did she name a day—the angel?"

"Well, she did say to-morrow," Maso admitted.

"Old cat! She is dying to turn me out; she is so dreadfully afraid that the word fever will hurt her house. All the servants are sworn to call it rheumatism."

"See here, mother, Giulio sent you this."

"I don't want any of their messes."

"But he made it himself, so it's good." He knelt down beside her sofa holding up the cup coaxingly.

"Beef-tea," said Mrs. Roscoe, drawing down her upper lip. But she took a little to please him.

"Just a little more."

She took more.

"A little *teenty* more."

"You scamp! You think it's great fun to give directions don't you?"

Maso, who had put the emptied cup back on the table, gave a leap of glee because she had taken so much.

"Don't walk on your hands," said his mother, in alarm. "It makes me too nervous."

It was the 12th of April, and she had been ill two weeks. An attack of bronchitis had prostrated her suddenly, and the bronchitis had been followed by an intermittent fever, which left her weak.

"I say, mother, let's go," said Maso. "It's so nice at the Bagni—all trees, and everything. Miss Anderson'll come and pack."

Miss Anderson was one of Dr. Prior's nurses. She had taken charge of Mrs. Roscoe during the worst days of her illness.

"If we do go to the Bagni, we cannot stay at the hotel," said Mrs. Roscoe, gloomily. "This year we shall have to find some cheaper place. I have been counting upon money from home that hasn't come."

"But it *will* come," said Maso, with confidence.

"Have you much acquaintance with Reuben John?"

The tone of voice, bitterly sarcastic, in which his mother had from his earliest remembrance pronounced this name, had made the syllables eminently disagreeable to Maso. He had no very clear idea as to the identity of Reuben John, save that he was some sort of a dreadful relative in America.

"Well, the Bagni's nice," he answered, "no matter where we stay. And I know Miss Anderson'll come and pack."

"You mustn't say a word to her about it. I have got to write her a note, as it is, and ask her to wait for her money until winter. Dr. Prior, too."

"Well, they'll do it; they'll do it in a minute, and be glad to," said Maso, still confident.

"I am sure I don't know why," commented his mother, turning her head upon the pillow fretfully.

"Why, mother, they'll do it because it's you. They think everything of you; everybody does," said the boy, adoringly.

Violet Roscoe laughed. It took but little to cheer her. "If you don't brush your hair more carefully, they won't think much of *you*," she answered, setting his collar straight.

There was a knock at the door. "Letters," said Maso, returning. He brought her a large envelope, adorned with Italian superlatives of honour and closed with a red seal. "Always so civil," murmured Mrs. Roscoe, examining the decorated address with a pleased smile. Her letters came to a Pisan bank; the bankers re-enclosed them in this elaborate way, and sent them to her by their own gilt-buttoned messenger. There was only one letter to-day. She opened it, read the first page, turned the leaf, and then in her weakness, she began to sob. Maso, in great distress, knelt beside her; he put his arm round her neck, and laid his cheek to hers; he did everything he could think of to comfort her. Mr. Tiber,

who had been lying at her feet, walked up her back and gave an affectionate lick to her hair.

"Mercy! the dog, too," she said, drying her eyes. "[*Of course*, it was Reuben John," she explained, shaking up her pillow.

Maso picked up the fallen letter.

"Don't read it; burn it—horrid thing!" his mother commanded. He obeyed, striking a match and lighting the edge of the page.

"Not only no money, but in its place, a long, hateful, busybodying sermon," continued Mrs. Roscoe, indignantly.

Maso came back from the hearth, and took up the envelope. "Mrs. Thomas R. Coe," he read aloud. "Is our name really Coe, Mother?"

"You know it is perfectly well."

"Everybody says Roscoe."

"*I* didn't get it up; all I did was to call myself Mrs. Ross Coe, which is my name, isn't it? I hate Thomas. Then these English got hold of it, and made it Ross-Coe, and Roscoe. I grew tired of correcting them long ago."

"Then in America, I should be Thom-as Ross Coe-Thomas R. Coe," pursued the boy still scanning the envelope, and pronouncing the syllables slowly. He was more familiar with Italian names than with American.

"No such luck. Tommy Coe, you'd be now; and as you grew older, Tom Coe—like your father before you."

They went to the Bagni—that is, to the baths of Lucca. The journey, short as it was, tired Mrs. Roscoe greatly. They took up their abode in two small rooms in an Italian house which had an unswept stairway and a constantly open door. These quarters did not depress Violet; she had no strongly marked domestic tastes; she was indifferent as to her lodging, provided her clothes were delicately fresh and pretty. But her inability to go out to dinner took away her courage. She had intended to dine at the hotel where they had stayed in former years; for two or three hours each day she could then be herself. But after one or two attempts she was obliged to give up the plan; she had not the strength to take the daily walk. It ended in food being sent in from a neighbouring cook-shop, or *trattoria*, and served upon her bedroom table. Maso, disturbed by her illness, but by nothing else—for they had often followed a nomadic life for a while when funds were low—scoured the town. He bought cakes and fruit to tempt her appetite; he made coffee, He had

no conception that these things were not proper food for a convalescent; his mother had always lived upon coffee and sweets.

On the first day of May, when they had been following this course for two weeks, they had a visitor. Dr. Prior, who had been called to the Bagni for a day, came to have a look at his former patient. He stayed fifteen minutes. When he took leave he asked Maso to show him the way to a certain house. This, however, was but a pretext, for when they reached the street he stopped.

"I daresay ye have friends here?"

"Well," answered Maso, "Mother generally knows a good many of the people in the hotel when we are staying there. But this year we ain't."

"Hum! And where are your relatives?"

"I don't know as we've got any. Yes, there's one," pursued Maso, remembering Reuben John. "But he's in America."

The Scotch physician, who was by no means an amiable man, was bluntly honest. "How old are you?" he inquired.

"I'm going on fourteen."

"Never should have supposed ye to be more than eleven. As there appears to be no one else, I must speak to you. Your mother must not stay in this house a day longer; she must have a better place—better air and better food."

Maso's heart gave a great throb. "Is she—is she very ill?"

"Not yet. But she is in a bad way; she coughs. She ought to leave Italy for a while; stay out of it for at least four months. If she doesn't care to go far, Aix-les-Bains would do. Speak to her about it. I fancy ye can arrange it—hey? American boys have their own way, I hear." This was meant as a joke; but as the grim face did not smile, the jocular intention failed to make itself apparent. The speaker nodded and went down the street. The idea that Mrs. Roscoe might not have money enough to indulge herself with a journey to Aix-les-Bains, or to anywhere else, would never have occurred to him. He had seen her in Pisa, off and on for years, one of the prettiest women there, and perhaps the most perfectly equipped as regarded what he called "furbelows"; that, with all her costly finery, she chose to stay in a high-up room at Casa Corti instead of having an apartment of her own, with the proper servants, was only another of those American eccentricities to which, after a long professional life in Italy, he was now well accustomed.

Maso went back to his mother's room with his heart in his mouth. When he came in she was asleep; her face looked wan. The boy, cold all over with the new fear, sat down quietly by the window with Mr. Tiber on his lap, and fell into anxious thought. After a while his mother woke. The greasy dinner, packed in greasy tins, came and went. When the room was quiet again he began tremulously, "How much money have we got, mother?"

"Precious little."

"Mayn't I see how much it is?"

"No; don't bother."

She had eaten nothing.

"Mother, won't you please take that money, even if it's little, and go straight off north somewhere? To Aix-les-Bains."

"What are you talking about? Aix-les-Bains? What do you know of Aix-les-Bains?"

"Well, I've heard about it. Say, mother, do go. And Mr. Tiber and me'll stay here. We'll have lots of fun," added the boy bravely.

"Is that all you care about me?" demanded his mother. Then seeing his face change, "Come here, you silly child," she said. She made him sit down on the rug beside her sofa. "We must sink or swim together, Maso, (dear me! we're not much in the swim now); we can't go anywhere, either of us; we can only just manage to live as we're living now. And there won't be any more money until November." She stroked his hair caressingly. His new fear made him notice how thin her wrist had grown.

III.

"You will mail these three letters immediately," said Mr. Waterhouse, in Italian, to the hotel porter.

"Si, signore," answered the man, with the national sunny smile, although Waterhouse's final gratuity had been but a franc.

"Now, Tommaso, I must be off; long drive. Sorry it has happened so. Crazy idea her coming at all, as she has enjoyed bad health for years, poor old thing! She may be dead at this moment, and probably, in fact she *is* dead; but I shall have to go, all the same, in spite of the great expense; she ought to have thought of that. I have explained everything to your mother in that letter, the money is at her own bank in Pisa, and I have sent her the receipt. You have fifty francs with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fifty francs—that is ten dollars. More than enough, much more: be careful of it, Tommaso. You will hear from your mother in two days, or sooner, if she telegraphs; in the meanwhile, you will stay quietly where you are."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Waterhouse shook hands with his pupil, and stepping into the waiting carriage, was driven away.

Benjamin F. Waterhouse, as he signed himself (of course the full name was Benjamin Franklin), was an American who had lived in Europe for nearly half a century, always expecting to go home "next summer." He was very tall, with a face that resembled a damaged portrait of Emerson, and he had been engaged for many years in writing a great work, a Life of Christopher Columbus, which was to supersede all other Lives. As his purse was a light one, he occasionally took pupils, and it was in this way that he had taken Maso, or, as he called him (giving him all the syllables of the Italian Thomas), Tommaso. Only three weeks, however, of his tutorship had passed when he had received a letter announcing that his sister, his only remaining relative, despairing of his return, was coming abroad to see him, in spite of her age and infirmities; she was the "poor old thing" of her dry brother's description, and the voyage apparently had been too great an exertion, for she was lying dangerously ill at Liverpool, and the physician in attendance had telegraphed to Waterhouse to come immediately.

The history of the tutorship was as follows: Money had come from America, after all. Mrs. Roscoe (as everybody called her), had been trying for some time, so she told Maso, "to circumvent Reuben John," and sell a piece of land which she owned in Indiana. Now, unexpectedly, a purchaser had turned up. While she was relating this it seemed to her that her little boy changed into a young man before her eyes. "You've just got to take that money, mother, and go to Aix-les-Bains," said Maso, planting himself before her. "I shan't go a single step; I ain't sick, and you are; it's cheaper for me to stay here. There isn't money enough to take us both, for I want you to stay up there *ever* so long—four whole months."

This was the first of many discussions, or rather of astonished exclamations from the mother, met by a stubborn and at last a silent obstinacy on the part of the boy. For of late he had scarcely slept, he had been so anxious, he had

discovered that the people in the house with the usual Italian dread of a cough, believed that "the beautiful little American," as they called his mother, was doomed. Mother and son had never been separated; the mother shed tears over the idea of a separation now; and then a few more because Maso did not "care." "It doesn't seem to be anything to *you*," she declared, reproachfully.

But Maso, grim-faced and wretched, held firm.

In this deadlock, Mrs. Roscoe at last had the inspiration of asking Benjamin Waterhouse, who was spending the summer at the Bagni, and whom she knew to be a frugal man, to take charge of Maso during her absence. Maso, who, under other circumstances would have fought the idea of a tutor with all his strength, now yielded without a word. And then the mother, unwillingly, and in a flood of tears, departed. She went by slow stages to Aix-les-Bains; even her first letter however, much more the later ones, exhaled from each line her pleasure in the cooler air and in her returning health. She sent to Maso, after a while, a coloured photograph of herself, taken on the shore of Lake Bourget, and the picture was to the lonely boy the most precious thing he had ever possessed; for it showed that the alarming languor had gone; she was no longer thin and wan. He carried the photograph with him, and when he was alone he took it out. For he was suffering from the deepest pangs of homesickness. He was homesick for his mother, for his mother's room (the only home he had ever known), with all its attractions and indulgences; he could always play his games there; she was never tired of them nor of the noise and disorder which they might occasion; she was never tired of Mr. Tiber; she was never tired of Indians and war-whoops, nor of tents made of her shawls. She always petted him and made much of him; she was so little serious herself that she had unconsciously kept him childlike; in many things they had been like two children together. In the life they led he had but small opportunity to make friendships with other lads. He had played with the American boys of his age whom he had met here and there, but they were always travellers; they never stayed long. His only comrade had been a lad in Pisa named Luigi. But even Luigi could not play games half as well as his mother could, nor live in the tent half as satisfactorily. He said nothing of his homesickness to his tutor; Waterhouse thought him a dull, hang-dog sort of boy, and also a boy incredibly, monstrously ignorant. "What can that

feathered-brained little woman have been about not to have sent him to school long ago." was his thought.

But now Maso was left alone, not only schoolless, but tutorless. When the carriage bearing the biographer of Columbus had disappeared down the road leading to Lucca, the boy went back to the porter, who, wearing his stiff official cap adorned with the name of the hotel, stood airing his corpulent person in the doorway. "Say, Gregorio, I'll take those letters to the post-office if you like; I'm going right by there."

Gregorio liked Maso; all Italian servants liked the boy and his clever dog. In addition, the sunshine was hot, and Gregorio was not fond of pedestrian exercise; so he gave the letters to Maso willingly enough. Maso went briskly to the post-office. Here he put two of the letters into the box, but the third, which bore his mother's address, remained hidden under his jacket. Returning to the hotel, he went up to his room, placed this letter in his trunk, and locked the trunk carefully; then, accompanied by Mr. Tiber, he went off for a walk. The change had been so sudden that he had hardly had time to think; the telegram to Mr. Waterhouse had come only the day before, and until its arrival, he had supposed that his life was definitely arranged for several months. Now, suddenly, everything was upheaved. After walking a mile, he sat down in a shady place and took off his hat. His thoughts ran something as follows: "'T'any rate, mother shan't know; *that's* settled; I ain't going to let her come back here and get sick again; no, sir! She's getting all well up there, and she's *got* to stay four whole months. There's no way she can hear that old Longlegs" (this was his name for the historical Benjamin) "has gone, now that I've hooked his letter. The people she knows here at the Bagni never write; besides, they don't know where she's staying, and I won't let 'em know. If they see me here alone, they'll suppose Longlegs has arranged it. I've got to tell lies some; I've got to pretend, when I write to her, that Longlegs has sprained his wrist or his leg or something, and that's why he can't write himself. I've got to be awful careful about what I put in my letters, so that they'll sound all right; but I guess I can do it bully. And I'll spend mighty little (only I'm going to have ices); I'll quit the hotel, and go back to that house where we stayed before the money came. I've got fifty francs—that's lots; when that's gone, I'll go down to Pisa and get some more; they know me at the bank; I've been there with mother; they'll give me some. But I won't take much. Then,

as old Longlegs hasn't got to be paid, there'll be stacks left when mother comes back and she'll be so surprised! That'll be jolly fun—just elegant fun! Mr. Tiber, pim here."

Mr. Tiber was pursuing investigations by the side of a small watercourse; nothing was visible of him but the tip of a tail.

"*Very* well."

Mr. Tiber came with a rush. Maso took him up, and confided to him, in the dog language, all his profound plan. Mr. Tiber approved of it highly.

The fifty francs carried the two through a good many days. Mr. Tiber, indeed, knew no change, for he had his coroneted bed, and the same fare was provided for him daily—a small piece of meat, plenty of hot macaroni, followed by a bit of cake and several lumps of sugar. When there were but eight francs left, Maso went to Pisa. Mr. Waterhouse, who was very careful about money affairs, had paid all his pupil's bills up to the date of his own departure, and had then sent the remainder of the money which Mrs. Roscoe had left with him for the summer to her bankers at Pisa. Maso, as a precaution, carried with him the unmailed letter which contained the receipt for this sum. But he hoped that he should not be obliged to open the letter; he thought that they would give him a little money without that, as they knew him well. When he reached Pisa, he found that the bank had closed its doors. It had failed.

Apparently it was a bad failure. Nobody (he inquired here and there)—gave him a hopeful word. At the English bookseller's an assistant whom he knew said: "Even if something is recovered after a while, I am sure that nothing will be paid out for a long time yet. They have always been shaky; in my opinion, they are rascals." The bank, in truth, had never been a solid establishment; during its brief existence its standing had been dubious. But Violet Roscoe had her own ideas about banks, and one of the first was that she should be treated "with civility"; she was immensely indignant if her personality was not immediately recognized. Generally it was; she was such a charmingly pretty woman that banker's clerks all over Europe remembered that personality without trouble, and handed out her letters eagerly through the windows of their caged retreats, stretching their heads through as far as possible to anticipate her slightest wish. But once, at one of the old banks in Pisa, she had presented a check on Paris, and had been asked to bring some one to identify her.

"Such a thing has never happened to me before!" she said, throwing back her head proudly.

This was true. But, again, it was her appearance, her beauty, and personal elegance which had helped her; risks had been assumed now and then simply from these. "She goes it on her face, doesn't she?" had been the private comment of one clerk to another in a bank at Rome. Upon this occasion at Pisa, Violet had swept out of the place before the older official had time to find out what the new man was doing at the outer counter. Soon after this, Mrs. Roscoe had selected this smaller establishment as "much nicer." "The office is so handsome, and they have such nice chairs and all the illustrated papers. And then they are polite; they know their business, which is to be civil; *there* they see what I am!" They did see, indeed.

Maso went back to the Bagni. In the bewilderment of his thoughts there was but one clear idea. "'Tany rate, mother *shan't* know; she's got to stay away four whole months; the doctor said so."

IV.

After a day of thought, Maso decided that he would leave the Bagni and go down to Pisa, and stay at Casa Corti. Madame Corti would not be there (she spent her summers at Sorrento), and officially the *pension* was closed; but Giulio would let him remain, knowing that his mother would pay for it when she returned; he had even a vision of the very room at the top of the house where Giulio would probably put him—a brick-floored cell next to the linen-room, adorned with an ancient shrine, and pervaded by the odour of freshly ironed towels. It would be no end of a lark to spend the summer in Pisa. Luigi would be there; and the puppet-shows. And perhaps Giulio would take him up on Sundays to the house on the hillside where his wife and children lived; he had taken him once, and Maso had always longed to go again. But when he reached Pisa with his dog and his trunk he found the Palazzo Rondinelli wearing the aspect of a deserted fortress; the immense outer doors were swung to and locked; there was no sign of life anywhere. It had not been closed for twenty years. It was the unexpected which had happened. Maso went round to the stone lane behind the palace to see Luigi. It was then that he learned that his friend had gone to live in Leghorn; he learned, also that the Casa Corti servants, having an oppor-

tunity to earn full wages at Abetone for two months, had been permitted by Madame Corti to accept this rare good-fortune; the house, therefore, had been closed. Maso, thus adrift, was still confident that the summer was going to be "huge," a free, bandit-like existence, with many enjoyments; pictures of going swimming, and staying in as long as he liked, were in his mind; also the privilege of having his hair shaved close to his head, of eating melons at his pleasure, and of drinking lemonade in oceans from the gaily adorned, jingling carts. Of course he should have to get something to do, as his money was almost gone. Still, it would not take much to support him, and there was going to be an exciting joy in independence, in living in "bachelor quarters." He found his bachelor quarters in the Street of the Lily, a narrow passage that went burrowing along between two continuous rows of high old houses. The Lily's pavement was slimy with immemorial filth, and, in spite of the heat, the damp atmosphere was like that of an ill-kept refrigerator. At the top of one of the houses he established himself, with Mr. Tiber, in a bare room which contained not much more than a chair and a bed. Nevertheless, the first time he came out, locked his door, and descended the stairs with the key in his pocket, he felt like a man, and he carried himself like one, with a swagger. The room had one advantage, it contained a trap-door to the roof, and there was a ladder tied up to the high ceiling, its rope secured by a padlock. The boy soon contrived means (this must have been his Yankee blood) to get the ladder down when he chose; then, at night, he went up and cooled himself off on the roof, under the stars. There were two broken statues there, for the old house had had its day of grandeur; he made a seat, or rather a bed, at their feet. Mr. Tiber was so unhappy down below that he invented a way to get him up also. He spread his jacket on the floor, made Mr. Tiber lie down upon it, and then, fastening the sleeves together with a cord, he swung the jacket round his neck and ascended with his burden, Mr. Tiber enjoyed the roof very much.

Having established himself, selected his *trattoria*, and imbibed a good deal of lemonade as a beginning, the occupant of the bachelor quarters visited the business streets of Pisa in search of employment. But it was the dullest season in a place always dull, and no one wished for a new boy. At the Anglo-American Agency the clerk, languid from the heat, motioned him away without a word; at the Forwarding and

Commission Office no one looked at him or spoke to him; so it was everywhere. His friend, the bookseller's assistant, had gone for the summer to the branch establishment at Como.

Mrs. Roscoe, who detested Pisa, had established no relations there save at the confectioner's, and at the agreeable bank where they saw what she was. But the bank continued closed, and the confectioner objected to boys of thirteen as helpers. In this emergency, Maso wrote to Luigi asking if there was any hope of a place in Leghorn.

"There is sure to be a demand at the large establishments for a talented North American," Luigi had answered with confidence.

But Maso went up and down the streets of Leghorn in vain; the large establishments demanded nothing.

The boys now came down in their expectations. Upon Maso's second visit to the seaport of Tuscany it was agreed that he should take any employment that was offered; "for of course it is but a temporary thing," said Luigi, grandly. He remembered Maso's mother, and to him Casa Corti, at whose heels, as it were, he had lived, was a highly aristocratic place of abode. Luigi was assistant in a shop where glass-ware was sold; for an hour this morning he was free to accompany his friend in his quest, and together they edged their way along in the narrow line of shade on one side of the hot, white streets. But it made no difference whether Luigi went in first and offered his North American candidate, Maso following a few minutes afterwards, or whether Maso made his demand in person, Luigi entering later with his best smile, to serve as backer; no one showed any eagerness to secure the services of the small, narrow-chested boy.

"Say, Maso, couldn't you *look* a little different?" suggested Luigi, anxiously, as they came out of an office, where, as he was last, he had overheard the epithet "sullen-faced" applied to his American friend.

The two boys spoke Italian; Luigi knew no English.

"Why, I look as I'm made. Everybody looks as they're made, don't they?" said Maso, surprised.

"Ah, but expression is a beautiful thing—a sympathetic countenance," said Luigi, waving his hand. "Now you—you might smile more. Promise me to try a smile at the next place where we go in to ask."

"Like this?" said Maso. And stopping, he slapped his leg violently, and gave a deep, long sardonic laugh.

"Well! if you should go in and ask for a place and do that—well, I don't know *what* they would do to you!" said Luigi, standing still, amazed.

"I didn't want to do it; you made me," answered Maso, nettled.

"I told you to smile with an amiability—a sweetness; I didn't tell you to slap your leg and yell out like that," Luigi remonstrated, taking off his hat and wiping his hot forehead. "Come; here's a window with nice looking-glasses; practise a little, and I'll stand behind you and tell you when it's right."

And Maso, standing close to the window, smiled with an amiability—a sweetness. The reflection of his freckled face in the tilted mirror, giving back these grins, was something unearthly. But both of the boys were far too much in earnest to notice that.

"This one will do, I think," said Luigi doubtfully—"at least, it's the best. I've got to go now; but look in at the shop before you take the train back. Are you hungry? I know a place where things are good and not dear; I'll take you there myself."

This was Luigi's Italian hospitality; he would show Maso his own particular *trattoria*. But Maso was not hungry.

At three o'clock he appeared at Luigi's shop. Luigi was dusting goblets. "Well," he said inquiringly.

Maso shook his head.

"Didn't you smile?"

"Yes, I did it as I took off my hat. And every time they seemed so surprised."

"I've a new idea, Maso; behold it: the consul of your country."

"Is there one in Leghorn?" asked Maso vaguely.

"Of course there is; I have seen the sign many a time." And Luigi mentioned the street and number.

The proprietor of the shop, who was packing a case of the slender Epiphany trumpets, now broke one by accident, and immediately scolded Luigi in a loud voice. Maso was obliged to make a hasty departure.

The office of the representative of the United States Government was indicated by a painted shield bearing the insignia of the republic, and a brass plate below, with the following notification: "Consolato degli Stati Uniti d'America." The first word of this inscription rouses sometimes a vague thrill in the minds of homesick Americans in Italy coming to

pay a visit to their flag and the eagle. The thrill, however, is immediately followed by a conviction that whatever the syllables may mean (in an unintelligible land), they do not foreshadow, probably, anything so solacing as they appear at first to indicate. Consolato—a consoling-place; if it were indeed that, the bare room would soon be as celebrated as is in Jerusalem the Wailing-place of the Jews. To Maso, however, there was no double meaning. He glanced at the flag; then he went up the stairs and knocked at the door.

As it happened, the consul himself was there alone. Maso upon entering, took off his hat and tried his smile, then he began: "If you please, I am trying to get a place—something to do. I thought perhaps, sir, that you might—"

He stopped, and in his embarrassment put the toe of his shoe into a hole in the matting and moved it about industriously.

"Don't spoil my matting," said the consul. "You're a very young boy to be looking for a place."

"I'm going on fourteen."

"And of what nation are you?" demanded the consul after another survey.

"Why, I'm American," said Maso, surprised.

"I shouldn't have taken you for one. What is your name?"

"Maso—I mean Thomas Ross Coe," replied the boy, bringing out the syllables with something of an Italian pronunciation.

"Tummarse Errosco? Do you call that an American name?"

"I'll write it," said Maso, blushing. He wrote it in large letters on the edge of a newspaper that was near him.

"Thomas R. Coe," read the consul. "Coe is your name, then?"

"Yes sir."

"You want something to do, eh? What do you want, and why do you come here for it?"

Maso told his story, or rather a tale which he had prepared on his way to the consulate. It was a confused narrative, because he did not wish to betray anything that could give a clue to his mother's address.

The consul asked questions. "A failure, eh? What failure?"

"It—it wasn't in Leghorn."

"And your mother will be back in September? Where is she at present?"

"She —she is north; she isn't very well, and—" But he could not think of anything that he could safely add, so he stopped.

"We haven't any places for boys. Did you expect me to take you in here?"

"No, sir. I thought perhaps you'd recommend me."

"On general principles, I suppose, as an American, seeing that I don't know anything else about you. And you selected the Fourth as a nice, good, patriotic day for it?"

"The Fourth?"

"I suppose you know what day this is?"

"Yes, sir;—Tuesday."

The consul looked at him, and saw that he spoke in good faith. "*You* an American boy? I guess not! You may go."

And dipping his pen in the ink, he resumed his writing.

Maso, though disturbed and bewildered, held his ground. He certainly was an American boy. What could the man mean?

The consul whose name was Maclean, was a lawyer from Michigan; a short, stout man of sixty, with a yellow skin, bright black eyes, and an old-fashioned black wig with a curled edge all round. "No use waiting, my friend," he said, without looking up; "frauds don't go down here."

"I'm American. True as you live, I am," said Maso earnestly.

Something in his face made the consul relent a little.

"Perhaps you've got some American blood hidden in you somewhere. But it must be pretty well thinned out not to know the Fourth of July! I suppose you've never heard of the Declaration of Independence either?"

A gleam of light now illumined the darkness of Maso's mind. "Oh, yes; I know now; in the history." He rallied, "The Indians took a *very* bloody part in it." he added, with confidence.

"Oh, they did, did they? Where were you brought up?"

"In Italy, most, a little in other places. I came abroad before I was two."

"I see—one of the expatriated class," said Maclean, contemptuously. He had a great contempt for Americans who leave their own country and reside abroad. The dialogue ended, after a little more talk, in his saying: "Well, you get me a note from your mother (I suppose you write to her?)

telling me something more about you. Then I'll see what I can do." For the boy's story had been a very vague one.

As Maso, heavy-hearted, turned toward the door, Maclean suddenly felt sorry for him. He was such a little fellow, and somehow his back looked so tired. "See, here, my son," he said, "here's something for the present. No use telling you to buy fire-crackers with it, for they haven't got 'em here. But you might buy rockets; can't look out of the window summer nights in this place without seeing a lonely rocket shooting up somewhere." He held out two francs.

Maso's face grew scarlet. "I'd rather not, unless I can work for it," he muttered. It was a new feeling to be taken for a beggar.

"You can work enough for that if you want to. There is a printed list on that desk, and a pile of circulars; you can direct them. Show me the first dozen so that I can see if they'll pass."

Maso sat down at the desk. He put his hat in six different places before he could collect his wits and get to work. When he brought the dozen envelopes for inspection, Maclean said:

"You seem to know Eyetalian well, with all these Eyetalian names. *I* can't make head or tail of 'em. But as to handwriting, it's about the worst I ever saw."

"Yes, I know," said Maso, ashamed. "I've never had regular lessons, 'cepting this summer, when—" He stopped. Mr. Waterhouse's name would be, perhaps, a clue. He finished the circulars; it took an hour and a half.

The consul shook hands with him, the mechanical handshake of the public functionary. "You get me that note, and I'll see."

Maso went back to Pisa. When he arrived at his door in the Street of the Lily, the wife of the cobbler who lived on the ground-floor handed him a letter which the postman had left. The sight of it made the boy's heart light; he forgot his weariness, and, climbing the stairs quickly, he unlocked his door and entered his room, Mr. Tiber barking a joyous welcome. Mr. Tiber had been locked in all day; but he had had a walk in the early morning, and his solitude had been tempered by plenty of food on a plate, a bowl of fresh water, and a rubber ball to play with. Maso sat down, and, with the dog on his knees, tore open his letter. It was directed to him at Pisa, in a rough handwriting, but within there was a second envelope, a letter from his mother, which

bore the address of the hotel at the Bagni di Lucca, where she supposed that her son was staying with his tutor. She wrote regularly, and she sent polite messages to Waterhouse, regretting so much that his severe sprain prevented him from writing to her in reply. Maso, in his answers, represented himself as the most hopelessly stupid pupil old Longlegs had ever been cursed with; in the network of deception in which he was now involved he felt this somehow to be a relief. He had once heard an American boy call out to another who was slow in understanding something, "You're an old gumpy;" so he wrote, "Longlegs yells out every day your an old gumpy," which greatly astonished Mrs. Roscoe. The boy exerted every power he had to make his letters appear natural. But the task was so difficult that each missive read a good deal like a ball discharged from a cannon; there was always a singularly abrupt statement regarding the weather, and another about the food at the hotel; then followed two or three sentences about Longlegs; and he was her "affec-shionate son Maso. P.S.—Mr. Tiber is very well." He sent these replies to the Bagni; here his friend the porter, taking off the outer envelope, which was directed to himself, put the letter within with the others to go to the post-office; in this way, Maso's epistles bore the postmark "Bagni di Lucca." For these services Maso had given his second-best suit of clothes, with shoes and hat, to the porter's young son who had aspirations.

The present letter from Mrs. Roscoe was full of joyousness and jokes. But the great news was that she intended to make a tour in Switzerland in August, and as she missed her little boy too much to enjoy it without him, she had written urgently to America about money, and she hoped that before long (she had told them to cable) she could send for him to join her. Maso was wildly happy; to be with his mother again, and yet not to have her return to Italy before the important four months were over, that was perfect; he got up, opened his trunk, and refolded his best jacket and trousers with greater care, even before he finished the letter. For he wore now continuously his third-best suit, as the second-best had been left at the Bagni. At last, when he knew the letter by heart, he washed his face and hands, and accompanied by Mr. Tiber, tail-wagging and expectant, he went down to get supper at the *trattoria* near by.

The next day he tried Pisa again, searching for employment through street after street. His mother had written

that she hoped to send for him early in August. It was now the 5th of July, so that there were only four or five weeks to provide for; and then there would be his fare back to the Bagni. But his second quest was hardly more fortunate than the first. The only person who did not wave a forefinger in perspiring negative even before he had opened his lips was a dessicated youth, who, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, with his feet up and a tumbler beside him, gave something of an American air (although Maso did not know that) to a frescoed apartment in which Singer sewing machines were offered for sale. This exile told him to add up a column of figures, to show what he could do. But when he saw that the boy was doing his counting with his fingers, he nodded him towards the door. "Better learn to play the flute," he suggested, sarcastically.

Maso was aware that accountants are not in the habit of running a scale with the fingers of their left hand on the edge of their desks, or of saying aloud, "six and three are nine," seven and four are eleven," and "nought's nought." He had caught these methods from his mother, who always counted in that way. He clinched his fingers into his palm as he went down the stairs; he would never count with them again. But no one asked him to count, or to do anything else. In the afternoon he sought the poorer streets; here he tried shop after shop. The atmosphere was like that of a vapour bath; he felt tired and dull. At last, late in the day, a cheese-seller gave him a hope of employment at the end of the week. The wages were very small; still, it was something and refreshed by the thought, he went home (as he called it), released Mr. Tiber, and, as the sun was low, took him off for a walk. By hazard he turned towards the part of the town which is best known to travellers, that outlying quarter where the small cathedral, the circular baptistery, and the Leaning Tower keep each other company, folded in a protecting corner of the crenellated city wall. The Arno was flowing slowly, as if tired and hot, under its bridges; Pisa looked deserted; the pavements were scorching under the feet.

As the boy came up the broad paved walk that leads to the cathedral he saw two ladies leaving the doorway at the base of the Leaning Tower; evidently they had been making the ascent. They went across to the baptistery to see the pulpit of Nicolo the Pisan. "Now they're going to make the old shed howl," he said to himself. This was the disrespectful way in which he thought of the famous echo.

At Pisa the atmosphere clothes the cathedral with a softness which no Northern marbles can ever hope to attain. The façade, perfect in proportion and beauty, rises with its columns and galleries from the greensward, facing the sculptured baptistery; on the other side the celebrated and fantastic tower for the bells stands, like a tree which has been made to slant by the furious wind, looking across the plain towards the sea.

Maso stretched himself on the grass under the façade of the cathedral. After a while the ladies came from the baptistery, and crossed to the Campo Santo. In the relaxation of the dull season the portal had been left open behind them, and the boy went over and wandered about within, carrying Mr. Tiber under his jacket, half concealed, as dogs are not allowed in the sacred enclosure. He looked at the frescoes of Benozzo, at the "Last Judgment" and the "Triumph of Death." He passed the celebrated sarcophagus without knowing what it was, his attention being more attracted by the modern monuments, the large marble figures, seated and standing, that stared down upon him with their unmoving white eyes. At last he sat down at the base of one of these figures to rest, for the air here was cool compared with the atmosphere outside. The two strangers, in their slow progress, looking at everything, guide-book in hand, had passed him once; now on their second round they stopped near him at the doorway, preparing for departure. "Well, there is nothing more to see in Pisa," said one. "Thank Heaven! Pisa's done. Now we can go on to Lerici."

"We haven't found those plates yet," objected the other.

"What plates?"

"Why, don't you remember? They say there are old majolica plates set in one of the campaniles here—trophies taken from the Moors ages ago. I've stared up at every campanile, and haven't seen a sign. I wonder if that boy would know? What a forlorn-looking creature!"

Maso, in truth, in his third-best suit, and obliged to be economical regarding the bills of the cobbler's wife, who acted as his laundress, did not present an attractive appearance.

The lady, turning towards him, had begun, "Sapete uno posata in campanile—" But resenting her comment, Maso had risen and walked away.

"Evidently he isn't Italian, for he doesn't understand," said the questioner, who was accustomed to declare that it was very easy for her to travel abroad, as she spoke "five

languages equally well." "Perhaps he is German—with that light hair." She ran after him. "Tisch," she called, "in Thurm. Haben-sie gesehn ein?"

"I speak English," said Maso, stopping.

"You're never English, surely!"

"I'm American."

"American? We are Americans: but I should never have taken *you* for one!" Then she asked her question about the plates. Maso had never heard of them; he told her so, and made his escape, going back to the grass under the façade. "Ugly old things," he thought, "both of them! I just wish they could see *mother*." And forgetting his own mortification, his heart swelled with pride as he recalled her pretty face and pretty step, and the general perfection of her appearance. Only four weeks or so and he should be with her! "Mr. Tiber, pim here. We're going to Switzerland. Do you hear that? I shall take you in a basket and pretend you's lunch. The nobil empress" (this character, in the dog language, was Mrs. Roscoe) "says you mut promit not to bark. But you can bark now. Hi! Mr. Tiber, Hi!"

And Mr. Tiber hied. And then, at the word of command, performed every trick he knew.

V.

The cheese-shop was blazing with the light of four flaring gas-burners; the floor had been watered a short time before, and this made the atmosphere reek more strongly than ever with the odours of the smoked fish and sausages, caviare and oil, which, with the cheese, formed the principal part of the merchandise offered for sale. There was no current of air passing through from the open door, for the atmosphere outside was perfectly still. Tranquilly hovering mosquitoes were everywhere, but Maso did not mind these much; he objected more to the large black beetles that came noiselessly out at night; he hated the way they stood on the shelves as if staring at him, motionless save for the waving to and fro of their long antennae. A boy came in to buy cheese. It was soft cheese; Maso weighed it and put it upon a grape leaf. "It just gets hotter and hotter," he remarked, indignantly. The Italian lad did not seem to mind the heat much; he was buttery with perspiration from morning until night, but as he had known no other atmosphere than that of Pisa, he supposed that this was the normal summer condition of the entire world. It was the 27th of August.

On the last day of July, when Maso's every breath was accompanied by an anticipation of Switzerland, there had arrived a long, disappointed letter from his mother; the hoped-for money had not come, and would not come. "Reuben John again!" The Swiss trip must be given up, and now the question was, could Mr. Waterhouse keep him a while longer?" "Because if he cannot, I shall return to the Bagni, next week." Maso, though choked with the disappointment, composed a letter in which he said that old Longlegs was delighted to keep him, and was sorry he could not write himself, but his arm continued stiff; "probly heel never be able to write agane," he added, darkly, so as to make an end, once for all, of that complicated subject. There was no need of her return, not the least;" he and Mr. Tiber were well and having "loads of fun"; and besides, there was not a single empty room in the hotel or anywhere else, and would not be until the 6th of September; there had never been such a crowd at the Bagni before. He read over what he had written, and perceiving that he had given an impression of great gaiety at the Italian watering-place, he added, "P.S. peple all cooks turists," (for Mrs. Roscoe was accustomed to declare that she hated these inoffensive travellers). Then he signed his name in the usual way: "your affecshionate son, Maso." He never could help blotting when he wrote his name—probably because he was trying to write particularly well. Mrs. Roscoe once said that it was always either blot "so," or "Ma" blot; this time it was "Ma" blot.

This letter despatched, the boy's steadiness broke down. He did not go back to the cheese-seller's shop; he lived upon the money he had earned, and when that was gone, he sold his clothes, keeping only those he wore, and his best suit, with a change of underclothing. Next he sold his trunk; then his school-books, though they brought but a few centimes. The old fairy-book he kept; he read it during the hot noon-times, lying on the floor, with Mr. Tiber by his side. The rest of the day he devoted to those pleasures of which he had dreamed. He went swimming, and stayed in for hours; and he made Mr. Tiber swim. He indulged himself as regarded melons; he went to the puppet-show accompanied by Mr. Tiber; he had had his hair cut so closely that it was hardly more than yellow down; and he swaggered about the town in the evening, smoking cigarettes. After three weeks of this vagabond existence, he went back to the cheese-seller, offering to work for half-wages. His idea was

to earn money enough for his fare to the Bagni, and also to pay for the washing of his few clothes, so that he might be in respectable condition to meet his mother on the 6th of September: for on the 6th the four months would be up, and she could safely return. This was his constant thought. Of late he had spoken of the 6th in his letters, and she had agreed to it, so there was no doubt of her coming. To-day, August 27th, he had been at work for a week at the cheese-seller's, and the beetles were blacker and more crafty than ever.

It was Saturday night, and the shop was kept open late: but at last he was released, and went home. The cobbler's wife handed him his letter, and he stopped to read it by the light of the strongly smelling petroleum lamp. For he had only a short end of a candle upstairs; and, besides he could not wait, he was so sure that he should find, within, the magic words, "I shall come by the train that reaches Lucca at—" and then a fixed date and hour written down in actual figures on the page.

The letter announced that his mother had put off her return for three weeks: she was going to Paris. "As you are having such a wonderfully good time at the Bagni this summer, you won't mind this short delay. If by any chance Mr. Waterhouse cannot keep you so long, let him telegraph me. No telegram will mean that he can." She spoke of the things she should bring him from Paris, and the letter closed with the sentence, "I am so glad I have thought of this delightful idea before settling down again in that deadly Casa Corti for the winter." (But the idea had a human shape. Violet Roscoe's ideas were often personified; they took the form of agreeable men.)

"Evil news? Tell me not so!" said the cobbler's wife, who had noticed the boy's face as he read.

"Pooh! no," answered Maso stoutly. He put the letter into his pocket and went up to his room. As he unlocked his door, there was not the usual joyful rush of Mr. Tiber against his legs; the silence was undisturbed. He struck a match on the wall and lighted his candle-end. There, in the corner, on his little red coverlid, lay Mr. Tiber asleep. Then; as the candle burned more brightly, it could be seen that it was not sleep. There was food on the tin plate and water in the bowl; he had not needed anything. There was no sign of suffering in the attitude, or on the little black face with its closed eyes (to Maso that face had always been as

clearly intelligible as a human countenance); the appearance was as if the dog had sought his own corner and his coverlid, and had laid himself down to die very peacefully without a pain or a struggle.

The candle-end had long burned itself out, and the boy still lay on the floor with his arm round his pet. It seemed to him that his heart would break. "Mr. Tiber, dear little Tiber, my own little doggie—dying here all alone—kinnin little chellow." Thus he sobbed and sobbed until he was worn out. Towards dawn came the thought of what must follow. But no; Mr. Tiber should not be taken away and thrown into some horrible place! If he wished to prevent it, however, he must be very quick. He had one of the large coloured handkerchiefs which Italians use instead of baskets; as the dawn grew brighter he spread it out, laid his pet carefully in the centre, and knotted the corners together tightly; then, after bathing his face to conceal as much as possible the traces of his tears, he stole down the stairs, and passing through the town, carrying his burden in the native fashion, he took a road whch led towards the hills.

It was a long walk. The little body which had been so light in life weighed now like lead; but it might have been twice as heavy, he would not have been conscious of it. He reached the place at last, the house where Giulio's wife lived, with her five children, near one of the hillside villages, which, as seen from Pisa, shine like white spots on the verdure. Paola came out from her dark dwelling, and listened to his brief explanation with wonder. To take so much trouble for a dog! But she was a mild creature, her ample form cow-like, her eyes cow-like also, and therefore beautiful; she accompanied him, and she kept the curious crowding children in some kind of order while the boy with her spade, dug a grave in the corner of a field which she pointed out. Maso dug and dug in the heat. He was so afraid of the peasant cupidity that he did not dare to leave the dog wrapped in the cotton handkerchief, lest the poor little tomb should be rifled to obtain it; he gave it, therefore, to one of the children, and, gathering fresh leaves, he made a bed of them at the bottom of the hole; then leaning down, he laid his pet tenderly on the green, and covered him thickly with more foliage, the softest he could find. When the last trace of the little black head had disappeared, he took up the spade, and with eyes freshly wet again, in spite of his efforts to prevent it, he filled up the grave as quickly as he could, levelling the

ground smoothly above it. He had made his excavation very deep, in order that no one should meddle with the place later; it would be too much trouble.

It was now nearly noon. He gave Paola three francs, which was half of all he possessed. Then, with one quick glance towards the corner of the field, he started on his long walk back to Pisa.

VI.

"Do you know where you'll end, Roberta? You'll end with us," said Mrs. Harrowby.

"With you?"

"Yes; in the Church. You've tried everything, beginning with geology and ending with music (I can't help laughing at the last; you never had any ear), and you have found no satisfaction. You are the very kind to come to us—they always do."

The speaker, an American who lived in Naples, had entered the Roman Catholic Church ten years before; in Boston she had been a Unitarian. It was the 10th of September, and she was staying for a day in Pisa on her way southward; she had encountered Miss Spring by chance in the piazza of Santa Caterina at sunset, and the two had had a long talk with the familiarity which an acquaintance in childhood carries with it, though years of total separation may have intervened.

"There is one other alternative," answered Miss Spring; "it was suggested by a pretty little woman who used to be here. She advised me to try crystal scent bottles and dissipation." This being a joke, Miss Spring had intended to smile; but at this instant her attention was attracted by something on the other side of the street, and her face remained serious.

"Crystal scent-bottles? Dissipation? Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrowby. "What *do* you mean?"

But her companion had gone; she was hurrying across the street. "It isn't possible, Maso that this is *you*!" She spoke to a ragged, sick-looking boy.

Two hours after her question Maso was in bed in the Palazzo Rondinelli. Madame Corti never came back till October and the *pension* was not open, but servants were there. The housekeeper went through the form of making protest: "The signora has always such great alarm about fever."

"You will refer Madame Corti to me; I will pay for her alarm," answered Roberta, marching past her to direct the driver of the carriage, who was assisting Maso up the stairs. "It's not infectious fever. Only malarial." Roberta was something of a doctor herself. She superintended in person the opening of a large, cool room on the second floor, the making of the bed, and then the installation of Maso between linen sheets. The servants were all fond of the boy; in addition, Madame Corti was in Sorrento, and Miss Spring's francs were here. Her francs were few, but she spent them for Maso as generously as though they had been many.

The boy, as soon as he was in bed, whispered to Giulio, "Pencil—paper." Then when Miss Spring had left the room, he scrawled on the page, Giulio holding a book under it, "My dog is ded," and signed his name. He told Giulio to give this to her when she came in; then, as he heard her step, he quickly closed his eyes.

Miss Spring read, and understood. "He was afraid I would ask. And he could not speak of it. He remembers, poor little fellow, that I did not care for the dog."

Maso had refused to tell her where his mother was. "She's coming, on the 22nd, to the Bagni di Lucca"; this was all he would say. The next morning at daylight she left him with the nurse (for she had sent immediately for Dr. Prior and for one of the best nurses in Pisa), and, driving to the Street of the Lily, she ascended the unclean stairs, with her skirts held high, and her glasses on, to the room at the top of the house. Maso had himself gathered his few possessions together after his meeting with her in the piazza of Santa Caterina, but he had not had the strength to carry them down to the lower door. Miss Spring took the two parcels which were tied up in newspapers, and after looking about to see there was nothing left, she descended in the same gingerly way, and re-entered the carriage which was waiting at the door, its wheels grazing the opposite house, "Yes, he is ill; malarial fever. But we hope he will recover," she said to the cobbler's wife, who inquired with grief and affection, and a very dirty face.

To find Mrs. Roscoe's address, so that she could telegraph to her, Miss Spring was obliged to look through Maso's parcels. She could not ask his permission, for he recognized no one now; his mind wandered. One of the bundles contained his best suit, still carefully saved for his mother's arrival. The other held his few treasures; his mother's letters, with paper

and envelopes for his own replies; the old fairy-book; and Mr. Tiber's blanket, coverlid, and little collar, wrapped in a clean handkerchief. The latest letter gave the Paris address.

"My dear little boy! If I could only have known!" moaned Violet Roscoe, sitting on the edge of the bed with her child in her arms. She had just arrived; her gloves were still on. "Oh, Maso, why didn't you tell me?"

Maso's face, gaunt and brown, lay on her shoulder; his eyes were strange, but he knew her. "You mustn't get sick again, mother," he murmured anxiously, the fixed idea of the summer asserting itself. Then a wider recollection dawned. "Oh mother," he whispered with his dry lips, "Mr. Tiber's dead. Little Tiber!"

His fever-hot eyes could not shed tears, but his mother cried for him, overwhelmed by the thought of his lonely sorrow. Then she tried to comfort him; "Tiber was an old dog, Maso; he was not young when we bought him, and we have had him many years. Dogs do not live very long, even the oldest; he had to die sometime. And he had a very happy little life with you, always; you loved him, and gave him everything, and he loved you. No dog could have had more."

Roberta overheard this attempt: she came to the bedside to add her item also to the consolation. "Perhaps you will see your pet again, Maso. For he had his vital spark as well as we have, though in a less degree. If ours is to reappear in a future existence, I am inclined to think that his will also. Why not?"

Maso did not understand her; his mother's voice alone reached his dulled intelligence. But at least Roberta had done her best.

A month later, Mr. Reuben J. Coe, of Coesville, New Hampshire, said to his brother David: "That foolish wife of Tom's is coming home at last. In spite of every effort on my part, she has made ducks and drakes of almost all her money."

"Is that why she is coming back?"

"No; thinks it will be better for the boy. But I'm afraid it's too late for that."

(*Harper's Magazine*). *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

COMMONPLACE.

My little girl is commonplace, you say?
Well, well, I grant it, as you use the phrase,
Concede the whole; although there was a day
When I too questioned words, and from a maze
Of hair split meanings cut with gloss drawn line,
Sought to draw out a language superfine,
Above the common, scarify with words and scintillate with pen;
But that time's over now—now I am content to stand with other men.

It's the best place, fair youth. I see your smile—
The scornful smile of that ambitious age
That thinks it all things knows, and all the while
It nothing knows. And yet those smiles presage
Some future fame, because your aim is high;
As when one tries to shoot into the sky,
If his rash arrow at the moon he aims, a bolder flight we see,
Though vain, than if with level poise it safely reached the nearest tree.

A common proverb that! Does it disjoint
Your graceful terms? Once more you'll understand;
Cut down a pencil to too fine a point,
Lo, it breaks off, all useless in your hand!
The child is fitted for her present sphere;
Let her live out her life, without the fear
That comes when souls, daring the heights of dread infinity, are tossed
Now up, now down, by the great winds, their little home forever lost.

My little girl seems to you commonplace
Because she loves the daisies, common flowers;
Because she finds in common pictures, grace,
And nothing knows of classic music's powers;
She reads her romance, but the mystic's creed
Is something far beyond her simple need.
She goes to church, but the mixed doubts and theories that thinkers find
In all religious truth can never enter her undoubting mind.

A daisy's earth's own blossom—better far
Than city gardener's costly hybrid prize;
When you're found worthy of a higher star,
'Twill then be time earth's daisies to despise;
But not till then. And if the child can sing
Sweet songs like "Robin Gray," why should I fling
A cloud over her music's joy, and set for her a heavy task
Of learning what Bach knew, or finding sense under mad
Chopin's mask?

Then as to pictures, if her taste prefers
That common picture of the "Huguenots,"
Where the girl's heart—a tender heart like hers—
Strives to defeat earth's greatest powers' great plots
With her poor little kerchief, shall I change
The print for Turner's riddles wild and strange?
Or take her stories—simple tales which her leisure hours
beguile—
And give her Browning's *Sordello*, a Herbert Spencer, a Carlyle?

Her creed, too, in your eyes is commonplace,
Because she does not doubt the Bible's truth,
Because she does not doubt the saving grace
Of fervent prayer, but from her rosy youth,
So full of life, to grey old age's time,
Prays on with faith half ignorant, half sublime.
Yes, commonplace. But if I spoil this common faith, when
all is done
Can deist, pantheist or atheist invent a better one?

Climb to the highest mountain's highest verge,
Step off; you've lost the petty height you had;
Up to the highest point poor reason urge,
Step off; the sense is gone, the mind is mad.
"Thus far, and yet no further shalt thou go,"
Was said of old, and I have found it so;
This planet's ours, 'tis all we have; here we belong and those
are wise.
Who make the best of it, nor vainly try above its plane to rise.

Nay, nay; I know already your reply;
I have been through the whole, long years ago.
I have soared up as far as soul can fly,
I have dug down as far as mind can go:
But always found at certain depth or height,
The bar that separates the Infinite
From finite powers, against whose strength immutable we beat in vain,
Or circle round only to find ourselves at starting point again.

If you must for yourself find out this truth,
I bid you go, proud heart, with blessings free;
'Tis the old fruitless quest of ardent youth,
And soon or late you will come back to me.
You'll learn there's naught so common as the breath
Of life, unless it be the calm of death;
You'll learn that with the Lord Omnipotent there's nothing commonplace,
And with such souls as that poor child's, humbled, abashed, you'll hide your face.

(*Lippincott's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

HERO WORSHIP.

"He is not what you think." O judges wise,
Can we not have Valhalla of our own
Within our hearts, where all the souls we prize
Shall sit in state, each on his royal throne?
What matter if we do not always choose
The few whose names, well-weighed, ye write above
As laurel-worthy: do ye then refuse
Our heart's free right to honour whom we love?

Rest regnant in your reasonable choice,
The two or three ye crown with cautious care;
Nor they, nor ye, need miss our wanting voice
Among the plaudits filling all the air.
The crowd will have its god with robe and crown
To worship; but for us, we must be free
To follow when the stars seem pointing down,
To love when souls seem full of royalty.

Ye smile because we cherish still a throng
Of students of the hue, the form, the tone,
The verse, the stage, the romance and the song,
Not for deep reasons, but for love alone,
We do not coldly wait till death shall place
The seal upon their works; but here and now
We love them, as we see them face to face;
Before them, warm in loyalty, we bow.

Those whom we cherish may not all attain
A crown so bright that the whole world can view;
But is it not a diadem to gain,
The having been a glory to a few?
Should one prove false to all our hope and trust,
Should our fair marble turn to common clay,
Silent we lay the pall over the dust,
And from our temple bear our dead away.

What is one false among a thousand true—
A thousand opening lives so well begun!
"He is no hero, as you think," say you?
Well, then, our faith shall help to make him one.
Back, judges, to your work of weighing, slow,
The dead ye destine to Fame's courts above!
But leave us free to worship here below
With faith and hope the living whom we love.

(*Harper's Magazine.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN.

How often while we tread the street,
Indifferent, weary, do we meet,
By chance, a face that seems more sweet
Than other faces.

How often while we tread the years,
There comes and passes, disappears,
By chance, some one whose presence cheers
Our darkened places.

All unawares are both, and yet
We look back with a vague regret,
And think that if we could have met
Or known them longer,

We might have loved them more than those
With whom our linkéd fortune flows,
They might have given us repose,
Or made us stronger.

So chorded with our varying brood
Of feelings, chimed in with our mood,
That we were always understood
Without the telling.

And as we ponder, gazing back
Along the crowded hazy track
Where they have gone, our fancied lack
Doth bring a swelling

Up from our hearts, which so appears
Like real sorrow, that the tears
Come too, and though our yearning hears
Cold reason saying,

It was but folly,—still we dream—
"They might have loved us,"—and we seem
Like foolish children down a stream
Who go a-Maying,

When winter's cold and ice are there,
And home is near, and warm, and fair.
Ah, me! how foolish, yet how rare,
This yearning spirit!

But, have you never thought it might
Be but a gift of second sight?
A promise of that dear delight
We shall inherit,

When this poor troubled life is done,
And in some other life begun,
We see their faces, one by one,
Not far, but nearly.

And they *do* love us, and the whole
Comes true, as happy, soul to soul,
We journey while the ages roll,
And love them dearly,

As we did dream we should when here
We met them first. Ah! now how clear
It shines down from that other sphere,
That gleaming portal

Of death and life, the happy thought,
It was not, was not all for naught
But the faint echo, vaguely caught,
Of life immortal.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

THE HAUNTING FACE.

I said: "I will not know thee whence thou art,
And, though thou livest, thou art dead to me;
I seal thee in thy coffin, far apart
From all my life, from all my memory;
I weight thee down with firm resolve and scorn,
Within thy outcast's grave to lie forlorn."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "O face, I bring thee all my gold,
With jewels, sandal-wood and spices rare;
I bring the dearest years my life doth hold,
With hoarded memories, and dreamings fair,
To build a royal tomb where thou in state
Shalt lie, with guard of honour at the gate."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "Thou art not beautiful, O face!
Thy cheeks are wan; thy far-off eyes are dim.
But here is one with budding youthful grace,
Who proffers me a cup filled to the brim
With life's elixir. See! I quaff its wine,
While love's enchantment, to the full, is mine."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "The wonders of the world are vast;
Mine eyes shall see them." Forth I go in quest
Of the red-belted lightning, coming fast
From out the east, and shining toward the west;
I hunt the northern lights o'er icebergs high,
I seek the star-cross in the southern sky.
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "My heart is failing me for fear;
My schemes are shadows and my hopes a dream;
I grasp them, and behold! they disappear—
Nor loves, nor friends, nor joys, are what they seem.
I will begin anew; I will subject
Myself, and live the straitest of my sect."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "Art here again, O haunting face?
Speak, then, and take my curse!" The pale lips part:
"Thy life's one love thou canst not thus efface—
I but reflect the image in thine heart;
Thine own heart knows me, though thy lips may lie;
O, false to thine own self! it cannot die,
This love that haunteth thee!"

(*Appleton's Journal.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

IDEAL.

(The Artist Speaks).

Ideal, are they? Nay, they're true
To very life. The tints, the flower-like grace,
The swaying form, the poise of head sublime,
The rapt expression of the dreaming face,
Are hers; I've seen her look so, many a time.
You've not? so much the worse for you.

And his; throw the light on that side,
His own bright look just when about to speak,—
A half-smile on the lips, the young man's joy
In life, and strength, and youth; 'twere vain to seek
To make him handsome as he was, poor boy!
Too young? But thirty when he died.

Why, blind man, what would you advise?
Shall we paint in the cares that come and go,
The pain with which this sickly world is curst,
The little ills that hover to and fro,—
Take every face and paint it at its worst?
It's truth, say you? Half-truths are lies.

Each face has clear identity;
And down beneath the dust and stains of earth,
The lines and scars with which it seems o'ergrown,
It shines as God intended at its birth,
As it will shine before the great white throne
When we are in eternity.

Sometimes we see this soul-face shine
From out the mask which mortals here must wear,
When youth counts back but few bright years of life;
Sometimes when aged eyes, grow dim with care,
Count forward but few years to end the strife,
We catch the ideal light divine.

Let us paint, then, the ideal,—
Our God's ideal of us at our best;
Paint it in heavenly hues, and fix it fast
With prayer and earnest love within our breast;
Strive hourly to grow like it, till at last,
The ideal shall become the real.

(*The Atlantic Monthly.*) *Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

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Completed By Clare Benedict.

The first magazine article I wrote was "The Happy Valley." It was accepted by *Harper's Magazine* and published in July, 1870. The second article I wrote was "Fairy Island." It was published in *Putnam's Magazine* in July, 1870.

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The Happy Valley	July	1870.
October Idyll	Nov.	1870.
Haunted Lake	Dec.	1871.
In Search of the Picturesque	July	1872.
Off Thunder Bay (Verse)	July	1872.
Cornfields (Verse)	Aug.	1872.
Round by Propeller	Sept.	1872.
October's Song (Verse)	Oct.	1872.
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The Wine Islands	June	1873.
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Bones of our Ancestors	Sept.	1873.
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Pine Barrens (Verse)	Dec.	1874.
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The Ancient City	Jan.	1875.
The French Broad	April	1875.
The Ashley and Cooper	Dec.	1875.
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At the Smithy (Verse)	Sept.	1874.
Indian Summer (Verse)		
Miss Elisabetha		1875.
Fire in the Forest (Verse)	Dec.	1875.
In the Cotton Country		1876.
On the Border (Verse)		1876.
Only the Brakesman (Verse)		1876.
Tom (Verse)		1876.
Morris Island (Verse)		1876.
Two Women (Verse)	Jan. & Feb.	1877.
Mizpah (Verse)		1877.
I, too (Verse)	Sept.	1877.
To Certain Biographers (Verse)		1878.
Up in the Blue Ridge		1878.
Bro		1878.

Stories and Verses published in *The Atlantic Monthly*—

Ideal (Verse)	Oct.	1872.
Two Ways (Verse)	June	1873.
Soloman	Oct.	1873.
Lady of Little Fishing	Sept.	1874.
Wilhelmine	June	1875.
Rodman the Keeper	March	1877.
The South Devil	Feb.	1880.
A Florentine Experiment	Oct.	1880.
In Venice	April	1882.
Articles in the Contributors' Club	1878—1879.	

Stories, Articles and Verses published in *Lippincott's Magazine.*

Spots	May	1871.
Herald's Cry (Verse)	Jan.	1872.
One *versus* Two	Aug.	1872.
Commonplace (Verse)	Feb.	1873.
Lakeshore Relics	Nov.	1873.
Euterpe in America	Nov.	1874.
Felipa	June	1876.
Miss Grief		1880.

Stories published in *Scribner's Magazine* and *The Century*—

Peter the Parson	Sept.	1874.
Jeannette	Dec.	1874.
King David		1878.
Street of the Hyacinth	May & June	1882.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Floating (Verse). *New York Evening Mail*	1872.
Walpurgis Night (Verse). *Old and New*	1872.
The Old Stone House (Anonymous). Lothrop & Co., Boston	1872.
"Gentleman Waife" (Verse). *Animal Kingdom*	1876.
Sonnet to George Eliot. *New Century*, Philadelphia	1876.
Sonnet to Jean Ingelow. *New Century*, Philadelphia	1876.
In Remembrance (Verse). *New York Evening Post*	1878.

My first book was

	Castle Nowhere. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston	1875.
2.	Two Women. D. Appleton & Co., New York	1877.
3.	Rodman the Keeper. D. Appleton & Co., New York	1880.
4.	Anne. Harper & Bros., New York	1882.
5.	For the Major. Harper & Brothers, New York	1883.
6.	East Angels. Harper & Brothers, New York	1886.
7.	Jupiter Lights. Harper & Brothers, New York	1889.
8.	Horace Chase. Harper & Brothers, New York	1894.
9.	The Front Yard and other Italian Stories Harper & Brothers, New York	1895.
10.	Dorothy and other Italian Stories Harper & Brothers, New York	1896.
11.	Mentone, Cairo and Corfu Harper & Brothers, New York	1896.

APPENDIX B.

A FEW APPRECIATIONS.

THE poem "Two Women" is published anonymously, and it is hazardous to guess at its authorship perhaps; but no reader can read the story, we think, without discovering a near kinship between this piece of dramatic portraiture and the superb "Lake Country Sketches," which Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson published a year or two ago. The hand that sketched "The Lady of Little Fishing," "Peter the Parson," and the maiden of "Castle Nowhere," may well have painted this picture also. There are points of resemblance, too, between the prose stories and this poetic one, which strongly confirm our suspicion, and the blue-grass country so lovingly dwelt upon here, has inspired Miss Woolson's verse on former occasions. Let us hope, at least, that "Two Women" is her work, the more because it may prompt many persons who have not yet given to the "Lake Country Sketches" the attention which they deserve, to turn to them now and make the acquaintance there of some of the very finest short stories recently published.

New York Evening Post, January 15th, 1877.

Constance Fenimore Woolson's first essay in the field of poesy is a very clever and very powerful little book, which has, it is said, in accordance with Pope's saving counsel, been kept nine years, and which has grown into something very fine during that interval. Of the two women of the title, one is a society dame, the other a prim, cold country maiden; the two love the same man and encounter each other while on the way to his death bed. The lady finds her letters and picture on his heart; the little girl discovers hers on the table in the same package which has evidently contained them for a long time, but, coolly self-complacent, calls the man hers to the last, goes North, marries, and forgets him. The lady stays until his grave is covered, and remembers him her whole life long, and remains unmarried until her death.

The main strength of the book lies in the contrast between the two heroines and in the inevitable clashing of their differing natures. Each at heart despises the other, and although the girl's religious sentiment and the lady's good breeding are exerted to hide the feeling, it constantly betrays itself in covert phrases. Some of the situations are very dramatic, and Miss Woolson misses no points in working them out, so that the reader's general impression deepens as the book goes on and the last scene leaves him feeling as if two hearts had been laid open before him.

But all this might be said of a prose drama. Besides the merits already enumerated, the book has others which belong to it specially as a poem. Miss Woolson's poetry is like her prose, smooth and melodious when it should be, but rising easily when the scene demands elevation of manner. There are many very strong passages in the book and very few that show any need of revision. Somebody was lamenting the other day that the coming woman never came; possibly she has arrived in Miss Woolson. There are certainly very few American women who can write both prose and verse as well as she.

Boston Globe.

* * * * * *

Of course your greatest work is in your novels. But when we find a perfect and dramatic short story, which is so rare, we both rejoice and jump for it. The *best* short stories since Hawthorne, with American themes and atmosphere, are yours and Bret Harte's. I *hope* you have not lived long enough yet to undervalue your "Peter the Parson" or "The Lady of Little Fishing." I have lately re-read them both, and think more highly of them than ever.

Never tell me again that you are a "realist." That word, and "romancer" are merely terms. . . You are what God made you—a woman of taste, industry, insight, *plus* genius; and *your* so-called realistic method is charged no less with passion and imagination. 'Tis a poor workman who can't use any tool. . . .

So there is one full-brained person left who *believes* with her "whole heart" in another life! Of late *I have not met another.*

Edmund Clarence Stedman to Miss Woolson.

"The last story from the pen of the late Constance Fenimore Woolson, shows how beautiful and how lasting was her divine gift of sympathy. I do not mean her ability to condole with people, but refer to that wider sympathy that caused her to be able to put herself in the place of some one else, to look at life through his lens, for the time being. This she has done in her little last story, which is a sad one, and teaches a two-fold lesson: that of the story itself, and that of the personality of its author which comes in between you and the page, like the subtle fragrance of some strange, sweet flower which you inhale as you read.

In this story, "A Transplanted Boy," she tells of a very common type in Europe, the silly young American mother, who prefers to spend her life, together with her small patrimony, in a nomadic state on the continent to remaining quietly at home, giving her boy the advantages of good schools and home comforts. They are very different, the woman writer and the woman written about; as you read of the one, you keep admiring the other, who could so portray and lay bare the shallow mother's lack of love and judgment. The contrast strikes you forcibly. How much more in accord with this poor neglected little fellow was Miss Woolson herself, than was his own fond, foolish mamma. Many a woman who has brought up a family of boys has had less sympathy with them, has understood them less intimately than has Miss Woolson to be able to write so directly from a boy's standpoint. Then her touch is artistic in describing his sturdy character, New England by inheritance, which enables him to bear and suffer with childish heroism and dumb endurance."

* * * * *

Miss Woolson's short stories, especially perhaps the Italian series, are charming, clean, clear-cut and strong in characterization and local colour. Of these "A Transplanted Boy" and "The Front Yard," are the best. The Italian atmosphere envelops them, and in the latter, the sharp contrast between the plain, conscientious, and kindly New England woman and the beauty and pleasure-loving and more or less conscienceless circle by whom she is submerged, is wonderfully painted. The world of fiction certainly sustained a great loss when this talented writer laid down her pen.

New York Times Saturday Review. *Leigh North.*

While it is, I am aware, terribly *déclassé*, in any consideration of literary art, to intimate that anything produced in the America of the 'eighties was anything but futile, contemplating Aunt Agatha my mind instinctively has gone back to a book which graced them. For I was reading novels in the 'eighties and some of them I still remember. The book I now have in memory was also written by a woman—Constance Fenimore Woolson, who, beside being a greatniece of Fenimore Cooper, was in her own right one of the finest novelists that America thus far has produced. Her story, "For the Major," was perhaps a novelette rather than a novel, but in this day its theme would have been expanded into double the length she allowed it, for the novelist of the 'eighties seldom, as a practice, beat out her materials so thin, as is now the vogue.

"For the Major," like "They Stooped to Folly," is a Southern story, though Miss Woolson was not a Southern woman. But she lived for years in the South and few of its own daughters have written of it so lovingly or so well. The heroine of her tale is a little New England woman who has married "the Major," a Southern Major of the Old School, such as it is now the fashion to depict as a fatuous person composed principally of plaster of Paris. The Major had been captivated by the New England girl's pink-and-white beauty and blond tresses and she had accordingly devoted her energies to preserving them indefinitely for his benefit and her own. But as it happens, when Madam Carroll captured the Major she was far from being all that he supposed. Instead of a child-wife, deserted by a reprobate husband who then conveniently had died, leaving her with a babe in her arms while still little but a babe herself in knowledge of the world, she is really a dozen years older than she represents herself, has seen the seamy side of life, and is the mother, beside the babe in her arms, of another child, a son, who disappeared with his father, being then already quite a lad. Husband and son are both assumed to be dead by the deserted woman and she does not hesitate to marry the Major when so fortunately he crosses her path.

Strangely enough, the Major's passion for his child-wife grows by what it feeds on and is returned with equal fervour—something, of course, that could have been portrayed only in a novel of the 'eighties. By a marvel of make-up, of what we now elegantly term beauty-culture, Madame Carroll, nearing fifty, retains her girlish figure, her rose-leaf skin, her dimples,

and flowing tresses (which the Major particularly adores), her youthful grace and ease of movement, her almost childlike personality. Meanwhile, the Major is "breaking." Two wars, first the Mexican, then that between the States, have left him just a splendid shell of a man: the First Citizen of Far Edgerly, at once its hero and its martyr. Gradually his faculties slip from him, but Far Edgerly remains innocent of the truth through the exquisite stage-management of his wife, who exhibits him to it only at carefully chosen moments in which his condition is not apparent.

The Major has a daughter by a former marriage who returns home from a finishing school as the tale opens. There is a clergyman who appears about the same time—a clergyman who is also, instead of being lampooned and burlesqued and made a pottering imbecile or a crafty crook, according to the *art moderne*, much of a man as well as a member of the cloth. Of course being young he falls in love with the stepdaughter of Madam Carroll, as he was bound to. But into the tale there follows on his heels another young man decidedly questionable. A dark, exotic personage, something of a poet and musician, wilful in his ways but curiously attractive, a very bright spot indeed in the humdrum, dessicated social scene of Far Edgerly. What is strangest of all, not only the stepdaughter, but dainty little Madam Carroll herself becomes much taken up with the adventurer. The shock to the young clergyman is terrible and he loses his head greatly to his own disadvantage, and is sent about his business. Soon after, the adventurer wanders out of Far Edgerly much as he had wandered into it, then comes back there to die in the arms of—Madam Carroll, who is his mother! Neither Madam Carroll's first husband nor their son had died as they were supposed to have, very tragically. In fact, the husband had lived on until shortly before the son appeared in Far Edgerly. And Madam Carroll is really not Madam Carroll at all, while the frail boy that she has borne to the Major, the idol of his old age, were the truth to be known is—illegitimate.

But the truth never does become known except to the reader and a select few other people, for it is unnecessary that it should. The Major, whose mind has gradually been becoming a blank for several years, has an illness which leaves him a complete mental ruin. His eyes also fail him, until he is no longer able to gloat over the Dresden china loveliness that he adores. But with the necessity for the

masquerade it has ended. Madam Carroll comes down to meet the repentant rector upon his return, a grey and haggard old woman, her face seamed and wrinkled, the faded, faltering ghost of the delicate creature of yesterday, asking to confess and be absolved. . . . That evening the Major is brought out on to the balcony to watch the sun set. Through his vacant mind memories of the day when he and Madam Carroll were married persist in running. And as the rector is there, to please and amuse him, the marriage ceremony is again enacted. The priest is clad in his vestments, but Madam Carroll wears a sombre gown of black as she repeats carefully for the Major the response that he cannot remember and can scarce articulate. As the last ray of the sun strikes from Lone Mountain before it sinks behind it, we leave them there, man and wife at last, Madam Carroll staring dumbly into the twilight as the Major babbles on of the little boy whom he no longer knows.

I have been constrained to sketch the story of "For the Major" because, while it is one of the little masterpieces of American fiction and will so remain, it is, presumably, nowadays read by few people, as is the case with "Anne," "East Angels," "Jupiter Lights" and Miss Woolson's other works, despite the fact that as social studies and on the score of literary art they have been surpassed by none of our women novelists of later days. What makes "For the Major" live, what gives it its enduring charm, is its perfect sincerity and exquisite sympathy. It is written with a quiet humour that abounds in touches worthy of Jane Austen, with an extraordinary insight and clairvoyance, a lightness of touch that is unfailing. Far Edgerly literally swarms with "characters" which are brought before us with firm, fine strokes of assured art, but not once, from beginning to end, is there a jeer, a sneer, or a gibe in their depiction. They were created in love and to subject them to such an indignity would have been impossible to their creator.

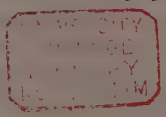
Now, one can imagine without great difficulty the story of Miss Woolson retold in the manner and with the accent of Miss Glasgow. Nothing would be easier to so expert a craftsman as the gifted author of "They Stooped to Folly," than to turn it into just such a book as that one is. Without exception, there is not a character in "For the Major" that would not lend her or himself to the uses of satire with complete facility and once they had been exposed to its attacks what rags and tatters of sheer futility they would

become! . . . One shivers to think of the fate of little Madam Carroll, of the Major, and of all the rest—particularly the clergyman, whose abjectness would no doubt leave him no lower depth to which to sink. . . . Miss Woolson, however, saw them with a difference and she invested them all with the garment not of hatred but of pity. Little Madam Carroll, especially, that living lie—with what infinite mercy, what a penetrating and beautiful sympathy she surrounds her, making of her not a puppet but a living, breathing, suffering human being, clothed with a luminosity and a passion that elevate her, at last, into a tragic figure in the high Greek sense.

John Hervey.

The Saturday Review of Literature, October 12th, 1929.
New York.

It is not only her characters, but as well the scenic note in her stories that haunts one unforgettably. The spell of Florida, with the old accents of Spanish ruins, Indians, and the tropics, is the tangible atmosphere of "East Angels." The dramatic note of the country is revived in the description of Monnlung's Swamp, of the Pine Barrens, of the drenching sweetness of an orange orchard in full blossom. "East Angels" is one of the great novels of literature, and it is also an interpretation of country as perfect as anything ever done for England by Thomas Hardy. What she did for the Lake region is as wonderful. Beautiful Mackinac is presented with the same fidelity and charm in the exquisite "Lake Country Sketches." Her magical Italian stories belong to a later time—just before her death, and it would be hard to find more perfect or finished examples of what a short story should be than "The Front Yard," "A Transplanted Boy," "A Pink Villa," "Dorothy" or "At the Château of Corinne." There has been a revival for Anthony Trollope—there will surely be one for Constance Fenimore Woolson!

M. Harris.

The Saturday Review of Literature. 1929.
New York.